

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND★

April

Merle Oberon

AD
W
GLY DUCKLINGS
N FIND
APPINESS

EGIN RAY MILLAND'S
ROMANTIC REAL LIFE STORY

**NEW! GET FIRST-HAND ADVICE and WIN A PERSONAL GIFT
FROM A HOLLYWOOD STAR! Enter Our Contest—**

See
Page 26

At last
it's on the
screen!



Tobacco Road



with

CHARLEY GRAPEWIN • MARJORIE RAMBEAU
GENE TIERNEY • WILLIAM TRACY and Dana
Andrews • Slim Summerville • Ward Bond
Grant Mitchell • Zeffie Tilbury • Screen Play by
Nunnally Johnson • Directed by JOHN FORD

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK

A 20th Century-Fox Picture



Even if you were born Plain Jane . . .
TAKE HOPE...If your Smile is Lovely!



"A LOVELY SMILE IS YOUR MOST IMPORTANT BEAUTY ASSET!"

*say well-known beauty editors of
 23 out of 24 leading magazines*

In a recent poll made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines all but one of these beauty experts agreed that a lovely smile is a woman's most precious asset. They went on to say that "Even a plain girl has charm and personality if she keeps her smile bright, attractive and sparkling."

Make your smile your beauty talisman. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

TAKE HOPE—plain girl! Look in your mirror—and smile! There's your chance for beauty. For if you keep your teeth sparkling, gums firmer, you, too, have a loveliness to turn the eyes of men.

But truly, how is your smile? Bright and radiant—or dull, dingy? Help make your smile sparkle, make it the real, attractive YOU. Start today with Ipana and massage. Remember, a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums.

If you ever see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist right away. He

may say your gums only need more work—natural exercise denied them by today's soft foods. And, like thousands of dentists, he may suggest "the extra stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Try Ipana and Massage

For Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, is specially designed to aid the gums to sturdier, more resistant firmness. So be sure to massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth.

Start with Ipana Tooth Paste today. Let Ipana and massage help keep your gums firmer, your teeth sparkling, your smile winning and attractive.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

SCREENLAND

MAR 13 1941

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

"Daddy, do you remember 'The Ziegfeld Follies'?", said Little Cub, looking up at us with large leonine eyes.

And, reaching back into the haunted wings of the New Amsterdam Theatre, we were launched on the bed-time story of those nights of stars provided by the memorable Flo.



Soon we worked our way to the chapter wherein M-G-M immortalized "The Great Ziegfeld", and we drifted naturally into the glamour story of 1941:



THE ZIEGFELD GIRL

For many moons Robert Z. Leonard, the director, and Pandro Berman, the producer, have been studying the stars in a cluster designed to give the Aurora Borealis second billing.

As Tony Martin softly sings "You Stepped Out of A Dream", which is Public Melody No. 1, you will step into a dream of glorified girls—of Hedy Lamarr and Lana Turner.



Romance, in a beaming web, is spun around the personal problems of a guy played by James Stewart, the last three letters of whose name typify his work. Give up?



And Judy Garland! Words fail us.

Lush, plush and splendiferous, this Eyeful Tower gives us a hall of fame for a cast.

For in addition to Garland, Stewart, Lamarr, Turner and Martin, there are (to name but a few) Charlie Winninger, Jackie Cooper, Ian Hunter, Edward Everett Horton, Philip Dorn, Felix Bressart, Eve Arden, Rose Hobart, Al Shean, Dan Dailey Jr., Paul Kelly, Mae Busch, Fay Holden, Ed McNamara and Girls, Girls, Girls, Girls.

Settings by Gibbons, Gowns by Adrian.

Magnificent! Glamorous! Mighty!

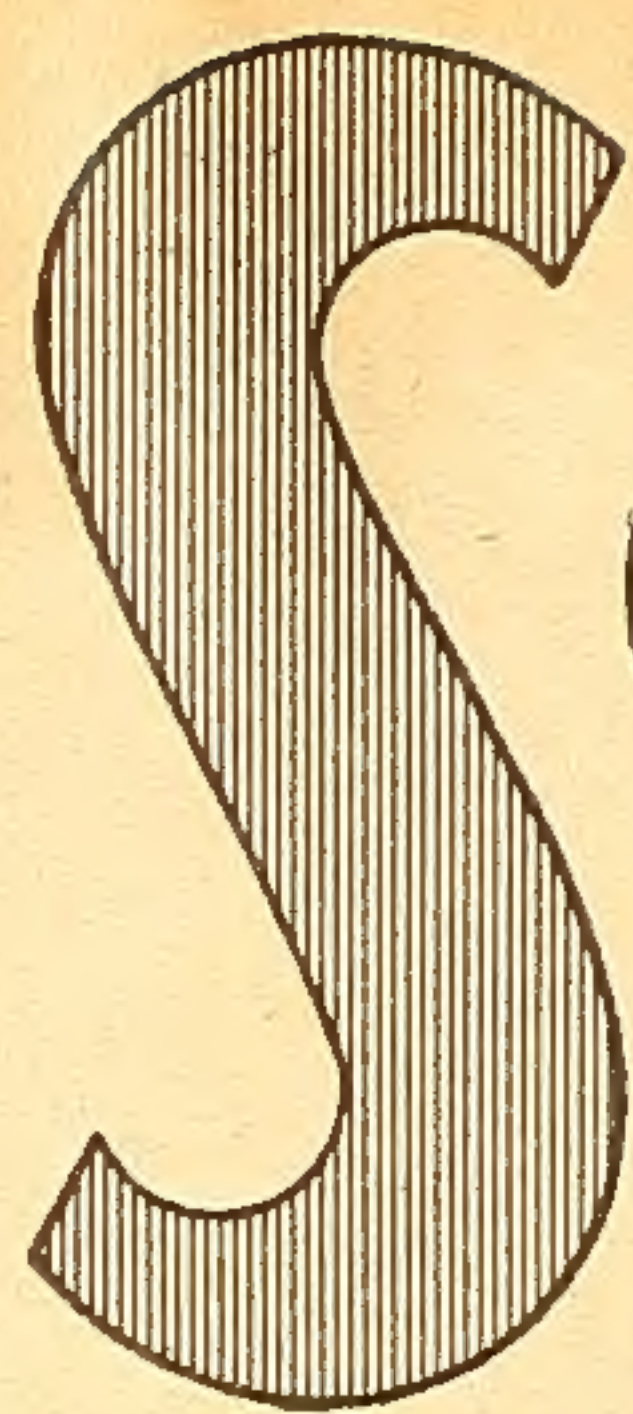
THE ZIEGFELD GIRL

Glorifying the American lion.

—Leo



Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

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April, 1941

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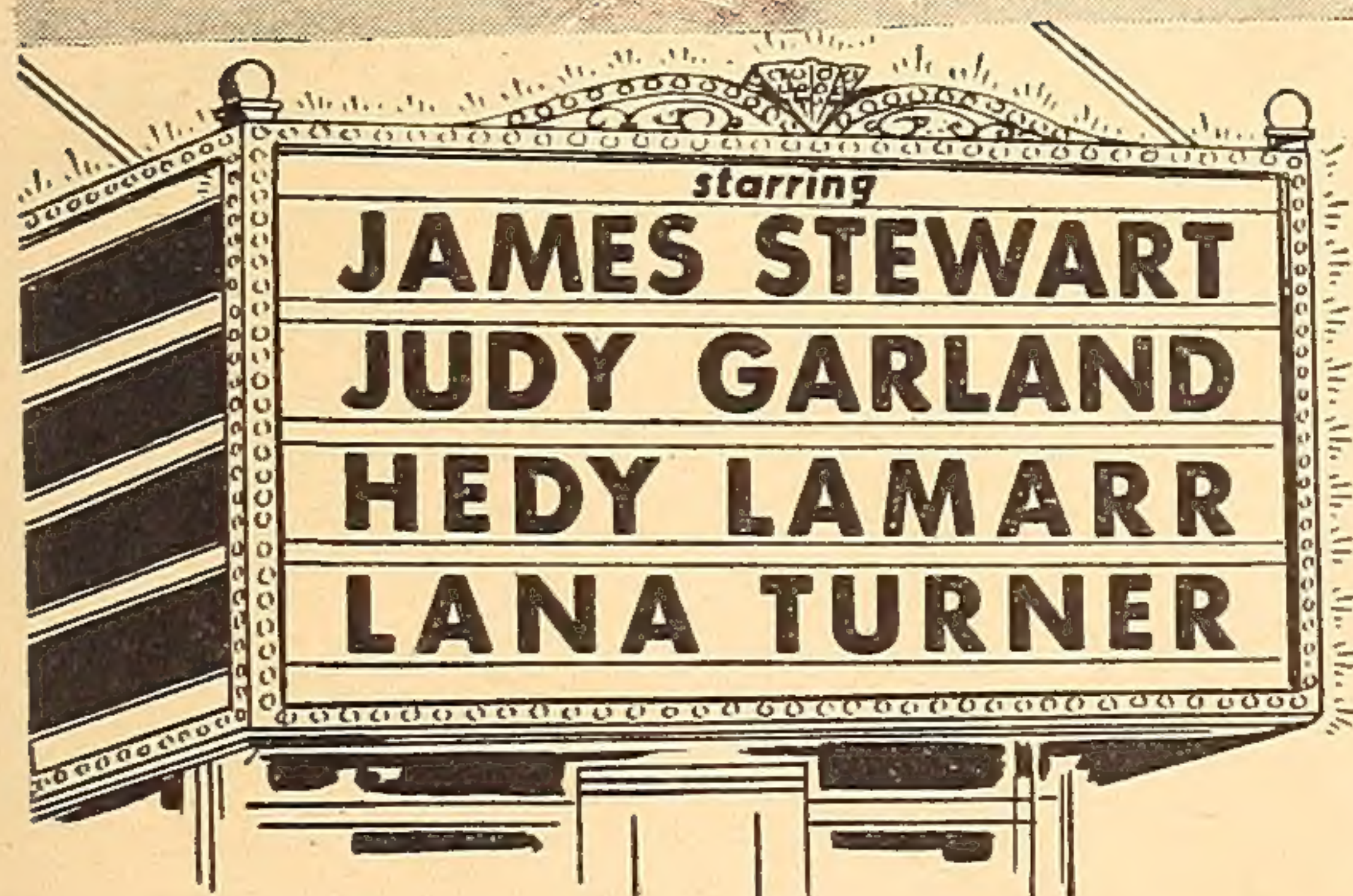
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Cover Portrait of MERLE OBERON

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER presents the picture the world has awaited to follow the never-to-be-forgotten wonders of "The Great Ziegfeld." Bigger in cast, bigger in spectacle, it dramatizes the behind-the-scenes lives of the world's most glorified girls... against a thrilling tapestry of dazzling screen magnificence with scores of song hits, (for instance: "You Stepped Out of A Dream", "Too Beautiful to Last", "Minnie From Trinidad"). Plus ravishing show-beauties and the greatest assemblage of personalities you've ever seen in one giant show!

with TONY MARTIN, CHARLES WINNINGER, JACKIE COOPER, IAN HUNTER, EDWARD EVERETT HORTON, Philip Dorn, Felix Bressart, Eve Arden, Rose Hobart, Al Shean, Dan Dailey, Jr., Paul Kelly, Mae Busch, Fay Holden, Ed McNamara and Girls, Girls, Girls. Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD • Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN

\$1,000 IN CASH PRIZES! Artists! Write today "Ziegfeld Girl Art Contest", M-G-M, 1540 B'way, N. Y. C. for details. Contest closes March 17th, 1941

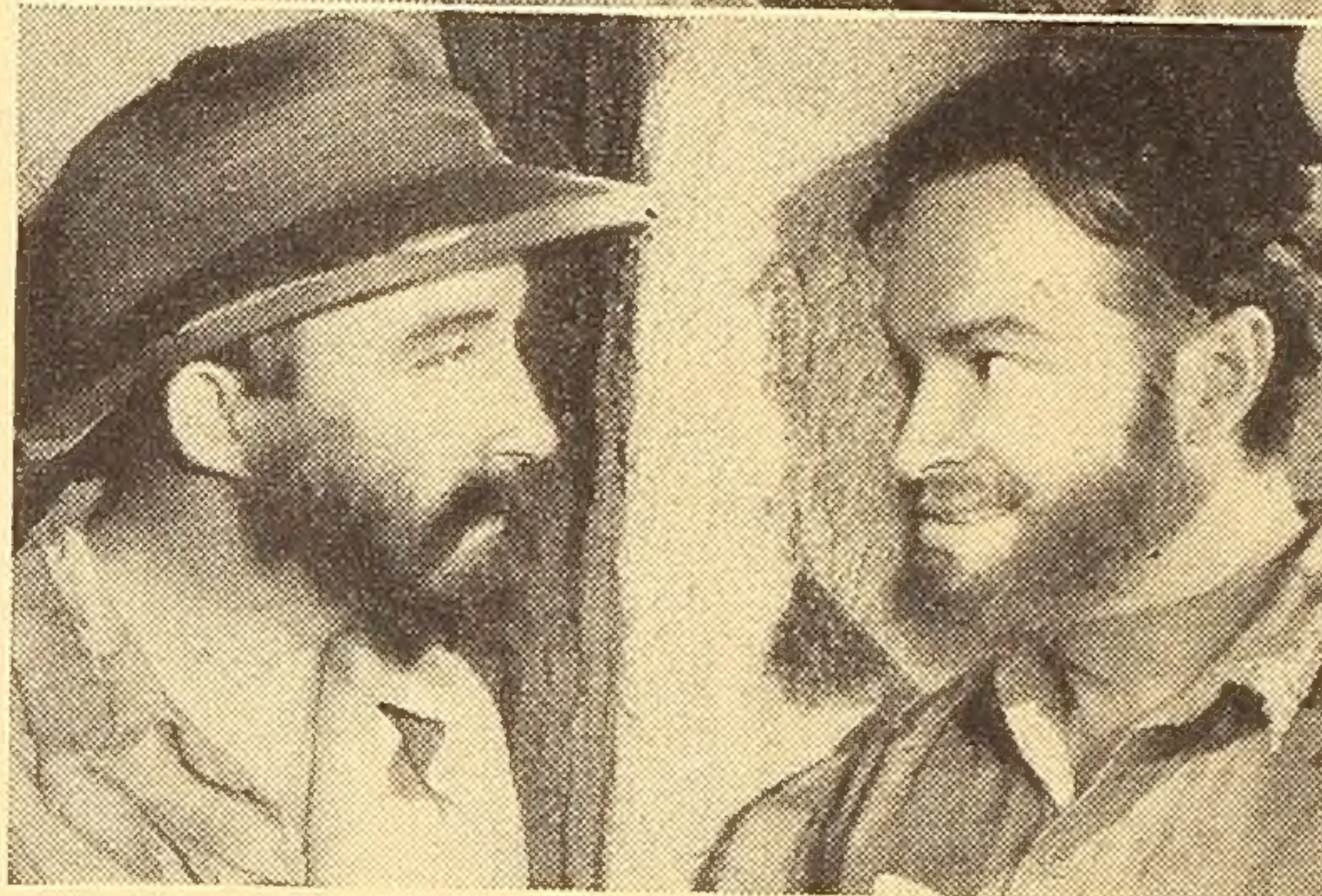
HOT

FROM HOLLYWOOD

BARBARA HUTTON, floating into the drawing room on Cary Grant's arm at a recent glittering Hollywood get-together, looked so ethereal that it seemed as if a pop of a toy balloon would bury her deep in the voluminous train of Hedda Hopper's startling gown. But with diamonds in her hair, at her ears, and glistening about her throat against a blue gown that made you look, and look again, she still has the taste (and the \$\$) to appear as from another world . . . Greer Garson, without a doubt, inspires the most awe of any British actress in her stately display of her heartfelt loyalty to England. These days you invariably see her in plain, chic black with a huge vivid British crest worn above her heart . . . It's never touted or bragged about, but did you know that Irene Dunne has been happily married to Dr. Griffin for thirteen years? . . . Hollywood doesn't know whether to giggle at or sympathize with that well-known young Hollywood doctor who got such a case of fright and the jitters when he found Mae West biding time in his waiting room that his partner had to take his place for the consultation with Mae.

JEANETTE MACDONALD, they say, is giving Hollywood an inimitable and I-don't-careish nose-thumbing such as it never got before. She has failed to make the list of the first top ten box-office stars. But on her concert tour she has broken all her previous records.

THE underground, by which this sort of rumor gets around, has it that Cesar Romero is at present in a deep pout with his studio. It's hinted that Cesar is thoroughly fed up with the "Cisco Kid" series, and that his present pout is occasioned by the fact that he has just been told by his bosses that he will go right on creating those outdoor epics like clockwork. The fly in the ointment as far as Cesar's wishes go, is that he wants, more often, to get a crack at a slick sophisticated rôle. His heart has always been set on doing white tie and tail stuff, with a lot of that sultry, menacing eye business (his specialty) that magically sends women straight into a swoon. It goes without saying, too, that once in a while Cesar would like to strut that Romero rumba on the screen with the accompaniment of a glittering New York background. It's whispered that, quite by accident, Cesar's studio has just discovered that his fan mail is second only to Tyrone Power's, and that the *Cisco Kid*, from what it costs to put him on the screen, makes a nice comfortable pot of money. In spite of Cesar's city slicker yearnings he'll go on being outdoorish whether he likes it or not.



Bop Hope, Dorothy Lamour and Bing Crosby, the popular trio in "Road to Singapore," are pictured, above, in their second comedy-thriller, "Road to Zanzibar," which takes them through darkest Africa. Behind the whiskers, at left, you see Bing and Bob, whose endless flow of gags make it the season's funniest film.

ALL that untrue talk hinting that Mary Astor's marriage was headed for the rocks was started by a dead-wrong guess of a too officious columnist . . . How would you like it? This was the year, 1941, in which Johnny Weissmuller planned all along to get a haircut—and now his studio says no . . . It's like a living picture, showing proof that movie sophistication is only skin deep. Watching Deanna Durbin on the set of her current film is like seeing sleight of hand that you can't believe. From playing a sophisticated scene with Franchot Tone, actually with a glass of movie-set champagne in her hand, she finishes her action and goes back to nibbling a shiny apple and crunching handfuls of fluffy white popcorn . . . Quite the most amusing chuckle in town to a certain group who dare, is their lying in wait for the opportunity to use the uncontrolled bronx cheer they have in store for the mama of that so-famous mother and daughter combination—the next time she insists on entertaining with her singing.

OF COURSE, ever since Garbo and Gayelord Hauser returned from their trek around the country which was made partly by motor, those perennial rumors of a Garbo marriage have started to pop again. There is some talk of Greta and Gayelord having picked a spot in Brentwood that will be the site of their future home, and there are even hints of their being already secretly married. It seems that when Garbo actually gets to the point of motoring about the country with her gentlemen acquaintances, it is sufficient cause for the Hollywood press to leap to a conclusion of marriage. It is also a fact that soon after such a prediction all the camaraderie of each of Garbo's friendly associations has flown out the window. Such was the identical sequence in the case of Mamoulian, Stokowski, Brent, *et al.* Cynics are gloomily predicting a Hauser-Garbo smash, and romantics, just as eagerly, are palpitating with the possibility that this time it really might end with Garbo becoming a bride. (Please turn to page 17)

...e put the **roar** in the **roaring 20's**...now
he's the
bad boy
of the
naughty
90's!

oh lady, can
you picture this!
Jimmy as a
gent in the days
when a mug
was something
a fellow shaved
out of!...and
a racket was
strictly for tennis!
Warner Bros.
pictured it—
and it's the show
you've *really*
got to see!

JAMES CAGNEY
OLIVIA
DE HAVILLAND
In
**'Strawberry
Blonde'**

(She's a honey...and so's the picture!)



with
RITA HAYWORTH
ALAN HALE • JACK CARSON
GEORGE TOBIAS
Directed by **RAOUL WALSH**
Screen Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein
From a Play by James Hagan
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

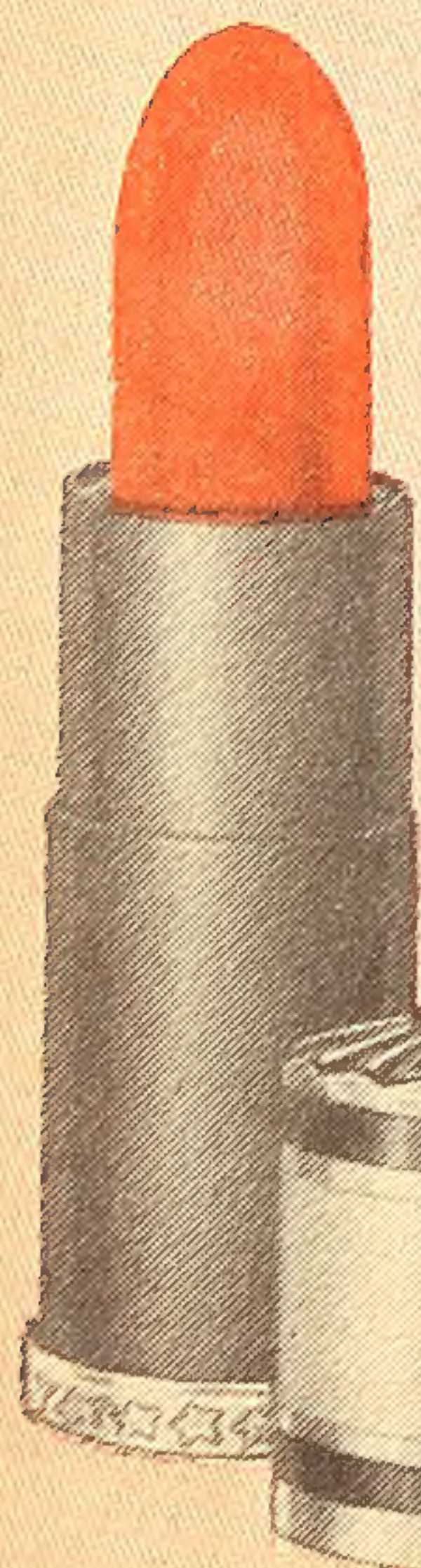
IRRESISTIBLE Charm



YOURS WITH Irresistible LIPSTICK

A new season! A new personality and IRRESISTIBLE Lipstick to give you glamour! Fashion leader in the spring parade is the smart woman who chooses her lipstick as part of her costume. FLASH RED for pastels! CANDY STRIPE RED for that patriotic accent to your navy and white! RUBY RED for sophisticated black! FUCHSIA PLUM to vibrate with the new South American shades! Secret WHIP-TEXT process means a softer, creamier, non-drying IRRESISTIBLE Lipstick. Matching ROUGE, FACE POWDER and POWDER FOUNDATION.

IT'S *Whip-Text*
LASTS LONGER
SMOOTHER



10c AT ALL
5 & 10c STORES

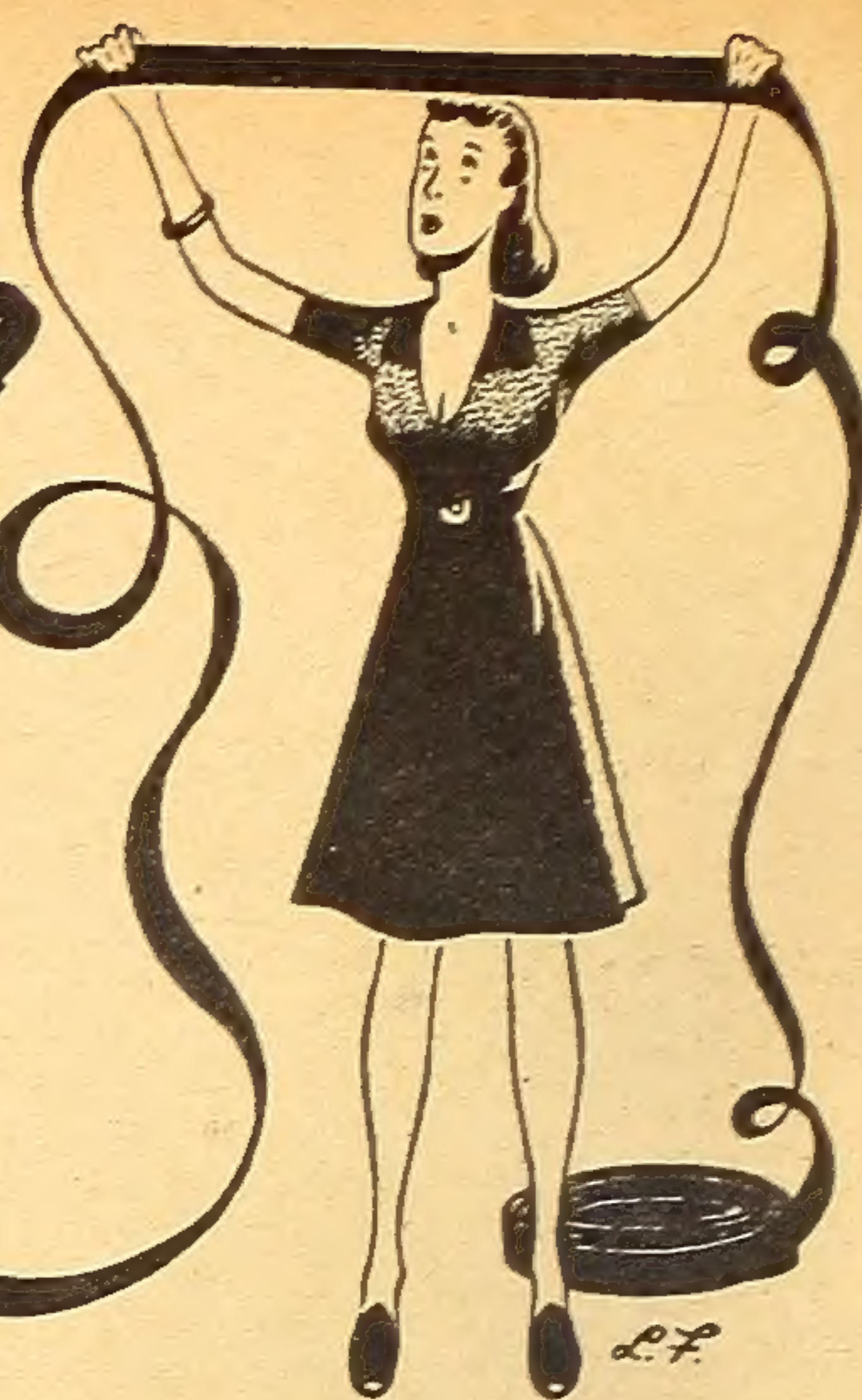


USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



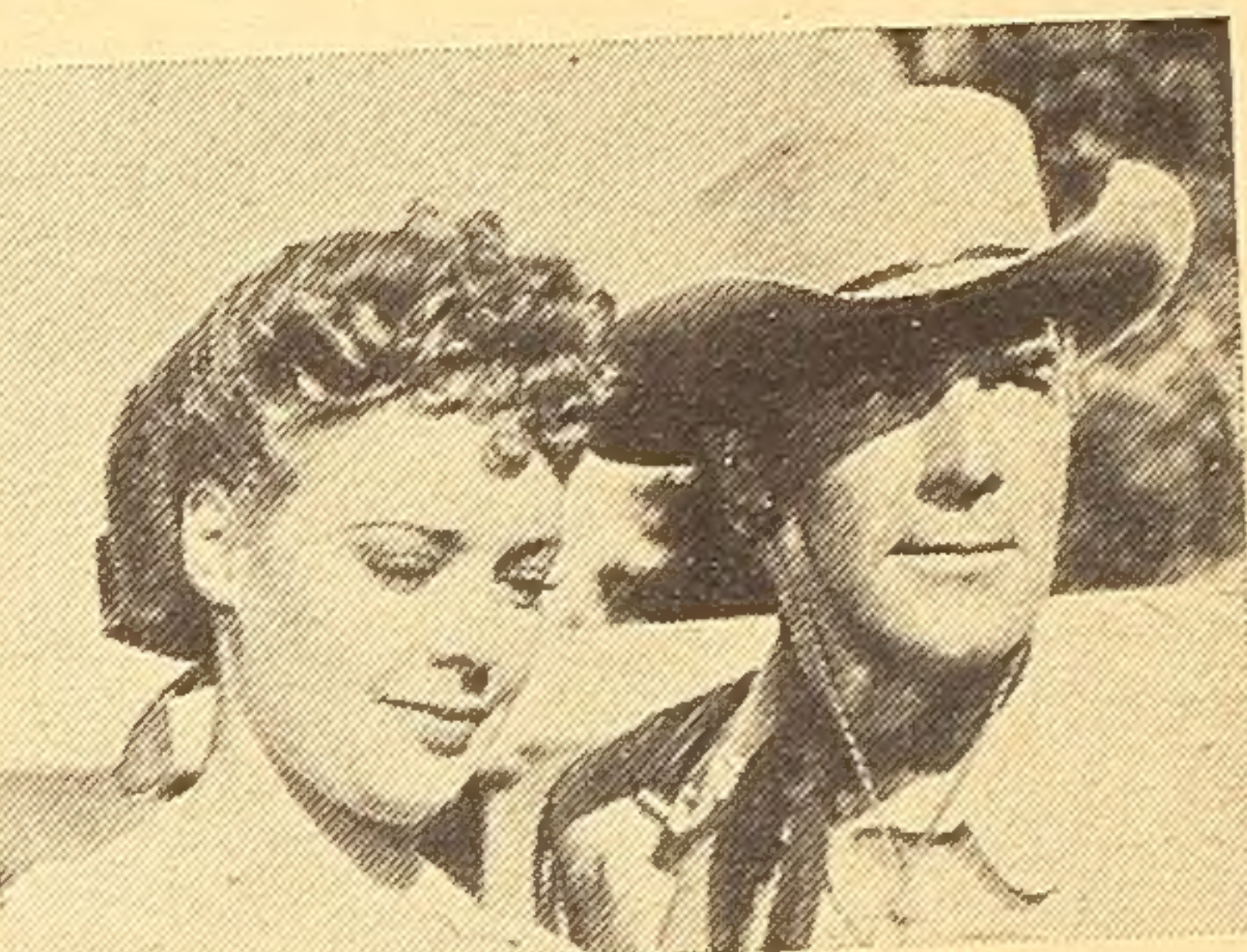
Tagging the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53



Come Live With Me—M-G-M

This romantic comedy is the story of a refugee (Hedy Lamarr) who marries a struggling young writer (James Stewart) so she won't be deported. After he sells a story—their story—they find they're really in love. Hedy, who has the opportunity to combine glamor, comedy and drama, while wearing a style-setting collection of Adrian gowns, does her best screen work. Jimmy's fine as the farm boy whose writing brings him to the big city.



Western Union—20th Century-Fox

A frontier epic which has the expansion Westward of the telegraph across perilous country as its background. Randolph Scott, the ex-outlaw, Robert Young, who rides and shoots in true Western style, and Dean Jagger as the engineer, give splendid performances. It's a fine outdoor drama, with plenty of action and beautiful Technicolor. Its tense moments are relieved by some comedy and a romance involving Scott, Young, Virginia Gilmore.



Buck Privates—Universal

If you saw these inimitable radio comedians, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, in their first film venture, "One Night in the Tropics," and had a barrel of fun, all you need do now is multiply that by ten and you'll get an idea of the good time you're in for in this comedy. It's the first feature film dealing with the new draft army and shows Bud and Lou as two of the doughboys. The Andrews Sisters, Lee Bowman and Alan Curtis are in it too.



Tall, Dark and Handsome—20th Century-Fox

Cesar Romero plays the suave romeo of the rackets referred to in the title of this clever gangland satire and gives a swell performance as the killer who's actually a softie. It's fast-paced and exciting, with hilarious comedy twists, such as the gang-leader attending his own funeral. Virginia Gilmore is fine as the romantic interest, Stanley Clements, who is adopted by Romero, steals a few scenes with his dese-dem-dose talk. Milton Berle's in it.



Play Girl—RKO-Radio

A sophisticated light comedy drama about a gold-digger (Kay Francis)—they call them play girls now—who, finding it growing difficult to tap bankrolls of gullible males because of her years, trains a younger girl (Mildred Coles) to continue in her footsteps. Everything's fine until the protégé learns that the boy she loves (James Ellison) is to be her next victim. Kay is capable as the fading gold-digger, and Miss Coles, a newcomer, proves her ability as Kay's understudy.



Oceans of Fun From THE MAN WHO LAUNCHED A MILLION LAUGHS!



The story of a sweetie of the fleet whose naval maneuvers drove the navy nutty.

Famous HAROLD LLOYD turns producer to bring you more of the kind of laughs that convulsed the country in his scores of celebrated comedies. Don't miss his personally planned story of a goofy gob who gave his girl a bridegroom for a wedding present!



HAROLD LLOYD Presents

A GIRL, A GUY and A GOB

GEORGE MURPHY • LUCILLE BALL • EDMOND O'BRIEN
HENRY TRAVERS • FRANKLIN PANGBORN
Produced by Harold Lloyd • Directed by Richard Wallace
RKO RADIO PICTURE

Screen Play by Frank Ryan and Bert Granet

Gobs of fun with the goofiest gobs that ever tore a port apart!



There's a
**THRILL TO YOUR
FINGERTIPS**



when you use
Dr. Ellis'
NAIL POLISH

Choose a smart new nail-polish shade to match each mood and each costume . . . now you can afford to! Dr. Ellis' Nail Polish costs so little, yet no polish offers you more. It flows on smoothly and evenly . . . dries to a brilliant, beautiful, lasting finish . . . gives you the widest choice of the season's loveliest tones. Get several shades tomorrow . . . and thrill to your fingertips!

10¢

Ask for it at your favorite 5 & 10 or drugstore. A companion product of the famous Dr. Ellis' Wave Set.

Dr. Ellis Sales Co., Inc.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



Dr. Ellis'



FIRST PRIZE LETTER
\$10.00

Ever since James Cagney squirted grapefruit in his best girl's eye, we've been deluged with femme fights and mixed free-for-alls. When we wearied of the hero and heroines striking each other, we were given sensational gal fights, such as the glimmerous Marlene Dietrich gave in her bar-room brawl in "Destry Rides Again." We got another in "Seven Sinners," and in "North West Mounted Police," and Hedy Lamarr gave us a fight scene in her "Comrade X." I hear there's to be a honey in "The Great Lie."

Rough action may be all right for the feminine stars once in a while, but please, let's have more ladies before we doubt that there are any left!

S. K. Parkhurst, Seattle, Wash.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
\$5.00

Well, whaddaya know, I'm right down in the heart of Hollywood. I don't know how it happened, but it did, so here I am.

Since I'm here, I am going to do the thing I've wanted to do for years. Take a stroll along Hollywood Boulevard. That's where I'm sure to meet my favorite stars. Why, at this very minute, look who's coming toward me. None other than Judy Garland. Now there's a girl with personality plus. Her latest picture, "Little Nellie Kelly," was simply marvelous. My, but that girl across the way looks familiar. Of course, it's Deanna Durbin, the golden-voiced star of "Spring Parade." Oh, Oh, look who's trying to dodge his fans. Tyrone Power. Come on, girls, let's rush him. But wait a minute. His wife is with him. You know, that charming personality, Annabella. So hold on there. Oh, well, we'll get his autograph anyway. All right, all right, don't push, there's plenty of time. Oh, but that isn't someone pushing me. No, that's just Mom telling me that I had better get up, because I will be late for school. Well, imagine that. Stepping from Hollywood Boulevard into Latin Class. And on a Monday morning at that.

Carole Brandt, Olney, Philadelphia, Pa.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS
\$1.00 Each

"Santa Fe Trail" is the straw that fractures this long-suffering camel's vertebrae!

How long must we be tortured by seeing Errol Flynn cast as a swashbuckling, devil-may-care, two-fisted embodiment of the late lamented Fairbanks?

There Flynn is as convincing as a negro lawyer before a Southern jury. When he attempts to register audaciousness—it's awful! As a soldier of fortune he's a sad caricature! Gentle Olivia de Havilland shows more iron in her makeup in one scene than Flynn could in a century's pictures.

The first time one sees him in one of these rôles, one is apt to treat him with contempt. The second offense frequently produces convulsions, and thereafter it's a case of avoiding Flynn at any cost.

Please stop casting Flynn as a bold, dashing cavalier. Put that bon-bon sixth from the right in the fourth row of the chorus—where he belongs!

M. J. Meyer, Newton Centre, Mass.

After seeing the most wonderful picture of the year, I want to shout that I'm in favor of more Mountie stories. "North West Mounted Police" was different and something worth remembering after the show. It was a "perfect dream!" The handsome Mounties in their red coats, dotting the woodlands like poppies in a field, were a treat.

And that Paulette Goddard made a pretty dangerous bit of dynamite as Robert Preston's half-breed soul-searing sweetie. The blue of the lovely wench's eyes actually spit fire!

Paulette's a great little actress. She puts her rôles over convincingly. It was a wise old owl, with keen old optics, who selected her for this part. She's wonderful! Miss Goddard lives and eats her rôles up. Not a crumb is wasted. There are a few actresses who could stand a bit of coaching from this little genius, and I'm not fooling!

Mrs. Ann Nickolina, Cincinnati, Ohio.

I just had a good cry. I saw "Little Nellie Kelly" and I didn't have a handkerchief either. I thought that Judy Garland was stepping out of her class when I heard that she was falling in love and having a baby in the movie.

I really wasn't expecting anything like I saw in "Little Nellie Kelly." George Murphy was swell! I thought of him as more or less of a dancer and Judy Garland as a swingy singer. Charlie Winninger was, well, maybe a little too stubborn, but he more than made up for that by being such a grand little old man.

Here's hoping for many more just like "Little Nellie Kelly."

Marilyn Reburn, La Crosse, Wis.

An Open Letter to Marjorie Main:
Dear Marjorie Main:

I've been wanting to tell you for a long

**WRITE A LETTER—
WIN A PRIZE!**

Are you anxious to tell the world about that fine movie you saw? Are you bursting to register a complaint about a star or a picture? Other fans also have their favorites and pet peeves, and they'd like to hear what you have to say. They won't always agree with you; they'll argue back, too, but that's the fun of this Fans' Forum, not to mention the monthly Cash Prizes of \$10.00, \$5.00, and five prizes of \$1.00. Closing date for letters is the 25th of the month.

Please address your letters to
**SCREENLAND'S Fans' Forum, 45
West 45th St., New York, N. Y.**

time how much we fans appreciate the laughs you've given us in "The Women," "Turnabout," "Susan and God," and all the rest, and how your small parts stood out like Neon signs.

But it's "Wyoming" which made us realize there was indeed, gold in them squints and section boss stride of yours. As the blacksmith who was rough and tough, but who had a heart of gold and a yen for Romance, you were more than a match for the swaggering, roistering Wallace Beery. Even at the risk of being accused of disloyalty to Marie Dressler, I'd say that you are as good a foil as she for Wally. Nothing can beat that Ned Sparks dead pan of yours, you know.

It's true that Wally had his Big Love Moments in "Tugboat Annie" and "Min and Bill," but in this "Wyoming," his woo pitching with you is unbeatable. In your own way you have as much oomph as Sheridan, Lamour and all the other glamour gals. Not every girl can take a harmonica serenade and haystack proposal like you can. And that's something in these days of competition.

And I bet that you and Wally can squeeze out lots of tears and pathos if you had to.

So here's hoping that you'll keep on Juliet-ing to Wally's Romeo-ing. You're a swell team.

Kay Matthews, Seattle, Wash.

From now on Ginger Rogers will be Kitty Foyle to me. Never, since "Gone With the Wind," have I seen a fictional heroine brought to life with more accuracy and vividness than in Miss Rogers' fine portrayal of the white collar heroine.

True, she was hampered by the changes made in the filming of the novel due to the fact that it was necessary to play ball with Will Hays, but in spite of such hindrances, Ginger made of her part a real, living character. She can safely put away her dancing shoes now and take her place as one of the screen's fine dramatic actresses.

Maxine Baxter, Norwood, Ohio.

HONORABLE MENTION

Ham and eggs belong together. We expect cheese with apple pie and we want Ginger Rogers with Fred Astaire. No two have danced so well together on the screen.

Ginger has proven to herself and us that she can play dramatic parts to the hilt—but—we want her to laugh and sing and dance with Fred. The dancing of these two terpsichoreans in "Roberta" is unforgettable but "Roberta" was a long time ago.

Come on, you two, we know what we want.

Ethel Morris, Kansas City, Mo.

Frowns can speak volumes—but they can't say "Mum"!



**Even a hint of underarm odor ruins charm.
Every day use quick, safe Mum.**

WHAT's happened to make two hearts chill that earlier in the evening beat as one? Lovely Peggy doesn't know—but her frowning escort could tell her. Only being a gentleman he never will. A girl who offends with underarm odor seldom knows she's guilty and no one is likely to tell.

Lovely Peggy's sole offense was trusting her bath alone. And no bath deserves that perfect trust. A bath only takes care of *past* perspiration—Mum makes that bath-freshness *last*. One quick touch of Mum under each arm—30 seconds after

your bath or just before you dress—and charm is safe all day or all evening long.

MUM IS QUICK! Just smooth Mum on ... in 30 seconds you have Mum's lasting protection for hours to come.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum won't irritate your skin. It won't injure fine fabrics. Mum's gentleness is approved by the Seal of the American Institute of Laundering.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor hours on end. Get Mum from your druggist. Use it every day!

WHY MUM IS AMERICA'S FIRST CHOICE!



For Sanitary Napkins
Thousands of women use Mum this way because it is gentle, dependable ... a deodorant that prevents embarrassment.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Mrs. W----- Solves the Case of Betty



Betty is up to her old tricks again. She needs a laxative badly, but she starts bawling the moment I reach for the bottle.



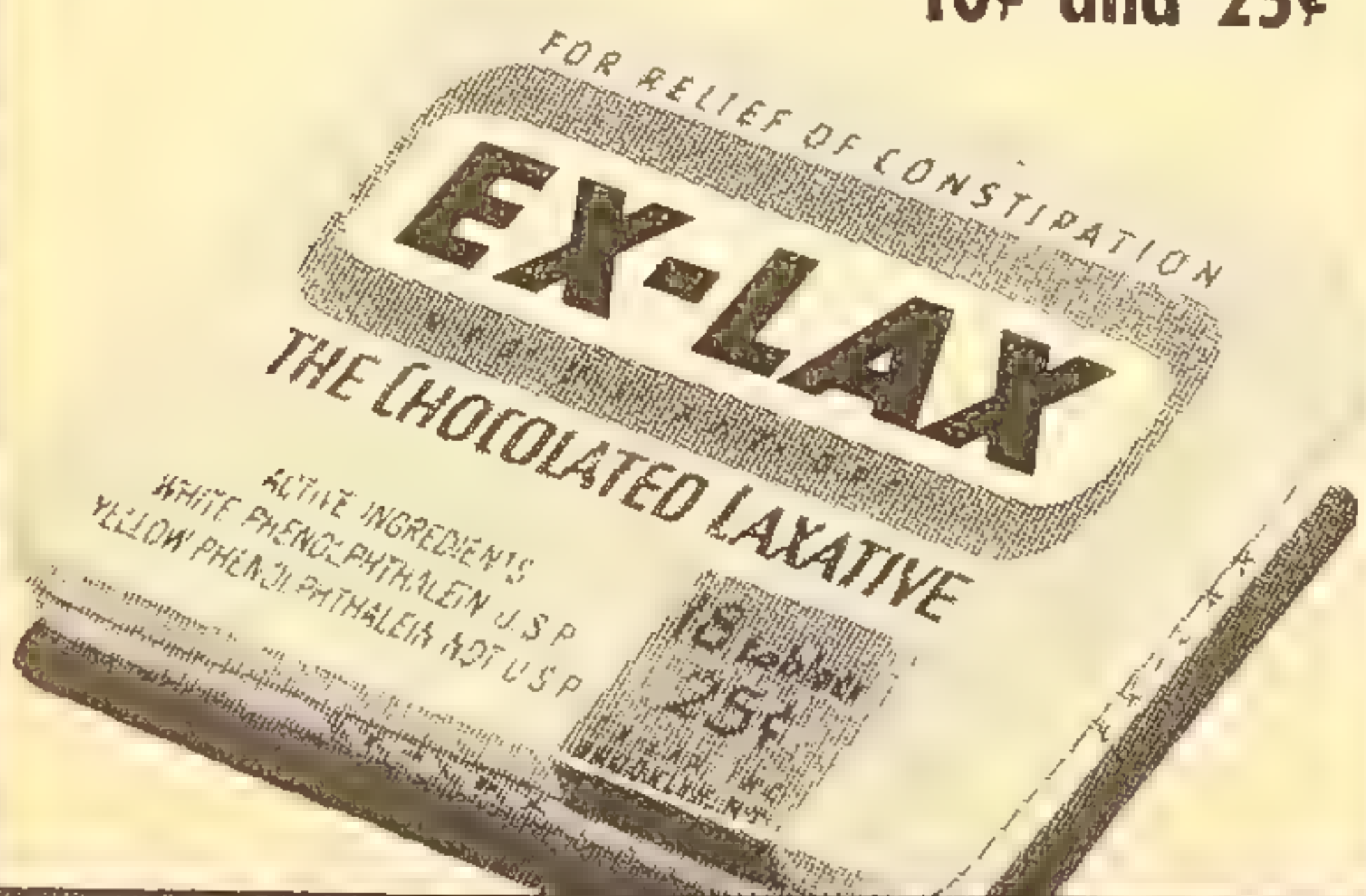
Cousin Alice suggested Ex-Lax. Gave some to Betty tonight and you should have seen her go for it! Simply loved its chocolate taste.



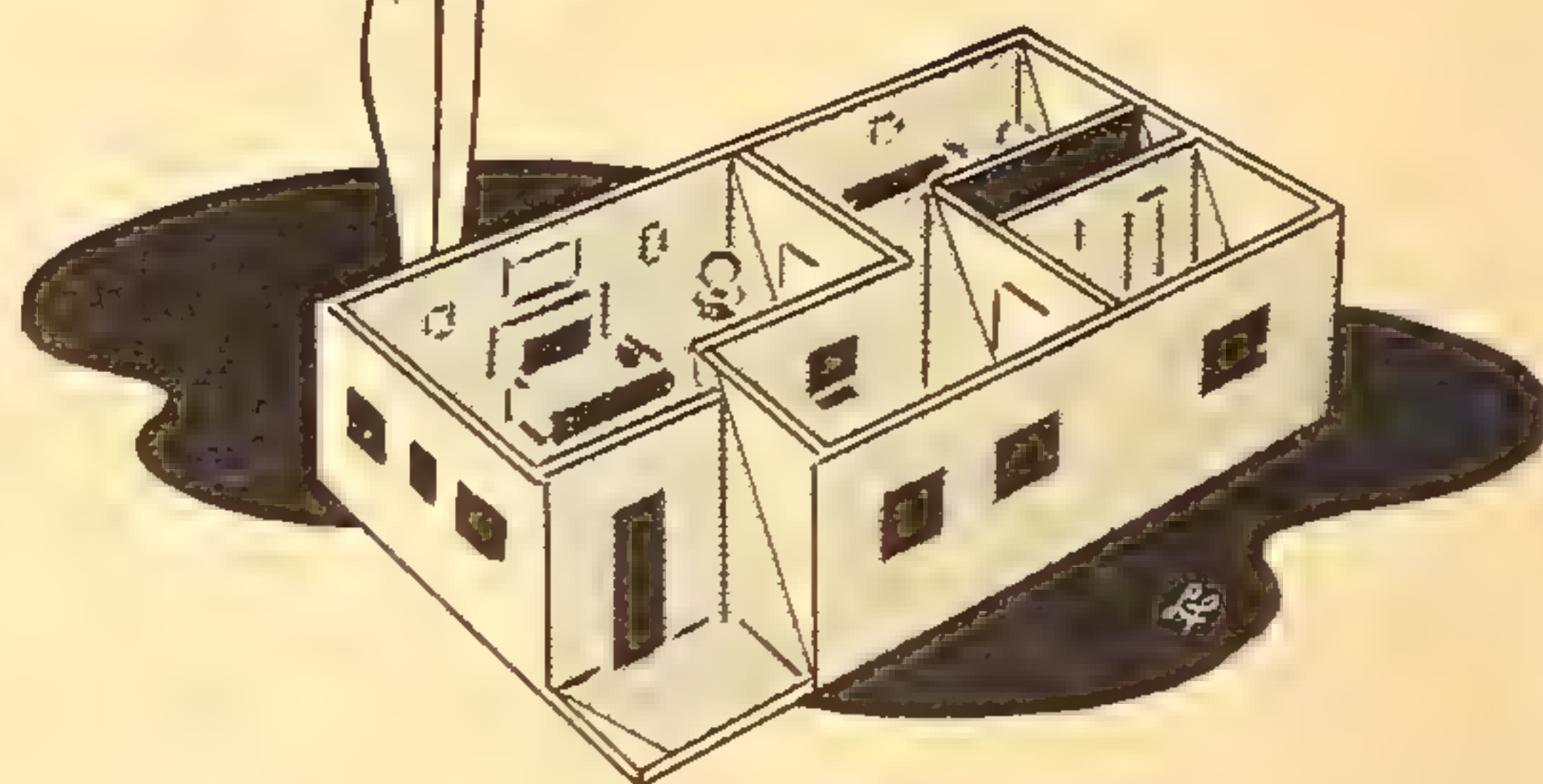
Betty slept like an angel. Ex-Lax worked fine this morning and it didn't upset her a bit. Thank goodness, I've solved that problem!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



INSIDE the STARS' HOMES



Bonita Granville, herself the spirit of Spring, gives you her youthful ideas on the subject of how to tempt April appetites with good food and plenty of fun

**By
Betty
Boone**

"Have some?" says our starlet as she samples her own yummy "Bonita Fudge," her one culinary triumph. Lovely leader of Hollywood's cutest "younger set," she lives with her mother in the new home her movie "jack" built.



BONITA GRANVILLE and her mother planned their house in Toluca Lake together. They used to get down on the floor with paper and pencil and draw plans and make lists of everything they could think of that they ever wanted in a home.

"Then we'd have enough to take care of half a dozen good-sized places, so we'd spend more hours deciding what was really important, what we couldn't possibly do without, and what was our dearest heart's desire," explained Bonita, as she showed me through the entirely satisfactory result. "Ever since I can remember, I have wanted a bedroom with a pink tufted satin bed—and now I have it! Another thing I wanted was a playroom in scarlet and silver. Mother had her pet ideas, too—plenty of windows, sheltered patio, and arrangements in the kitchen. Sometimes we had to compromise, sometimes we could have exactly

what we liked. It has all been so exciting!"

The house is a modern French Colonial, of stone, stucco and timber, white with pale blue shutters, the living room, bedrooms and playroom forming three sides to shelter the flagstoned patio, which is complete with barbecue, pale blue furniture, huge fireplace and even tiers of white-painted shelves to hold books, magazines and vases of flowers.

"Just beyond that white picket fence is the end of Ann Sheridan's grounds," said Bonita. "This is an all-new settlement, you know, and every house in it is different. That's one fascination it has for us. Mother and I always said we'd have a house that our friends could enjoy with us. We wouldn't make it just a show place where everyone would be afraid to put anything down and we'd be worrying every time it rained for fear a little mud would ruin the



residence. So we have the living room furniture upholstered in corduroy, the rug's green and the colors are chocolate brown and beige. Doesn't sound nearly so pretty as it is!"

The chocolate and beige scheme is reversed in individual pieces—a dark couch with light fringe, light chairs with chocolate trim, sometimes dark cushions in a lighter chair, and so on. The color scheme has the advantage of being a grand background for almost any flower arrangement.

Above, closeup of a young movie star making her own special fudge: first checking her ingredients; next, measuring sugar; third, testing her invention at the "soft ball" stage. You should see best beau Jackie Cooper and the "gang" gobbling up the delicious results!

There's a white mantel and many French doors leading to patio or terrace. The playroom is actually a continuation of the dining room, except that both rooms are room-sized, and there's a partition between the

ceilings, so that the playroom ceiling is scarlet and white. There's a pantry-sized bar off the playroom, where soft drinks are served suitable to the teen ages. There's plenty of room for Bonita's "gang" to play games here, too.

"But somehow we don't play games much," she observed. "In summer we have a ping-pong table in the patio and maybe a dart game set up, but here we usually put on late records and listen to them and talk.

(Continued on page 90)

"MEN CAN'T RESIST THAT MODERN *natural* LOOK!"

Says

Lovely Jane Goolrick
Sweet Briar '40

AND IT'S YOURS WITH THIS FACE POWDER
YOU CHOOSE BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!



● You can catch the man of your heart . . . if you have that sparkling, youthful look . . . the *natural* allure men can't resist. And now it can be yours with the new Richard Hudnut *Marvelous Face Powder* that you choose by the color of your eyes. You see, eye color is definitely related to the color of your skin, your hair . . .

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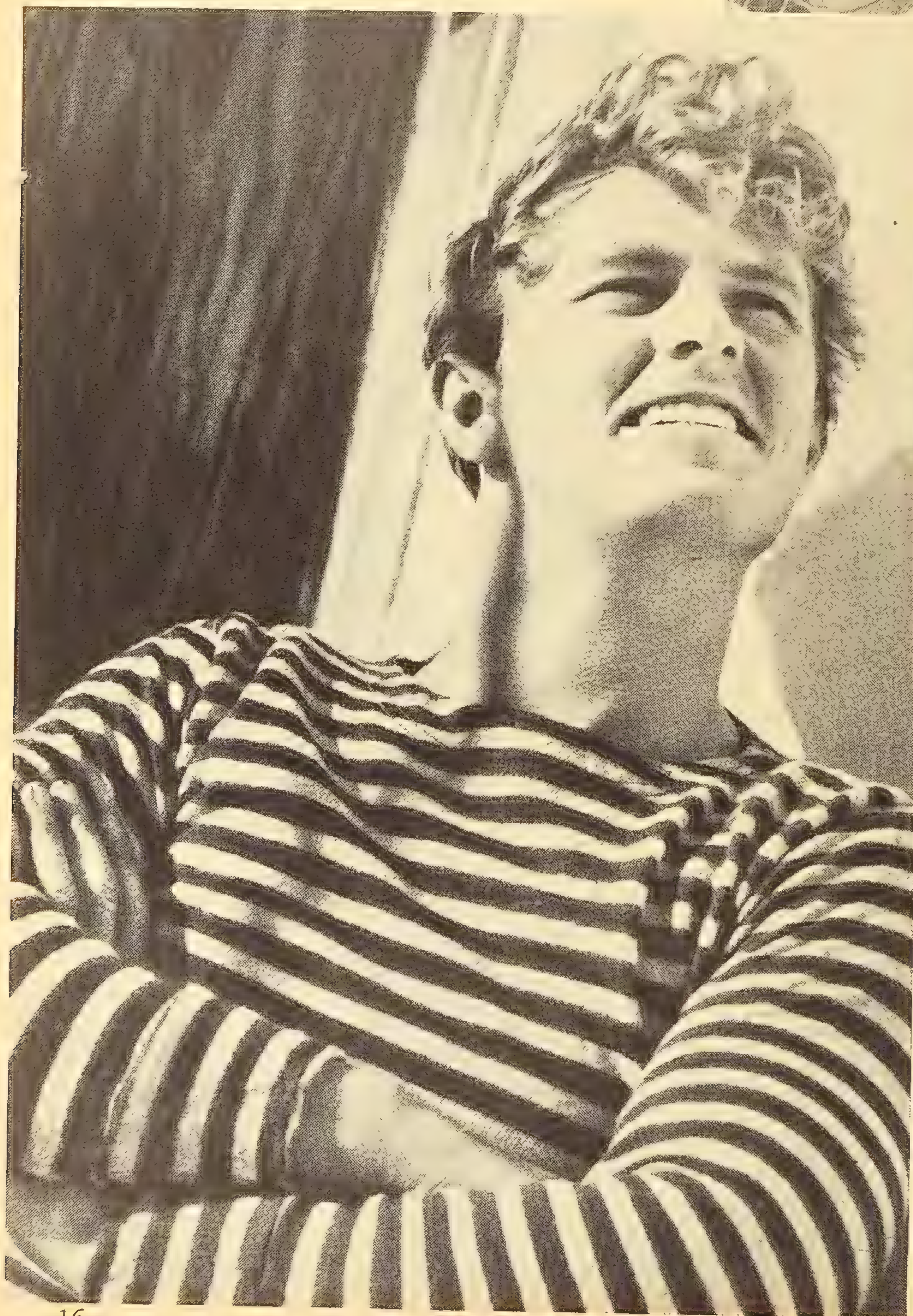
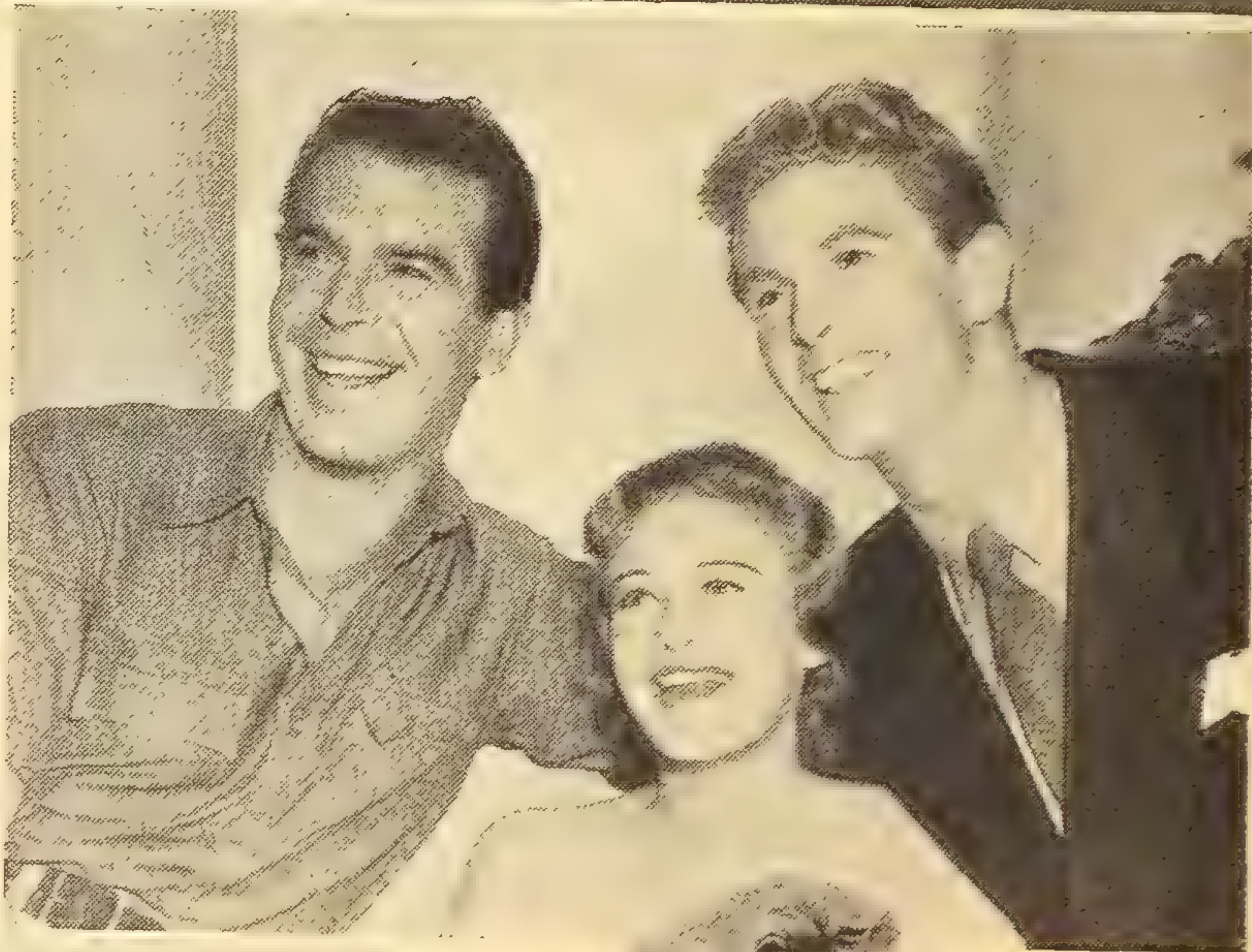
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FACE POWDER AND
MATCHED MAKEUP

Screenland Honor Page

To Stirling Hayden, tomorrow's Gary Cooper, who in his first film, "Virginia," becomes the new screen sensation

SIX feet four, crinkly hair and blue eyes, at 22 Stirling Hayden might register merely as the handsomest and tallest lad to hit Hollywood in many seasons. But the remarkable thing about the boy is not so much his magnetic good looks as his keen, quiet, intelligence. From Gloucester, Mass., he might have posed for that town's heroic statue symbolic of *They who go down to the sea in ships*—Hayden himself ran away to sea at 15. But he is more than a personality; he gives promise of being a good actor, as you will see in Edward H. Griffith's new all-Technicolor picture, "Virginia."



Hayden is Hollywood's tallest and most promising young player. Top, with Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll in "Virginia." Left, as he likes to be—on a boat. His ambition? To own one.

Hot from Hollywood

Continued from page 6



From the title of the newest Hardy film, "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary," we gather that a new "dictator" is born. In the scene above, Mickey gets down to business and does some of his own style of dictating to that cute newcomer, Kathryn Grayson.

SOCIAL busybodies have been getting their heads together lately and turning out reams of idle gossip about what an unsocial cold shoulder the Charles Laughtons have been giving Hollywood these many months. There has been deep offense taken at their peculiar brand of British stand-offishness, and a positively consuming curiosity to see the inside of the pretentious mansion they have been living in. If you ask me, *there* is the crux of the annoyance that has been sticking in the crop of Hollywood's big-time party-goers—they haven't been asked to a glittering get-together at the Laughtons', and they haven't been able actually to put their finger on just how grand a scale these Britishers have been living. As the story goes, one particularly nose-y individual forced his way into the Laughtons' estate on some pretense or other and now the rumors are going about that these two flamboyant Britishers are far more eccentric than Hollywood ever thought them. It is gossiped about that they are living only in a shell of a mansion. They have never spent the money to furnish their extensive house and live only in partly furnished rooms. As strange as it may seem, it is true, and the Laughtons don't give a fig for how eccentric anyone may think them. The whole truth, however, makes things far more clear. Every penny of the money that would ordinarily have been spent on their new home has gone to British war relief.

THERE is no sight in town that makes our bumper crop of winter tourists open their eyes wider than to see Mickey Rooney, as flashy as you please, skim along Sunset Boulevard in the long, shiny, low-slung Lincoln Continental that is a very special gift to him from none other than Henry Ford. . . . I don't know how many people will care, or even notice, but Bob Taylor makes "Billy the Kid," in his version, a left-handed gun toter. Taylor is, himself, more apt with his portside mitt than his right, you know.

THE Hays office censors who hold time watches on movie kisses, have been wobbling back and forth on a big decision. Unless they change their minds again, we're all in for an exceptional treat. In "Blood And Sand," Linda Darnell gives Tyrone Power one of the longest smacks to be put on film in more than a dozen years. Get ready to hold your breath for ten whole seconds It's only a natural human aspiration to want to see one's own name touted, no matter in how trifling a way. Movie studios usually use their employees' names, with written permission and release, for signboards and name-plates in pictures. There was a flustered scurry of cancellations and retractions at a studio recently when the girls heard their names were to be used on make-believe tombstones.



Reginald Owen and Ruth Hussey in a scene from "Free and Easy," a comedy romance of high society and impoverished aristocrats.

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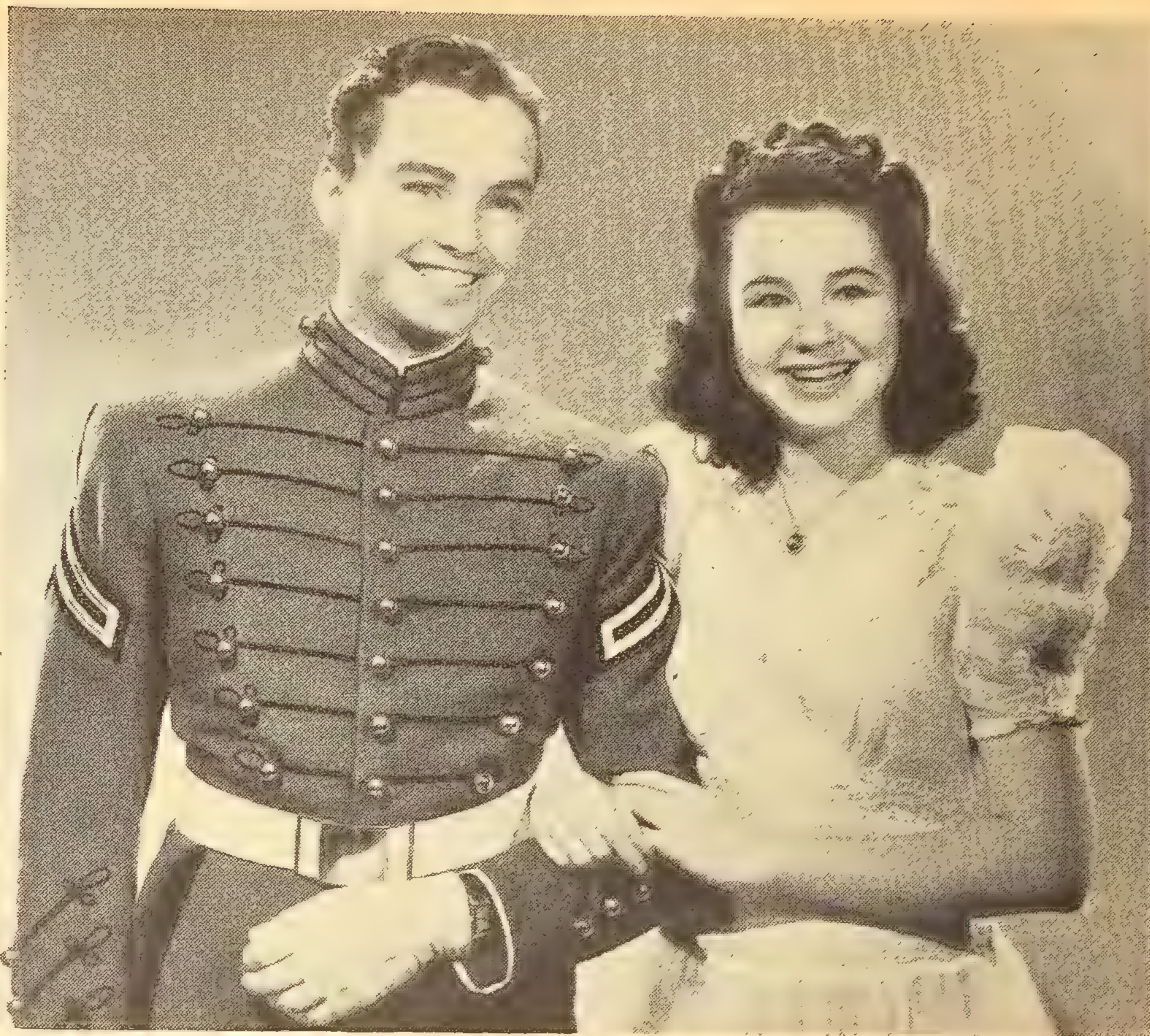
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It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills, 10¢ and 25¢.



A scene from Jane Withers' new film, "A Very Young Lady," in which young Richard Clayton, who plays a Carver Military Institute cadet, and shown with her above, is her best beau even though the young lady does get a crush on her teacher, an older man.

EVERYONE around town is asking a rapid-fire string of questions about Gene Tierney! What, they want to know, has become of those very positive dictums she laid down so firmly when she first arrived in Hollywood? What, they ask, has happened to her studio's constantly repeated, lofty statements that Miss Tierney never wasted her time in night clubs, and was solely and completely engrossed only in her career? Evidently these assertions, that even Hollywood swallowed, have been blasted to bits. No one here believes any longer that the only time Miss T. ventures out at night is to attend the *theatah*, because she is constantly seen around the night spots with a new change of companion most every night. A long expected chuckle finally materialized when Gene started making the rounds with Count Cassini, who, although he actually works for Paramount, has always had a particularly engrossing yen only for girls under contract to 20th Century-Fox. He now has run the gamut from Betty Grable to each extreme, both right and left. However, the town wits are getting their biggest chuckles by laughingly hinting that Rudy Vallee is the Lochinvar who is solely responsible for turning Gene's serious bent for the drama into a yen for the more sophisticated frivolity. It is kiddingly hinted that she just couldn't hold out against Rudy's glamorous pleas to meet and date her. Now, they chuckle, she's done the night clubs with everyone *but* Rudy.

HOLLYWOOD night clubs are still getting more bizarre, more elegant and more unbelievable. Among our newest crop, the lush, intimate Mocambo has the tourists ohing and ahing. The decorations are out of a fantastic dream. The motif, as everything in Hollywood these days because of the trade drumming angle, is Pan American. The muraled walls are vivid and fantastic, with red-trunked trees bearing both fruit and grapes, all against a blue

background. The Mocambo is so unusual and touted as so exclusive that there is always a sprinkling of brilliant society names dropping in to see this elegant den of movie frivolity. Some people say they come to see the beautiful glass encaged tropical birds that add a startle to the place. They no doubt are as amazed as they'd hoped they'd be if they got to see, as I did, in the midst of all this dim-lighted elegance, none other than that good-looking Rudy Vallee, as big as life—wearing sport tweeds.

BOB TAYLOR knows nothing about it, and if he did, he'd put his foot down even more emphatically. His clever wife has very cunningly kept it from him. He has forbidden Barbara Stanwyck ever to go about the streets of downtown Los Angeles unaccompanied, but independent Miss S. has her own ideas about whether she can take care of herself or not. The thief who robbed her the other day by snatching her purse, of course, never knew what a famous purse it was. Barbara was wearing dark glasses and a nonchalant pair of slacks and he didn't recognize her. There was no way for her to notify the police or attempt to get back her valuables without an almost certain possibility of Bob finding out she had again gone against his wishes. Barbara didn't mind any of the inconvenience of suddenly finding herself without any of her keys, which were in the stolen bag. She was determined to get around all that annoyance without anyone being the wiser. Everything panned out very happily for the conniving Mrs. Taylor, but she still has her most serious moment to face. Sooner or later, she knows, Bob is going to ask why she never uses the charming, intricately enameled compact she seemed to like so well when he gave it to her. When that moment comes Barbara is going to have to do some plain and fancy pretending. That treasured gift of Bob's was also in the stolen purse.

IT'S another one of those cases of long standing years of admiration which finally lead to a happy and unbelievable climax. You're seeing the once idolized Jack Mulhall in a small rôle in "Buck Privates" today because he once was a movie hero to a stage-struck high school boy back in Paterson, New Jersey. Jack Mulhall hailed from near-by Passaic and young Lou Costello felt that that made a particularly logical tie between them, and Lou got the movie bug very, very badly although he had never met Mulhall. In all the years of his struggle to gain recognition as an entertainer he never met the actor he admired above all others. It wasn't until a very few days before "Buck Privates" was to go into production that he was introduced to Mulhall amid the bustle and rush of an executive's office at his studio. Lou let his bosses know immediately that it had always been his boyhood dream to appear in a picture with Jack. That is the reason you're seeing this one-time idol as the doctor in "Buck Privates."

HOLLYWOOD has been quite beside itself lately in rehashing over and over again all the stories of the clashes of temperament that went on all through the making of "The Flame of New Orleans." The inside gossipers insist that Dietrich, from the outset, was not satisfied with her boss' choice of a leading man. Consequently, there was not only dissension on the set but also in the front office. Marlene's very own group of personal cronies are still moaning about town that Dietrich got a dirty deal when she was handed Bruce Cabot as a *vis-a-vis*. Marlene, now, hasn't a word to say in the choice of who's to emote opposite her. Comparing the present success and popularity of Cabot with some of our momentarily red hot, over-worked leading men, he doesn't stack up very well. But the desperate cry is, and has always been, for men, men, and more leading men to eke out the shortage. Mr. Pasternak was simply showing his good business head by trying to boost an already established name into front line popularity—none other being available. Cabot was only too pleased to get the wonderful crack at a chance to prove himself. As the gossips hint, the temperament was all on one side.



Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray in a scene from their latest co-starring film, "One Night in Lisbon," streamlined screen version of the stage hit, "There's Always Juliet."

"Remember the tune they were singing... the night we fell in love?"



This "Penny Serenade" Is The Kind Of Music A Man Plays On A Woman's Heart-String

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★ Watch for it at your local theatre!

"There she goes . . .
AND
GOOD RIDDANCE!"



"BEFORE trying to get *her* into the club, you'd think Agatha would have told her . . ."

"A delicate subject, my dear—and any woman her age who *has to be told* deserves what she gets."

So it was "thumbs down" on the newcomer trying to make a place for herself and her family in the community that was to be their home. She had yet to learn the importance of first meetings, when the sizing up can be so critical . . . had failed to realize that one can't be too careful in guarding against halitosis (unpleasant breath).

One little "slip" that you may never live down, is that of offending with unpleasant breath. And the insidious thing about this condition is that you yourself may not realize

when *you* have it.

Why not take the delightful breath-sweetening precaution that so many use—Listerine Antiseptic!

Some cases of bad breath are due to systemic conditions. But most, declare some leading authorities, are due to the fermentation of tiny food particles that cling to tooth, gum and mouth surfaces.

Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

Remember, when you want to put your best foot forward, rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. It may pay you rich dividends in friendship and popularity.

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The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Gene Raymond



Above, Gene with his own genuine platinum blond hair, his trademark—up till now. At left, with his new dark tresses which turn him into a new personality in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," new film which he "steals" from those well-established stars, Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery.

You can't call him "Mr. Jeanette MacDonald" any longer! He stands on his own feet—and practically on his head—as the amusing "Other Man" in Alfred Hitchcock's new comedy, "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," with Carole Lombard. When you see it, you will join us in giving Gene Raymond a great big hand!



DEAR EX-GLAMOR BOY:
Never say die—say dye.

You've done both and it's worked. Here's a cheer for your courage and your magnificent come-back—and your new dark hair.

If at first you don't succeed as a platinum blond, dye, dye again and keep on grinning—and let that be an object lesson to other players whose careers have been checked by bad rôles and general indifference. When your handsome shining head of hair, your regular features, and your all-around ability apparently failed you, what did you do but darken your hair and dare to accept a rôle in which your big scene is one of—to put it mildly—advanced inebriation. Horrors! Here's Gene Raymond, hitherto the irreproachable, imbibing not wisely but too well and thereby, under the genial direction of Alfred Hitchcock, practically stealing the picture, "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," right out from under Robert Montgomery and Carole Lombard.

I'm telling the folks your stagger-scene is the

funniest to be found on any screen this season. Your other scenes in the film aren't so bad, either—in fact, it's a grand performance you're giving, and those of us who have been for you ever since your first hit in films years ago are applauding until our little palms are red—and your face likewise.

Seems to me a good sport like you, who never seemed to mind when frenzied fans would greet you as "Mr. Jeanette MacDonald," but went on about your business of composing tunes and continuing to love your more famous wife and hoping to find a good part to play, deserves recognition on your own from now on. I wouldn't be surprised to find you a star again before very long. Or to hear the fans call Jeanette "Mrs. Gene Raymond" any day now.

Delight Evans



Greater love hath no husband—Buddy Rogers gave up his orchestra-leading career to come back to Hollywood and Mary Pickford. Here they are on their way to dinner.

HOLLYWOOD

All Hollywood Whirl photographs by Len Weissman



Cute Martha Scott is still new enough to the way of movie-land's fresh lensmen to make a face while being camera-caught. With Martha is husband Carleton Alsop, radio-exec.



Junoesque Patricia Morison is one of the authentic belles of Hollywood's younger crowd. In a daring striped gown, she's pictured dancing with George Gogi, at the Cocoanut Grove.



No, Randy Scott isn't trying to hold Gracie Allen's hand, as they dine with a party in the Palm Room of Beverly Hills Hotel—just admiring her jewels, gift of hubby George Burns.

WHIRL

All work and no play might make Hollywood's Jacks and Jills very dull boys and girls—but they'd never let that happen! Here's pictorial proof



This coyness expressed above by Anita Louise, may be one of the reasons the blonde beauty hasn't screen-clicked in a bigger way. Anita's a big girl now—and Mrs. Buddy Adler.



The Chamber of Commerce banquet at the Beverly Hills Hotel brought out many of the top-flight screen stars—including the Ronald Colmans—she's former Benita Hume.



Is Virginia Field shooing away our photographer so he can't snap her first dinner-date with millionaire sportsman Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt? Setting, swank new café, the Mocambo.



We like the zest exhibited above by the beauteous Betty Grable, shown dancing with John Carroll. She is enjoying her date at Mocambo and doesn't care who knows it.

Hate Me?

Why does Hollywood dislike Paulette Goddard? Why do fans like her? Here's your answer

"Connie's not making pictures now," someone said. "Or she'd win in a walk." And someone else said, "Oh no, tightfisted Sonja makes Connie look like Baby Sandy. But Sonja's on a skating tour so I guess she doesn't count." With Connie and Sonja ruled out, Paulette Goddard won the dubious distinction of being named the best business woman in Hollywood today.

Those who have worked with Paulette, and especially those who have tried to take advantage of her in a deal, wouldn't hesitate a moment in endorsing this opinion. Many a studio Big Shot has tried to get an extra day's work out of Paulette without pay, and many an executive has tried to slip a sly clause in her contracts—but every time they've been outsmarted by pretty Miss Goddard. There is a saying around town that Paulette's eagle eyes can spot a harmful contract at twenty paces. Out of a welter of lawyers' *ifs*, *ands*, and



Scenes here show Paulette in her latest film, "Pot O' Gold," the James Roosevelt production with Jimmy Stewart, Horace Heidt.



IT WAS at one of those Hollywood parties where the wives, in their newest Irenes, settled down for a little cut-throat gin rummy, while their husbands, mostly producers, gathered over cigars and brandies in the playroom for a bit of trade talk. (The men in Hollywood are much better gossips than the women, believe me.) When I joined this professional gab-fest, having been sufficiently "schneidered" for one evening, they were trying to decide among themselves which feminine star drove the hardest bargain—which Glamor Girl was the hardest to put anything over on.

Three names, and only three, I noted, were suggested: Constance Bennett, Sonja Henie, and Paulette Goddard.

whereases, she can detect even the most inconspicuous legal devices detrimental to her business—the business of being a movie star.

A business woman in New York, or Chicago, or San Francisco, who attends strictly to business and makes a success of it earns the admiration of her fellow citizens who point to her with sort of a pride. But not in Hollywood. A business woman in Hollywood earns for herself the reputation of being hard. Well, Paulette is hard—but it is a hardness that has many fine points of merit. It's a hardness based on good common sense. It's a hardness

Love Me?

By
Elizabeth Wilson

based on the knowledge, long established in this neck of the woods, that a star must concentrate on making his or her money in five years. It's no secret in Hollywood that a movie star's career rarely lasts over five years. If a woman wishes to become a writer, a teacher, a singer, a pianist, she can last with the years, improving, supposedly, the longer she works. But if she chooses the career of a movie star she's got to make hay while she can. In five years she has to make enough money to last her twenty-five years, or even longer. There'll be no monetary humiliations in Paulette's life when her screen career is over.

But this hardness carries tremendous penalties with it. Producers, who may admire business instinct in a man, seem to resent this quality in a woman. To them a pretty girl is like a melody, really. They just can't get used to the fact that someone with great big beautiful blue eyes and legs



As Charlie Chaplin's leading lady, both on and off the screen, Paulette has won world-wide fame and considerable fortune.

worthy of immortality should also have a brain. For some reason or other they have decided that a woman who fights for every dollar that is rightfully hers is temperamental and hard to handle.

There are many instances of this shrewdness of Paulette's. The story is told of a publicity trip she made to Mexico with a photographer for one of the national pictorial magazines. Expenses were paid by the publication—transportation, meals, hotels, and incidentals. It was quite a large sum, and perhaps the first known instance where a magazine had paid the expenses of a star for an

exclusive lay-out of pictures. On her return from the jaunt she calmly put in a bill for some hundreds of dollars to her studio. "The studio is a large corporation," she explained, "and wasn't being hurt by my relatively small expense account. Anyway, I was doing them a great service in promoting one of their pictures." (The photographer who went on the trip was quite pleased and flattered because Paulette asked him to be her luncheon guest several times. Little did he know that practical Miss Goddard was putting it on the studio expense account.)

And then there is the story of how she charged a Chicago theater the sum of \$900 for (Continued on page 68)

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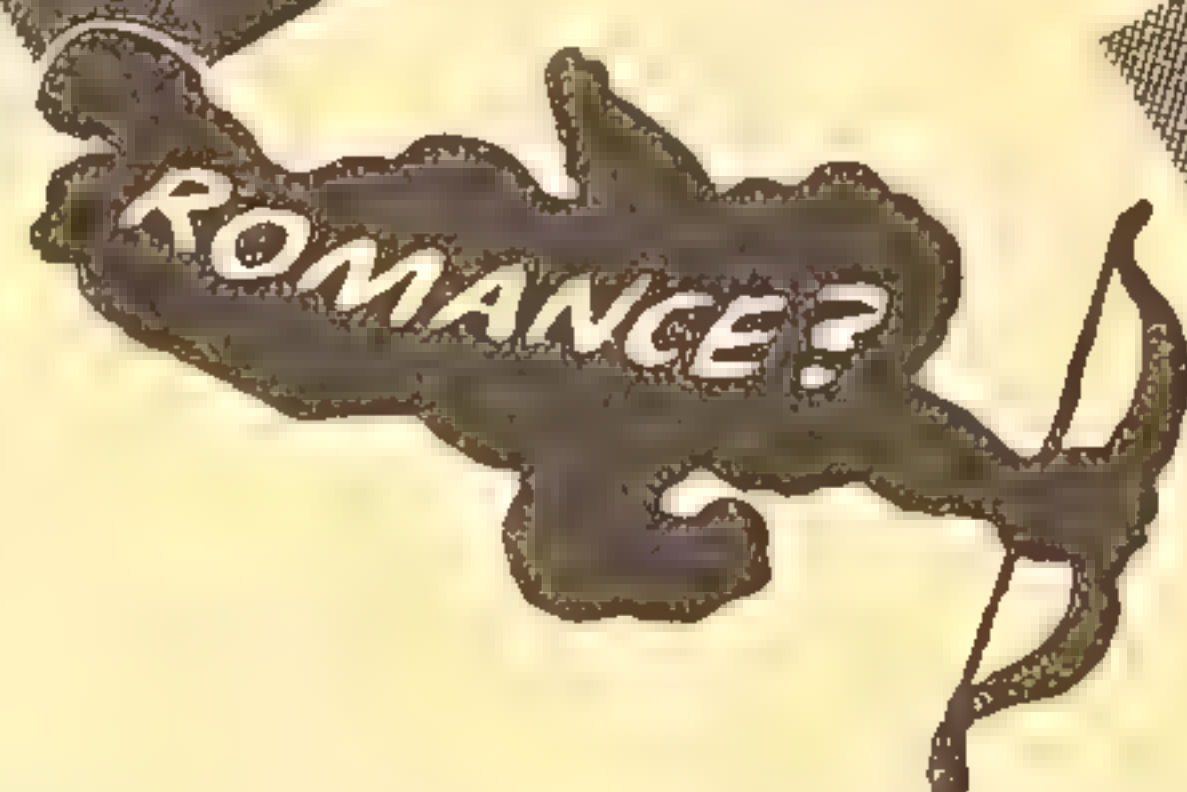
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Lamour for Romance! Left above, Dotie with devoted escort Greg Bautzer.

MacDonald the Career Girl! Above, just one of her many arduous rehearsals.

Connie Bennett for Clothes! At right, wearing her most gracious gown.



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Joan Bennett famous actress - mother, with her family, right above.

Charm and Claudette, synonymous! Above, she charms leading-man Milland.

Lovely Hostess Irene Dunne, left, in her beautiful, hospitable home.

PUZZLED BY YOUR HOME PROBLEMS? HERE IS HELPFUL IRENE DUNNE!

NOW TURN THE PAGE AND SEE THE PRIZES!

GRAND new, brand new contest which you won't want to miss, offering not only first hand advice from each of these six movie stars, but also a personal gift, selected by the star herself! Just bring your own most pressing personal problem to your favorite star by entering SCREENLAND'S big new contest—in a letter not to exceed 200 words in length, consult the star of your choice on one of the following problems: Romance. Career. Clothes. Home. Charm. Motherhood. Make your selection after careful study of your own problems, and checking the stars on these two pages. *Only these six stars are to be consulted.* Example: Dorothy Lamour for Romantic problems; Claudette Colbert for Advice on charm. These stars are glad to give their time and help—with this reservation: don't ask technical questions, and observe the rules of good taste. You may write to one star only. Each will answer on the subject in which they are most expert, in a feature article to appear in this magazine, in the form of a letter to YOU! Each article will interest not only the particular winner to whom it is addressed but every other woman as well, since the six subjects to be covered are paramount in the life of every girl. Only one personal gift from each star will be awarded. So—pick your most pressing problem; then select the particular star, one of the six on these two pages, from whom you wish advice. Remember—sincerity of purpose, conciseness, and originality, rather than elaborate presentation, will govern the selection of the six winners! Judges will be the stars themselves, the Editor of SCREENLAND, Delight Evans, and Elizabeth Wilson, Hollywood representative and personal friend of the stars. No entries will be returned. Upon receipt of entries, judges will start selecting winning letters; but SCREENLAND reserves the right to start the series of six articles with whichever star it may select. The others will follow in consecutive issues. Contest closes at midnight, April 10, 1941. Mail entries to 6-Star Contest, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

6-STAR

Gorgeous gifts, personally selected by these six famous stars, as pictured here, are the prizes for which you will compete!



Jeanette MacDonald, in the midst of her most successful concert tour, interrupted her busy schedule to select her gift, which she is wearing above: handsome double costume clip in flower design, of sparkling rhinestones and brilliant blue stones. The gift includes matching bracelet.

Claudette Colbert personally picked out the smart lapel ornament she is shown wearing below (see also closeup, right below). A gold-color pin to which swings a watch in the shape of a bell. The watch has a gold rim with crystal on both sides. It's as chic as Claudette herself.



Joan Bennett, noted for her taste, selected for her personal contest gift a big and "important" clip which is wearable with sports or dressy clothes. Three Easter lilies sparkling with rhinestones have stems tied with rhinestone bow.



CONTEST!

Because they appreciate your interest and your applause, these celebrities join us in the greatest of all star contests!



Irene Dunne is shown above holding her personal gift: a compact watch—square case of mother-of-pearl with large powder puff and sifter. In the watch compartment, back of the mirror, is a space where a picture of Irene is inserted. The compact is engraved with Irene Dunne's name.

Constance Bennett contributes a smart black handbag fitted with gold-plated compact, lipstick, cigarette case, lighter, and comb—as well as a large case of her own cosmetics, pictured at left below, containing complete set of Constance Bennett beauty preparations.



Gay, glamorous, and modern as Lamour herself is Dorothy's gift, unusual lapel watch whose clip is like an antique circular frame with a concave mirror with an eagle perched on top. The frame is dotted with rhinestones.



Len Weissman



I

GIRL'S

SCENE: The Parrish bungalow out in the valley. The front door opens. Helen is home from the studio for lunch. "Reesie," she calls to her mother in the kitchen. "I got a run in my stocking!" (Mrs. Parrish's maiden name was Laura Reese, and the children picked Reesie up from her adult friends).

"I bought you some more this morning, honey. They're on your bed. You've got time to change before lunch. I burned the chili beans, so I'm scrambling some eggs."

Which altogether unremarkable exchange between mother and daughter sets the tone of the Parrish household. If unremarkable, why make a song and dance about it? Well, let's qualify the statement. What would be unremarkable in Kansas City or the Bronx becomes worthy of note in Hollywood. In Hollywood it's normal for a starched butler or maid to open the door of a movie player's home. It's normal to be ushered into a correct living room. It's normal for the player to descend after an interval, and to break the ice with a murmured howdyado. If there's a mother around, it's normal for her to remain genteelly withdrawn. It's normal for you, safe out on the doorstep again, to draw a long breath of "Thank God, that's over."

At Helen's house, her mother, sweet-faced and bustling, opens the door. She welcomes you in with matter-of-fact friendliness. She explains why the beans were burned. She sits you down in the sunny dinette, so she can talk to you in the kitchen. Helen and Bob, her brother—a cutter at Universal Studio—are home for lunch. But six places are laid. You never can tell which of the children's cronies may drop in. "This is what I have," Mrs. Parrish tells them. "If you don't like it, there's a restaurant at the corner where they serve a balanced meal for thirty-five cents."

Helen and Bob and their mother make a lively trio. With a nice appreciation of one another's foibles, table conversation runs to banter and gibe. Affection is too solidly present to need demonstration. Five minutes with them, and you know they're crazy about each other. You bask in an atmosphere of warmth and laughter, and close the door behind you with regret that you can't go back and bask some more.

The house is more comfortable than elegant. Mrs. Parrish wanted a place "where the boys could put their feet up." Until Gordon, the elder brother, was married last summer, he and Bob roomed together. The room had been papered originally for a six-year-old. "Never mind," Mrs. Parrish comforted her younger son, "you've got all your friends to keep you company." Her hand rested pointedly on a jackass, featured among other juvenilia by the patterned wallpaper.

Helen's room adjoins her mother's, and the door between is more often open than shut. Especially at night. "Mummy, don't you want

FAMILY!

What would be unremarkable in Kansas City or the Bronx becomes worthy of note in Hollywood. That's why Helen Parrish's home life is heart-warming news

By Ida Zeitlin

HER MOTHER

HER BEST
BEAU



HER HOME



to sleep with me?" comes the frequent call. "Just as I'm slipping off," Mrs. Parrish sighs. "But I always say, 'Sure. Nothing would please me more.' I know when she cuddles up to me in the dark, it's confidence time."

She calls her own somewhat cluttered room "the old ladies' home." "It's the dumping-ground for anything anyone doesn't want. Some day when I'm old and cranky and everybody hates me, I'll shut myself in here with Frosty and get the mending done."

Frosty's the white Eskimo Spitz, and Mrs. Parrish's sidekick. He sleeps on her bed. She acquired him with reluctance and wouldn't part with him for his weight in gold. "You know how it is with pets—the children want 'em and we take care of 'em. I was out shopping with Helen one day, and here was this man standing at the shop door, with Frosty for sale. Nothing would do but Helen had to have him. We were living in a smaller place at the time, and I wasn't ready for a dog. So I said we'd see, and I cheated, (*Please turn to page 70*)



Beginning ROMANTIC

By Ida Zeitlin

ANTICIPATION?



Closeup of gal-
lant Milland;
home study
with his lovely
wife, Mildred;
and in a love
scene with
Constance
Moore from "I
Wanted Wings"



RAY MILLAND'S

Life Story



**Dark, rash and handsome—that's Milland!
And that's why his life story is more
fascinating than fiction. Begin it here!**



REALIZATION?

PART ONE:

THE fairy godmother who bent over the Welsh crib of new-born Ray Milland must have whispered in his ear: "Leap before you look." He's been doing that ever since, with glittering results which give the lie to copybooks. This points no moral unless it be that you get yourself born in Wales, grow up dark, rash and handsome, and turn into Ray Milland.

His impulses have been curbed, not by life but by a business manager. He's as quick to go overboard now as he ever was. He doesn't even damn the consequences, they don't exist. But since he could afford the luxury of a financial watchdog who keeps him on an allowance, his style has been cramped. Given a loophole, though, he's through it. As an amateur woodworker, with a passion for power tools, he's turned out some handy pieces of furniture that grace his home. Heady with success, he and Bobby—his fourteen-year-old brother-in-law, collaborator and admirer-in-chief—decided to build a boat. Ray hoarded his allowance for the wood and necessary implements. It then became apparent that their workshop hadn't been planned for marine architecture, and that they'd have to build a shed to build the boat in. At which point *Information Please* stepped in. They invited Milland to appear on a program, and paid him enough to buy a boat. This was velvet. His manager couldn't lay hands on it. He dragged his protesting wife down to Long Beach, where he'd spotted (*Please turn to page 84*)



From the Milland family album: above, when Ray was four, with one of his three younger sisters; and at left, as one of the members of the Household Cavalry, the King's personal bodyguard.

A Veteran's Advice to Young Americans

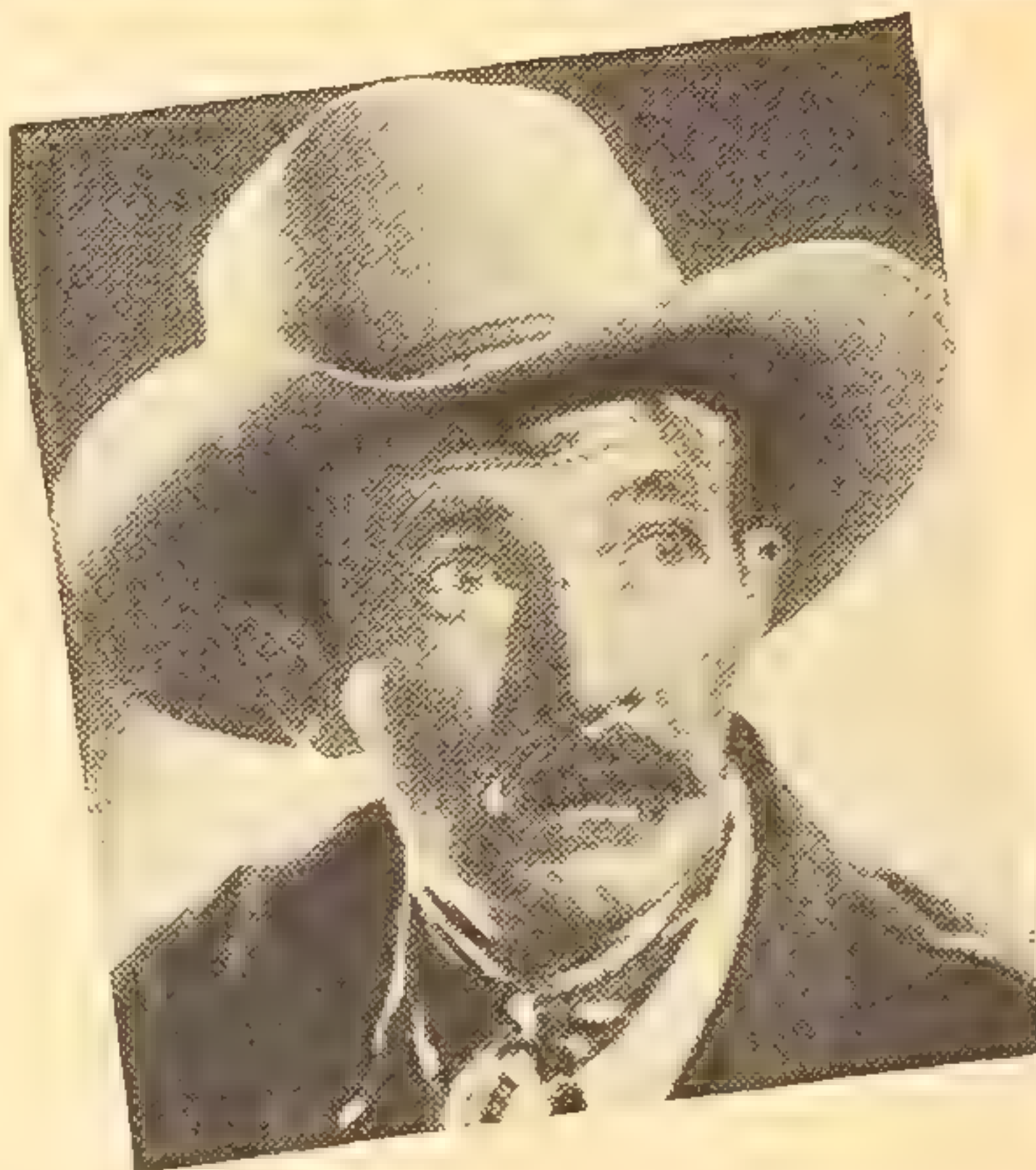
**Boys, listen to Walter Brennan!
His advice to you is as salty and
shrewd as his popular prize-win-
ning screen characterizations**

By Richard A. Chace

"IKE it or not, the draft is here and my advice is to take it and make the most of it!" Walter Brennan looked across at me very earnestly as he spoke. His long, lean frame, his back East accent, his dry wit, even those shrewd blue eyes of his, proclaimed the New Englander and I remembered that New England had been settled by Pilgrims. He would not be flippant about what a year in the Army might mean to those of us called up in the next few months.

"Army life will do something to every man that goes into it. And mostly what it will do is good, if you make up your mind that it's an opportunity to serve your country—and yourself. But if you should take it fighting every step of the way, resisting the discipline, the physical toughening up, counting the months and the days until it will all be over, you won't be getting much good out of it. The Army makes gentlemen out of bums, but it can also make bums out of gentlemen. It's all

Caught in the draft? Then let Brennan tell you of his own experiences in World War I. Here's an old snapshot reminiscent of his war days in France, where he spent nine months right up in the front line trenches.



Only character actor ever to win two Academy Awards, Walter Brennan is shown above in two of his inimitable characterizations—and enjoying a new joke with Bob Benchley, his team-mate in "Nice Girl," latest Deanna Durbin film.



up to the man. Anybody else who's ever been in the Army will tell you the same thing."

I had come to Walter as a veteran of the last war, as one who had served nineteen months in France, nine of them right up at the front, and now he repeated my question reflectively. "What would I have to say to a young man about to go to camp? Well, I'd tell him to let Uncle Sam have everything he's got for this one year. I could talk a lot about patriotism and serving democracy, but I won't. Nor will those who get called. But it will be there in the back of their minds just the same, doing something to the way they take it."

He stopped to light a cigarette before going on. Then, "However you look at it," he said, "national defense is here. It's going to offer many young men a chance to show what they can do, and it's the first chance a lot of them have ever had. I've come to a firm belief in the 'Fuller Brush man technique.' Almost before you've opened the door, he's whipping out those brushes. Talking won't do the trick, but seeing the brushes in action helps a lot. How do you (Please turn to page 82)

3 Little
"Ziegfeld Girls"
are We!

Luscious starring trio of M-G-M's big new musical movie are Lana Turner, Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr. Which one is your very special "Ziegfeld Girl"?



Judy and Jackie

Youthful romance
in "Ziegfeld Girl"
is conducted by
gay Miss Garland
and the good-look-
ing Mister Coope



Lana and Jimmy

Piquant new team
of torrid *la* Turner
and lanky James
Stewart provide
more sophisticat-
ed type of amour



Don Ameche has his most dashing rôle to date in the gay new Pan-American musical movie, "That Night in Rio," which is guaranteed to give new impetus to the good-neighbor movement



Si, Si!



Carmen Miranda, rightly referred to as "The Brazilian Bombshell," promises to be our newest screen sensation as she sings and sways seductively in her first big film rôle



A. L. Whitey Shufer

Looks Like *Love!*

NO MORE "PLAIN JANE"

Jane Withers is growing into a very pretty girl, as you'll agree when you see her in "A Very Young Lady" with John Sutton as leading man



Glamorize Your Hair-Do!



Jewels from
the collection
of B. D. Hoyt
and Son. Photo-
graphs by
Schuyler Croft
Warner Bros.

Hollywood's new style sensation concerns your coiffure! Perc Westmore, famous makeup artist to the glamorous screen stars, suggests exciting hair-styles to offset your favorite clips

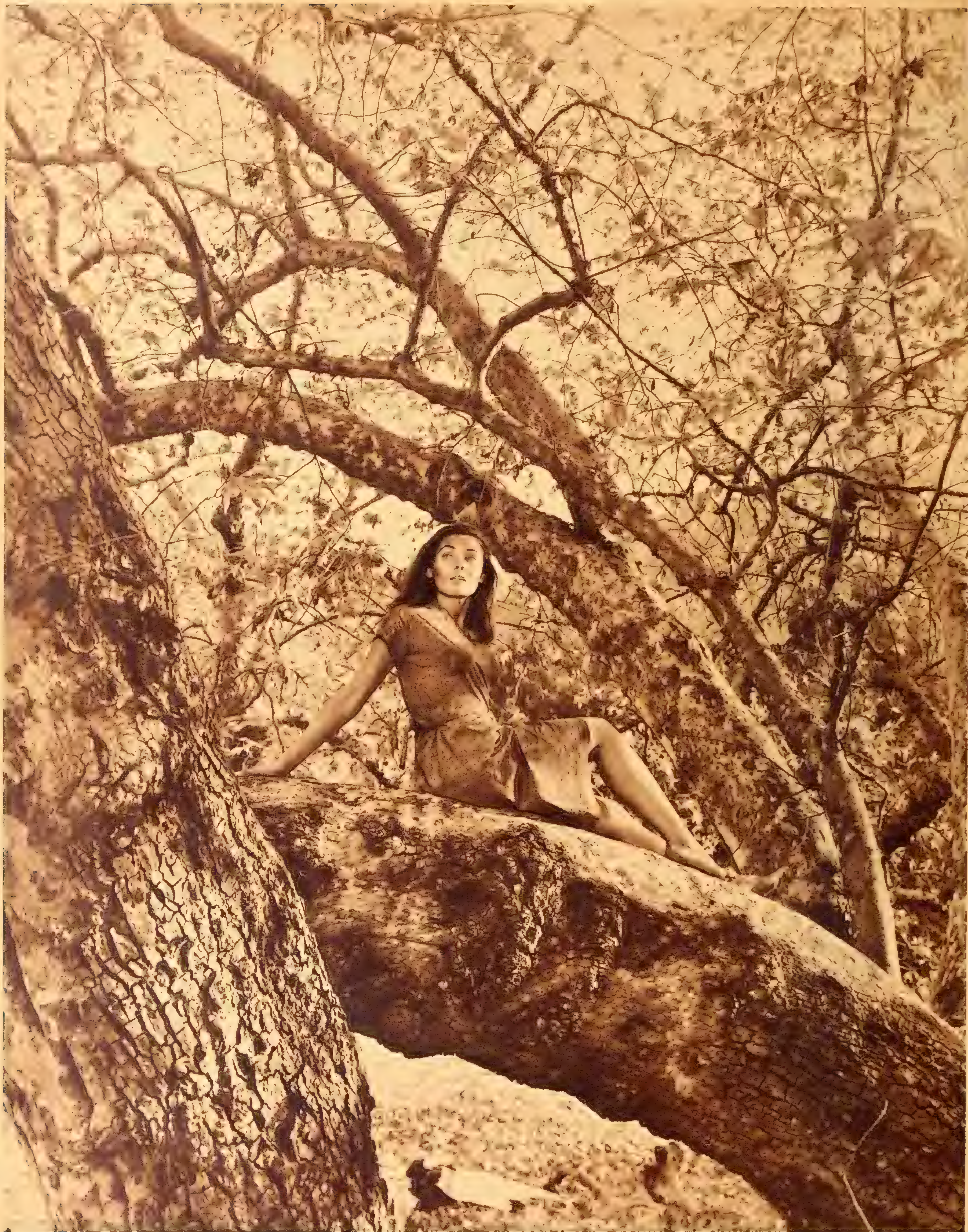
Every girl can't afford the gorgeous jewelry enjoyed by some of the more successful movie actresses—but every girl can take advantage of Perc Westmore's superbly designed coiffure suggestions shown on these pages. Above, Margaret Lindsay, for whom Mr. Westmore created her smart new coiffure to offset her lovely ruby clips. The hair is parted on the left side and brushed up into reverse rolls that are higher in front and taper to two chignon curls in back. A sceptre clip is fastened onto the roll in front and twin clips are used to hold the chignon curls in place in back.





For Anna Leaning, Mrs. Westmore designed the formal hairdo, three or four combining, reverse side in front and a soft wave in back. A rope of pearls is wound in Anna's hair and set off with a flower-leaf pin of baroque pearls. Below, Mr. Westmore creates a model outfit for Geraldine Fitzgerald, the new "Halo Girl" as an effect for her brooch sapphire clip. The hair is beaded up into a reverse roll which is equipped around the head—a flaming frame for the face and a back ground for Geraldine's sapphire and diamond enticement.





20th Century-Fox

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
Gene Tierney in "Tobacco Road"

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Famous lady of the American theater, Marjorie Rambeau has carved out an equally successful career for herself in movies as TUGBOAT ANNIE and other humorous and human rôles. Above, in the living room of her California home; at left, with her husband, Francis A. Gudger.



Lowdown on a lovely, lusty lady! Marjorie Rambeau's colorful career and richly satisfying private life offer helpful hints to more streamlined sirens—if they will only listen

By Charles Darnton

ALTHOUGH she coughed her lungs out as *Camille*, she can bawl out a man till he's dumb with terror; notwithstanding her foot slipped in "As You Like It," she now has it under such complete control she can kick a guy in the climax; in spite of breaking her fist on a heavy's jaw in "Grand Canary," she can knock out any bird who gets tough with her—and so, on this last count alone, Marjorie Rambeau may justly lay claim to the title of the woman with a wallop.

Not that she's given to making claims of any kind. With all her continent-wide fame as a stage star before she went into pictures, Miss Rambeau isn't the When-I type of actress indulging in a parade of past grandeurs and extravagant use of the personal pronoun. Far from it, she's as modern as cellophane, and doesn't mind in the least letting you see right through her by means of her wide-open sense of humor. And when it comes to lusty acting, she's got what it takes to give it the works. This is why she is so invigorating. This is why she is

going full-steam-ahead as *Tugboat Annie*. This is why she will make "Tugboat Annie in Dry Dock"—and then some. The Navy may get her yet!

But don't imagine for a moment that Marjorie Rambeau is all brawn. Add brain. Likewise talent. Plus experience. Plenty. She has played everything from melodrama to the classics. Her dramatic power is even greater than her physical strength. Nor does she look like Sandow's sister. Possibly Sandow was a bit before her time. So was Samson. When Miss Rambeau tells you she has been an actress for thirty-five years, you promptly conclude she was born one. Her face backs up your judgment without any need of a certified accountant. It is the generous face, prodigally lighted by blue-gray smiling eyes, of a generous woman. For that matter, there's nothing stingy about any part of her. But it's all as solid as the voting South. And it's tempered with an artistic fineness. Indeed, this fine quality so outmatches her (Please turn to page 74)



Your **GUIDE** *at a* **GLANCE**

SELECTED BY

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money

"THE LADY EVE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
ENCHANTING!

APPEAL: To all of you who enjoy sparkling, sophisticated entertainment.

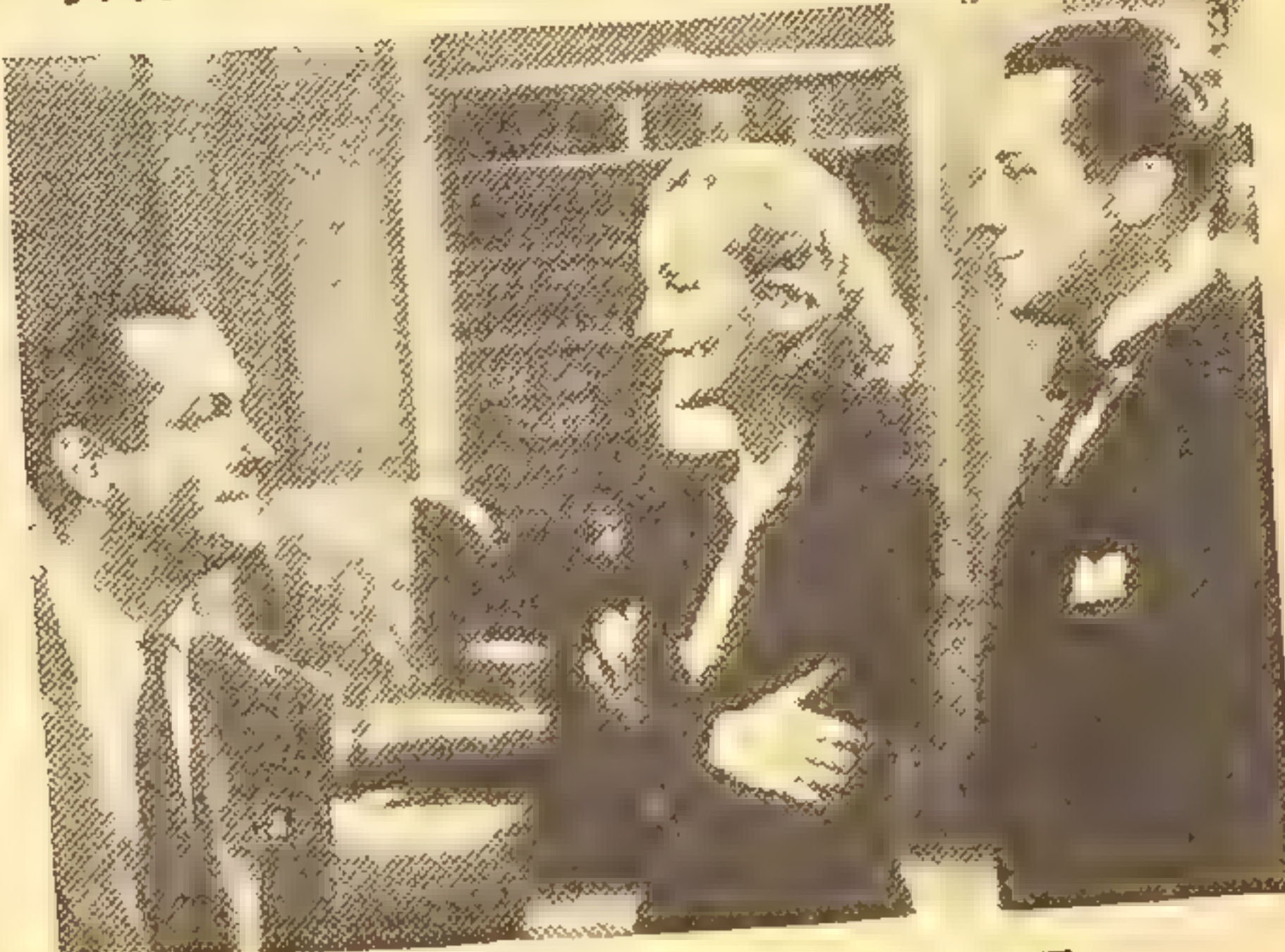
PLOT: What happens when a pretty girl-cardsharp makes a sober young millionaire scientist fall in love with her—and much to her surprise falls in love with him right back. The complications are hectic and howlingly funny.

PRODUCTION: All Preston Sturges, who seems to be the combination O. Henry-Noel Coward of Hollywood. Remember "The Great McGinty"? Well, this new one is nothing like it—except in its gaiety and originality. It's stunningly staged and costumed, wittily written and directed by Sturges himself—a joy from start to finish.

ACTING: Henry Fonda will amaze and amuse you as the young man who is always falling—literally—for Barbara Stanwyck. He is no hayseed here, but handsome and whimsical—a "new" Fonda for sure. As for Stanwyck, she discards her dramatic personality and emerges as a gay and glamorous charmer-comedienne.

Paramount

"MR. AND MRS. SMITH"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
AMUSING!

APPEAL: If you prefer style to substance, giggles to guffaws.

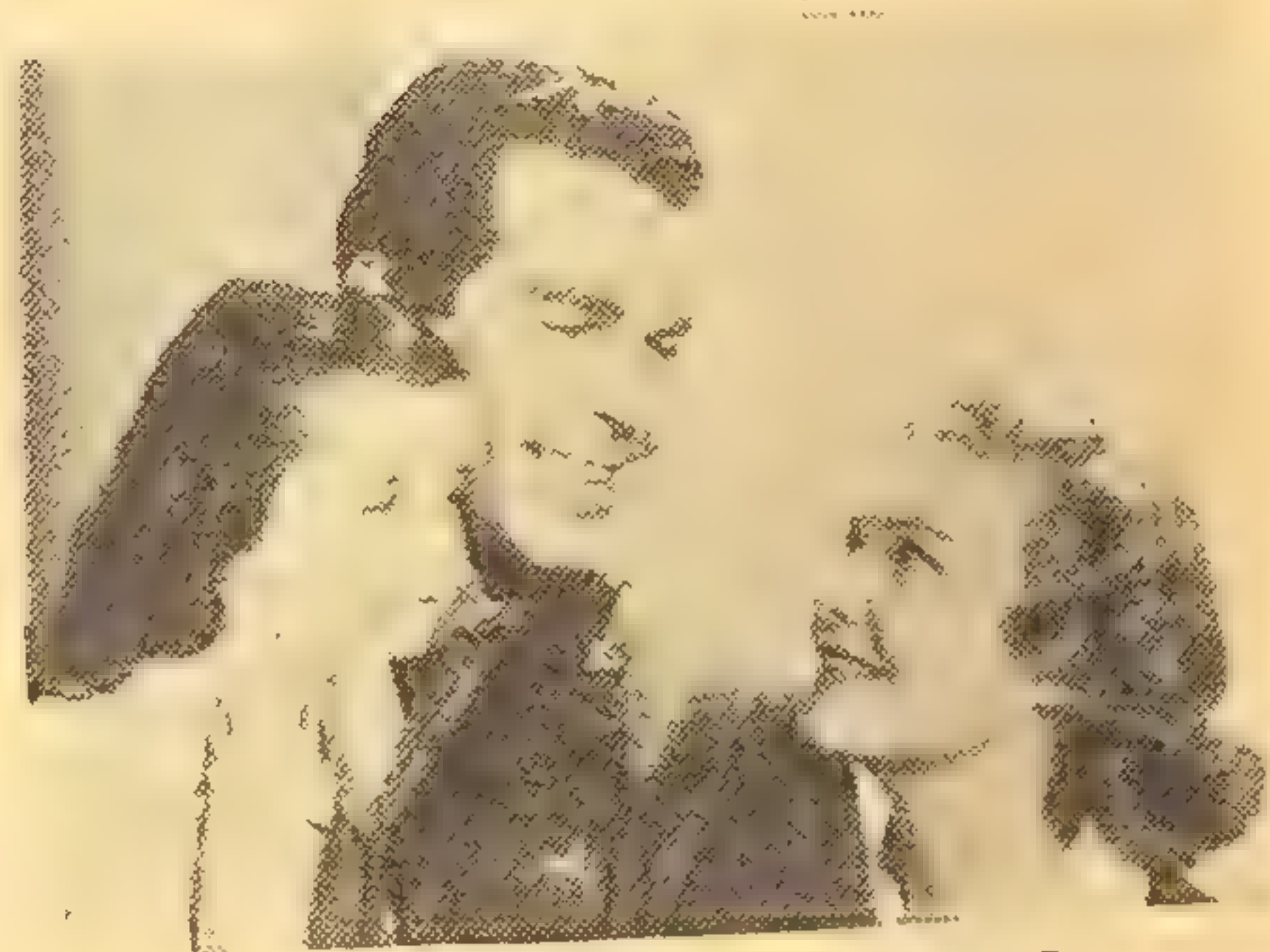
PLOT: Another comedy cream-puff of marital misadventure, this time more involved because Mister and Missus, after seven years, discover they're not really married because of a technicality.

PRODUCTION: Maestro of movie melodrama, Alfred Hitchcock, turns to farce with satisfactory if not important results. His celebrated technique carries off inconsequential scenes with a certain dash and there are few dull moments in which to worry about wasted artistry. Smart settings, of course, for the gay young moderns to cavort in.

ACTING: It's good to see Robert Montgomery in a light rôle again, and his sly humor and poise have full play here. Carole Lombard is decorative and clever as the wife but before the film's finished her brittle charm wears a little thin. You'll find Gene Raymond's portrayal of a deadpan "other man" the surprise howl of the picture. He's grand!

RKO-Radio

"VIRGINIA"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
CHARMING!

APPEAL: To almost anyone who can whistle *Dixie*—but mostly to those who live there.

PLOT: Beautiful girl, broke, returns to the old plantation because she has no place else to go—but she stays because she loves it—and Fred MacMurray. The story oozes sentimentality, and some of the flowery dialogue may send a die-hard Yankee or two storming out of the theater; but if you can take it, you'll love it.

PRODUCTION: It's E. H. Griffith's, from original story idea to the loving care lavished upon the lowliest prop. Mostly photographed in Albemarle County, Virginia, and in Technicolor, it is scenically gorgeous, filled with lovely pictures. It's the real thing.

ACTING: Madeleine Carroll, screen's most beautiful woman in natural color, is charming as the repatriated Virginienne. Fred MacMurray is badly miscast as a son of the Southern soil but toils manfully. It is baby Carolyn Lee and her precocious wisecracks, and newcomer Stirling Hayden (see Honor Page) who triumph.

Paramount

to the **BEST CURRENT PICTURES**

Delight Swans

"SO ENDS OUR NIGHT"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
POWERFUL!

APPEAL: To every adult fan, unless you always insist upon "escape" movies.

PLOT: "Flotsam," Erich Maria Remarque's novel, has been brought to the screen practically intact, with the tragic plight of the war refugees without passports, escaped from Hitlerism only to be hounded over Europe, even more poignant than in the book.

PRODUCTION: John Cromwell has directed with deep sympathy and moral indignation which make his complicated story curiously moving and convincing, despite the intricacies of a plot which presents two pairs of lovers against a changing background. Necessarily episodic, still it holds your interest throughout.

ACTING: A come-back for fine actor Fredric March, giving him a part he can get his teeth into, and which he plays with a lack of theatrics good to see. Margaret Sullavan and Frances Dee are both splendid—but next to March it is Glenn Ford, a comparative newcomer, whom you'll remember.

Loew-Lewin-United Artists

"HIGH SIERRA"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
EXCITING!

APPEAL: For those who liked "Little Caesar" and other strong stuff.

PLOT: From the book by Burnett who also wrote "Little Caesar," it's the story of a "mad dog" with a soft streak that eventually causes his downfall. Because he befriends a girl and a dog, the law catches up with him and he comes to the inevitable bad end. Powerful adult drama, not family fare.

PRODUCTION: Warner Bros., past masters of gangster melodrama, have done one of their best jobs with this film. It moves fast and always in one direction—toward the doom that awaits the bad man when, trapped on a mountain top, he defies the world. Raoul Walsh has directed with a wallop, with the suspense terrific as the law closes in after a breathless chase.

ACTING: Humphrey Bogart is superb as the outlaw, giving probably the most consistent and least mannered of his many fine performances. It's a sound, hard portrayal, minus gestures. Ida Lupino is excellent in a rather repressed rôle.

Warner Bros.

"CHEERS FOR MISS BISHOP"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
POIGNANT!

APPEAL: Mostly to women with plenty of handkerchiefs—you'll need 'em.

PLOT: Picturization of Bess Streeter Aldrich's biography of a mid-western school-teacher from her first class to her retirement 50 years later. The romances in her life are frustrated, but her interest in the pupils is the inspiration of her years of service.

PRODUCTION: Veteran producer R. R. Rowland—responsible for the filming of "The Four Horsemen" so many years ago—makes a triumphant come-back with this picture, which is sure to appeal to women who enjoy a good cry at the movies now and then. Covering a period of 50 years is no small task but the technicians have done a good, convincing job.

ACTING: It's Martha Scott's picture just as "Goodbye Mr. Chips" was Robert Donat's. Miss Scott must convey the transition from a girl in her late teens to an old lady of 70 and she rises nobly to the occasion. William Gargan, good.

Rowland-United Artists

→
With ex-
flame and
current co-
star of "The
Great Lie"
— Bette
Davis.



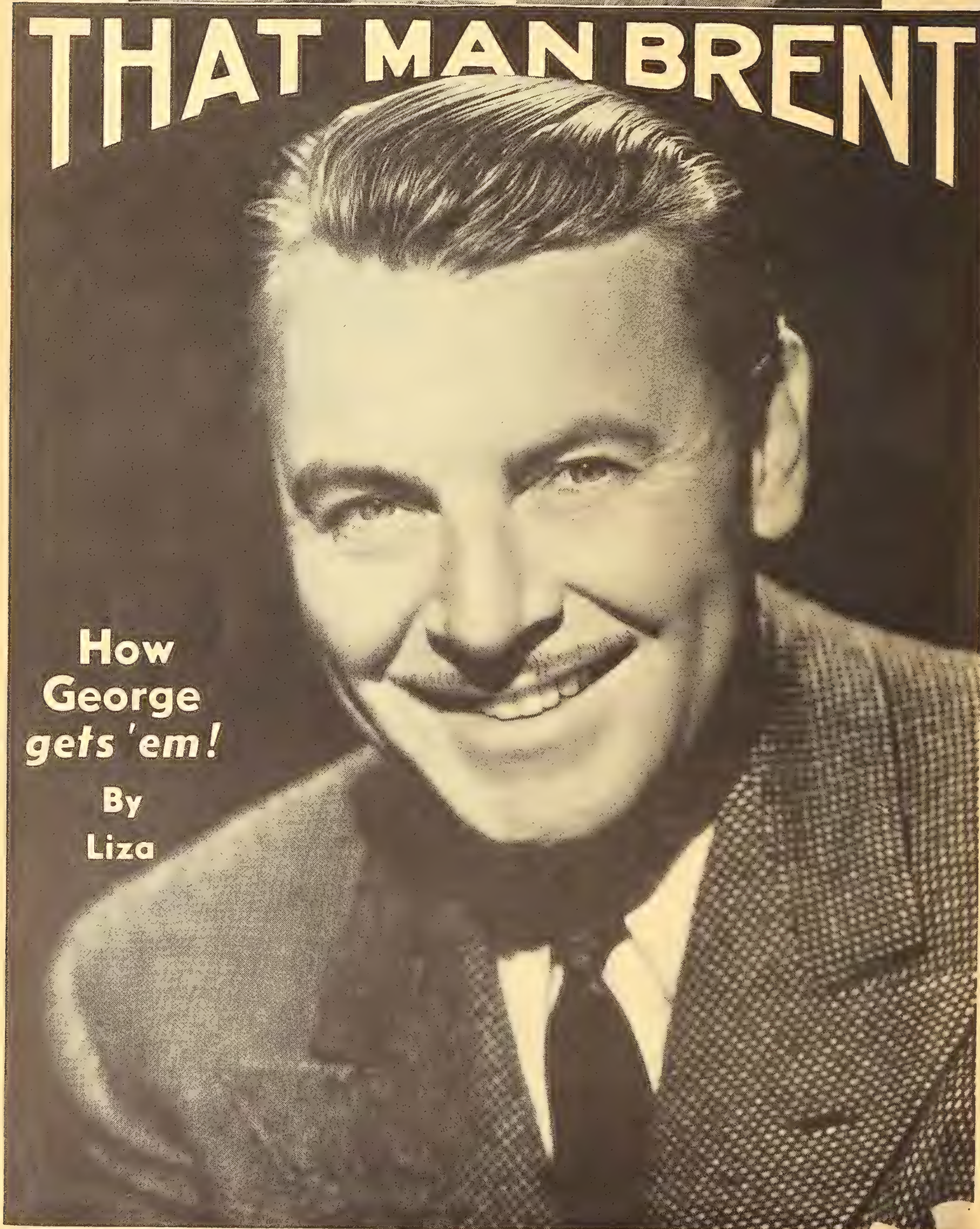
With very
best girl-
friend Ann
Sheridan, in
"Honey-
moon for
Three." ←



THAT MAN BRENT

**How
George
gets 'em!**

**By
Liza**



SEVERAL weeks ago, in one of those "I must get away from it all before I scream" moods, I drove down to a desert hide-out, some twenty miles past Palm Springs. So there I was one bright noontime, sweltering away like mad, and pretending to enjoy the privileges of the upper brackets—the sun, the flies, the ants, and a green salad that looked far too healthy to be good. I'd a thousand times rather have had a tuna fish on white with a chocolate malted, and I guess my face must have said as much as the waiter, hoping to build up an interest in my dismal luncheon, blandly announced, "Miss Garbo had a green salad today. So did Mr. Brent."

"Well," I said, coming to life with a jolt, I hadn't found *their* names on the register, "how very interesting. And did Miss Sheridan have a green salad too?" (Once a fan writer, always a fan writer.)

The poor waiter was so pleased at having awakened a spark of enthusiasm in a guest who up to then had seemed hopelessly dead on her feet fell right into the trap. "Miss Sheridan," he said, "is expected tonight."

"Ah, ha," I said, cattily, to a *bona fide* member of the privileged classes who was dabbing herself with goo at ten bucks a bottle, "if we only had Bette Davis and Olivia de Havilland here things could be quite intriguing. Quite."

"Miss Davis," said the waiter helpfully, "arrives tomorrow."

That did it. I landed on my feet with a bang, completely upsetting Miss Garbo's favorite mess of vitamins. "That man Brent," I exclaimed, "Wowie!" Not even Superman could assemble three of Hollywood's biggest stars for a week-end in the desert!

Now it so happened that the waiter hit it fifty-fifty, which is better than most commentators. Miss Sheridan, pretty as a picture, did arrive that evening, bag and baggage—and hardly had she washed the dust of San Bernardino from her face before Mr. Brent was rapping at the screen door of her bungalow. But Miss Davis, instead of taking herself to the California desert for a rest, as reported by an overzealous studio publicity man, took herself to the Arizona desert where she casually got herself married.

Well, anyway, this just gives you a rough idea of the extraordinary popularity of that man Brent. He certainly has a way with women. He certainly has.

Though he has never made the Big Ten, along with the Gables and Cagneys, George Brent is one of the most outstanding actors in Hollywood today. He is also one of the few remaining eligible actors, and eligible actors, as many a poor gal in Hollywood has discovered to her horror, are just about as rare as a gold award in a slot machine. His salary runs into four figures a week, and has for a number of years, so George has plenty of "moola" tucked away. Tall, slender, with "interesting" hazel eyes, and black hair slightly greying over the temples, he is physically very attractive. Charm he has by the gallon, that fatal Irish charm which he inherited from generations of Irish ancestors, and which all women find irresistible. Casually indifferent, rather handsome, intelligent, reserved, and always the gentleman—that's Brent. No wonder the Glamor Girls fall for him like a ton of bricks.

The girls started falling way back in 1932, soon after he signed a Warner Brothers contract and became an important Hollywood leading man. He and Loretta Young played together in a picture called "Week-end Marriage," and after the preview of the picture it was decided that George and Loretta should be sent to New York to make personal appearances at the Strand in connection with the film. No one suspected that there was a romance between the stars (then, as now, George liked to keep his romances secret) and the public probably would have been deprived (Continued on page 78)



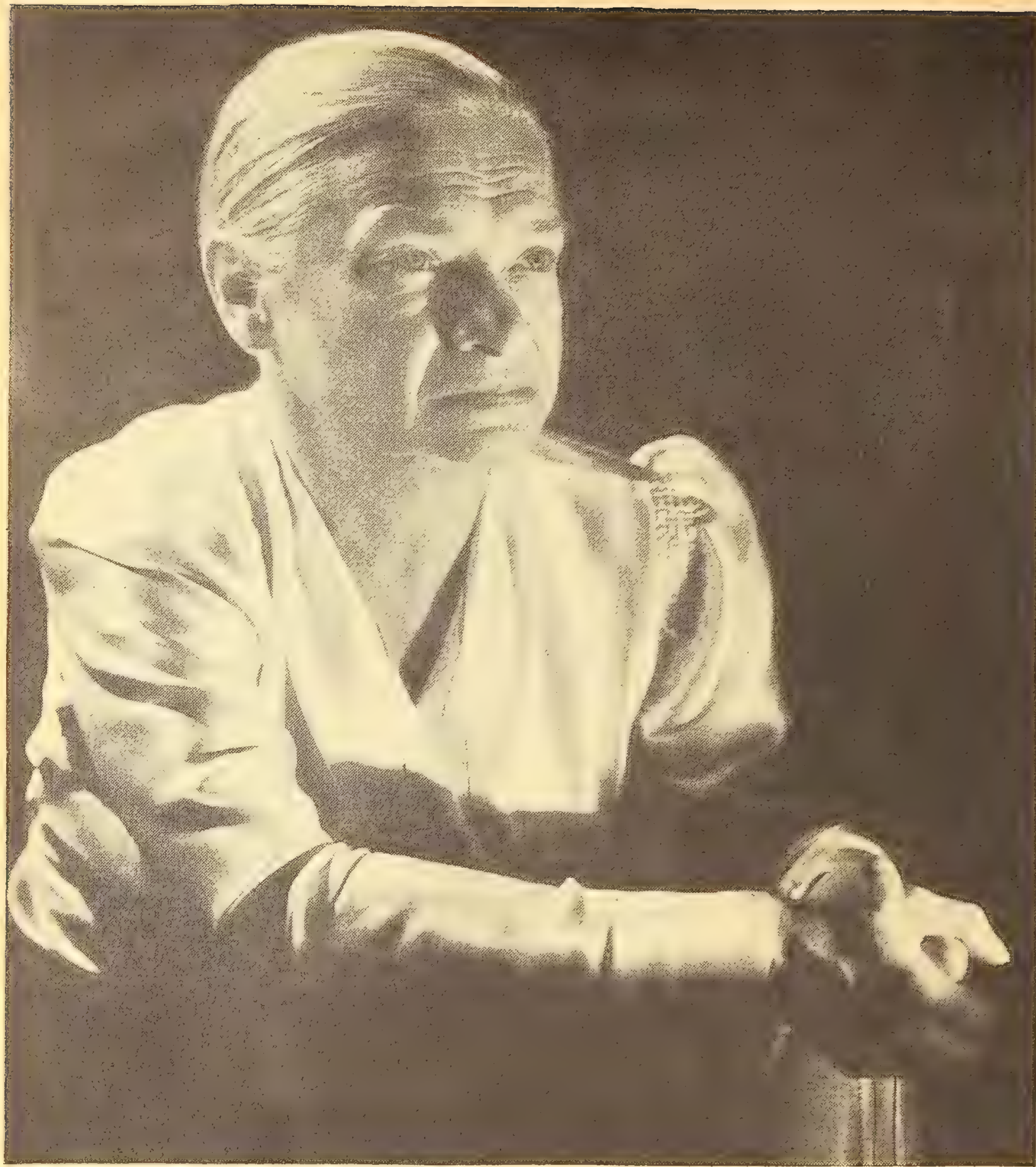
With ex-wife and "discoverer" Ruth Chatterton, who reportedly said: "Where has this man been all my life?" and made him her leading man.



With Garbo in "The Painted Veil," which started his romance with Greta. "Miss Garbo had a green salad. So did Mr. Brent"—see story.

The secret of George Brent's success: his camaraderie and cooperation while making a picture. Though recently married, Bette Davis still enjoys co-starring with George.





This is FOR YOU!
All you girls who may think you're too plain, or unexciting, ever to win your heart's desire—listen to the life story of one Ugly Duckling who became a famous woman, and learn just how she did it

Today, at 53, Maria Ouspenskaya is acclaimed as a great actress, a colorful and fascinating personality. Yet when she was a little girl her mother said to her: "You are an Ugly Duckling. The happiness that comes to others easily may not be yours. Men will not seek you out. Therefore you must—" But read the rest in our truly inspiring story

By Jerry Asher



How UGLY DUCKLINGS!

"ALL through my life I have been stubborn about my dreams! Nothing could ever stop me from dreaming. If there is determination—if the wish is strong and built on a foundation of joy—in one way or another a dream *will* come true!"

As Maria Ouspenskaya finished speaking, she leaned over the balustrade and flipped a forgotten cigarette out into space. Musingly she watched its progress until it landed on the winding roadway below. We were perched high on the upstairs balcony of her rambling hillside home. Tea and

three kinds of sandwiches had long since been served. Hollywood spread out before us like a great glistening carpet. The twilight hour had come.

There was a fierce sort of honesty in the way Ouspenskaya spoke those words. Those amazing young-old eyes gleamed with intensity. What was the secret behind that fabulous face? What mysterious power had guided this life—made it successful and inspiring despite obvious handicaps? What sort of magic transformed a plain middle-aged woman (she was fifty-three last July) into a colorful, fascinating figure? Literally hundreds of seeking souls have written to Ouspenskaya asking these same questions. Wouldn't *you* like to know?

"Advice is a dangerous thing to give," Ouspenskaya continued. "But knowledge based on personal experience can always be shared. The world today is filled with floundering people. Even in normal times there are those of us who have had great obstacles to overcome. Now when these same problems continue to exist, plus the sadness and horror of wartime conditions, human beings need all the encouragement they can possibly get.

"I have received hundreds of letters from those who find themselves lost in this chaotic world of today. There are those, too, who have *never* found the place where they belong. I am deeply touched by these letters. They are written by young men and women who are intelligent and fine. So many are lonely and frustrated. They are doing work that is unsuited to their talents. Some have no work at all. But the saddest letters of all come



Ouspenskaya says to all disheartened strugglers: "Arm yourself for life! Just as nations arm themselves for protection against the enemy, so should human beings prepare. It is never too late to start!"

Decorations
by
Leonard
Frank

HAPPINESS!

can find

from those who have suffered an entire lifetime because of some obvious or imagined physical handicap. Even at a distance, I have a great feeling for others.

I worry about them. I should like to *help* all.

I wish God had given me the power to *spare* them.

"If it were possible for me to give advice—to each and every person I would say—ARM YOURSELF FOR LIFE. Just as nations arm themselves for protection against the enemy, so should human beings have foresight and prepare. *It is never too late to start.* In my own particular case, I was fortunate in having a mother who was proud. And very intelligent. I was a little girl when she took me aside. We had a long talk. She knew she was hurting me. But she also knew she did not want me to be a fool.

"'You are an Ugly Duckling,' she told me. 'The happiness that comes to others easily may not be yours. You will not have great beauty to open up avenues of escape. Men will not seek you out. Your salvation lies in developing your intelligence. Fill your life in such a way that *even if there are* great unfilled vacancies—there will still be great compensations. Make yourself interesting. Be interested in all the things that interest others!'

"Even at that early age I recognized the truth. After all, wasn't it my beautiful sister who filled our home with dashing young army men? It wasn't easy, this enforced interest in the things that interest others. I had my own strong likes and dislikes.

But I knew I must keep trying. Perhaps the importance I give to dreams does not seem practical. But they helped to see me through. I've *got* to have my dreams to help me plan, to inspire my ambitions. What would tomorrow be without them? Sometimes dreams can have rude awakenings, too!

"I shall never forget an experience I had during a year of famine in Russia. It was four degrees below zero in our home. At the Moscow Art Theatre the central heating system was out of order. So we took icy sponge baths to make our blood circulate faster. Two girl friends dropped by our dressing room to see me. Their noses were red and swollen. Their eyes puffed from the cold. One girl was almost frozen. They were crying and making themselves twice as miserable over a situation beyond all human control. I just sat there and listened to their complaining. Then I finally had to say: 'I am going abroad. I am going to have a warm house and warm clothes. I'm going to have money. I'm even going to have an automobile of my own!' They looked at me in horror. 'You imbecile,' cried the frozen one. 'I cannot stand crazy people. You must be out of your mind to think that way!' Then she raised her hand, struck me, and slammed the door in my face. Two years later I bought my first Ford in America!"

Ouspenskaya chuckled at the memory—and make no mistake, she has an amazing sense of humor despite the Russian tradition. A searchlight below began sweeping the heavens. Preview night at Grauman's Chinese! Ouspenskaya thoughtfully placed a (*Please turn to page 80*)

"Rage in Heaven"

Most unusual screen story of the season, based on the novel by JAMES HILTON, with Robert Montgomery, Ingrid Bergman, and George Sanders in their strongest rôles. Romance, murder, mystery—with an astounding solution!

**Fictionized by
Elizabeth B. Petersen**

Copyright 1941 by Loew's Inc. Complete cast and credits of this Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture on Page 94.

THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE!

ROBERT MONTGOMERY, INGRID BERGMAN,
GEORGE SANDERS:
THE HUSBAND—THE WIFE—
THE OTHER MAN

In "Rage in Heaven," from James Hilton's novel, there is a situation strange even in fiction as the suspenseful plot reveals the minds and hearts of these three oddly-assorted characters. Our pictures reflect the high spots of the screenplay.



IT WAS the kitten that gave Stella her first suspicion of Philip's madness. Only that morning she had felt suddenly, unaccountably afraid when he had looked at it as she picked it up and held it in her arms. She remembered the small weight of that soft, furry body against her shoulder, its round green eyes looking at her with almost human adoration, the ecstatic rhythm of its purr. It had been such a darling and she had loved it so much!

Philip had made a movement to embrace her and Stella had drawn away, shielding the little thing with her hand. "Careful, darling," she warned him laughingly. "He's so tiny! You'll hurt him."

Philip had looked at her so strangely, that curious smile on his lips. "It wouldn't hurt Ward's kitten," he said then.

Stella looked at him startled. She had never been able to understand why Philip was always bringing Ward Andrews' name into his conversation. Now for the first time she wondered if he were jealous of him. It seemed inconceivable to her, knowing that Philip admired Ward more than any other man he had ever known. She felt frightened even then, before anything had really hap-

pened at all. Frightened of Philip's smile and his eyes. Silly of him to feel this way because Ward had given her the kitten that day he had found it, almost half starved in the woods. Her love for the kitten had nothing to do with Ward. Of course she loved Ward. Everyone did. There was a charm about him, a strength, a dependability that she had admired. But there was no reason for Philip to be jealous of him. Philip had married even though she had assured Ward was going to ask her too, that day he was ready to leave for the last day she had seen him.

Now for the first time she would see why she had really married Philip. It wasn't only gratitude for all that his mother had done for her, it wasn't only his mother urging her, afraid to leave Philip entirely alone when the doctors had insisted she go to Africa for her health. Stella had liked Philip for himself, for his own marvellous charming self, for his laughter that came after his fitting silences and quick rages, for his tenderness. But she had loved him for his need of her. Yes, that was the reason, the real reason she knew now. Why she had married him. Ward was strong. (Please turn to page 59)





The camera caught Norma Shearer, recently of "Escape," in this natural, rear pose, an acid test for any figure. Young, lithe and lovely are her lines, though Miss Shearer is no longer a young girl.

Re-Design Your Figure

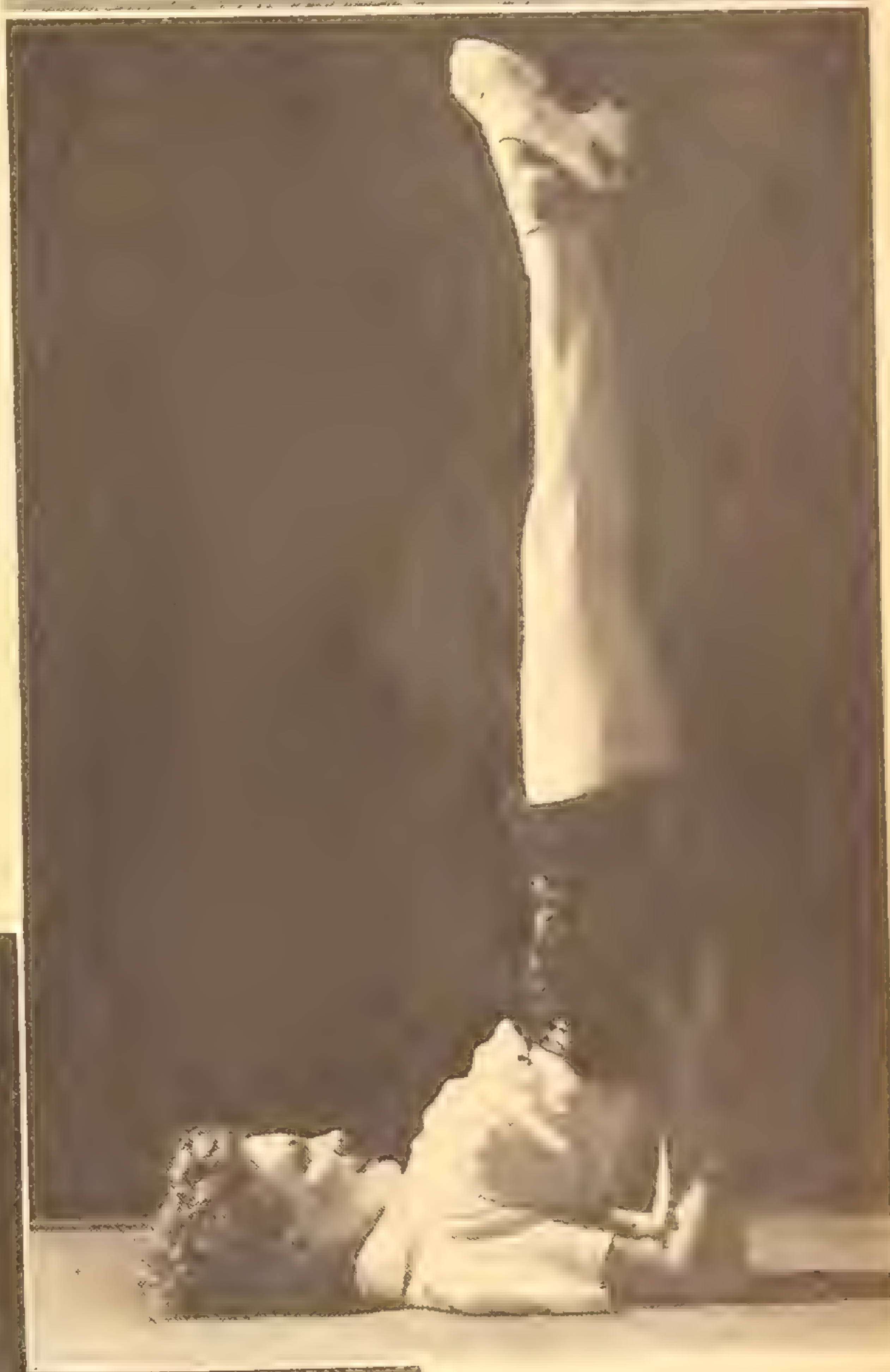
You have four aids, diet, exercise, posture and dress. To these, add judgment and good sense

By Courtenay Marvin

ANGUIDLY, Dorothy Lamour of sarong saga, arches against a palm tree in some South Sea island romance. Lightly, lovely, Ginger Rogers' little feet weave a pattern of dance design, like wind tossing a flower garden. Blithely, lithely, Betty Grable wafts into a scene and out, to the delight of males from grandfather to Bob in prep school. And the sisterhood of just ordinary figures looks and longs for figures like these.

Well, darlings, we just can't have them! Not, that is, unless some of us happen to be born along exactly the same proportions. But—you may be able to go these dream girls one better. It just may be that you and you and you have an asset that even the screen beauties lack. For figure beauty is, indeed, a matter of proportion, and this you either inherit, and were born with the proverbial silver spoon figuratively speaking, or you work like a horse to get it, and are actually luckier in the end because you can't work, concentrate and deny yourself without building something very important and lasting within you as well as a lovely figure.

There are four ingredients in the recipe for a lovely figure, with a sauce tossed on it in the way of your own good judgment and sense about yourself. The first is diet. Upon diet you may depend for reducing, building-up, energy and the good old *joie de vivre*. Because you are what you eat. And perhaps you know that you can eat and eat and still be undernourished, and you can also eat rather lightly and be very well nourished. This depends upon *what* you eat. Diet is really a plan for food; it does not necessarily mean starvation, though that has been somewhat its meaning (*Please turn to page 92*)



Stay just as you are, Joan Leslie! And Joan, though only sixteen, is serious in this good intent. Here she goes into an act for loveliness from the waistline down, while above, she concentrates on her waistline. She really likes these exercises, as you can see from her contagious smile. And you will like what they will do for you. These, as well as others, are fully described for you in the pages of this story.



Fashion Salutes the Army and the Navy

One of the brighter aspects of a warring world is the influence on fashions. Attention—our country's clarion colors, emblems, eagles, gold braid and buttons. For where to buy, see Page 89





Army and Navy Day!

If you like the military and nautical notes—and they are tops for the young—across the page are three smart ideas, all interchangeable. The ensemble begins with a light-weight Lorraine wool coat with metal buttons and sleeve emblem, lined with a self-colored rayon taffeta. Beneath the coat is a simple frock in a tiny star print, with alternating stripes of red and white on the blouse. The ensemble comes in navy only, at about \$15. “Anchors Aweigh,” a Sacson frock of navy spun rayon crepe, would be good with that coat. Military buttons march down the front, sleeve has an eagle, and a crisp white gilet says, “Spring!” About \$6.50. That alert navy felt breton with a gold eagle is by Leighton, at about \$5.98. A huge Frilo felt bag, with Fouragiere braid handle, reminiscent of officers’ dress uniforms, comes in black, brown, navy and red in envelope style for about \$5.

Bouquets to April!

Here is a page of flattery. A figure-flatterer, first, in dress-maker type ensemble. The Lorraine wool coat has trapunto embroidery, the new throatline and tie belt. It is lined with the frock fabric. Beneath, the print dress is smart and simple, to be worn with or without the coat later on. This ensemble comes in beige, grey, powder blue, almond green, rose, navy and black, about \$15. For a change-about, a smart suggestion comes from Sacson in rayon jersey. The shallow square yoke has flaps simulating pockets. Small white circles appear on green, rose or blue—and only \$4. Leighton has done a face-flatterer in that large felt, the weight you wear the year-around, with a wide contrasting corduroy band about a shallow crown. It comes in a wide variety of colors, about \$7.95. There is an art in assembling ensembles, in coordinating your costume types and colors.

HERE'S HOLLYWOOD



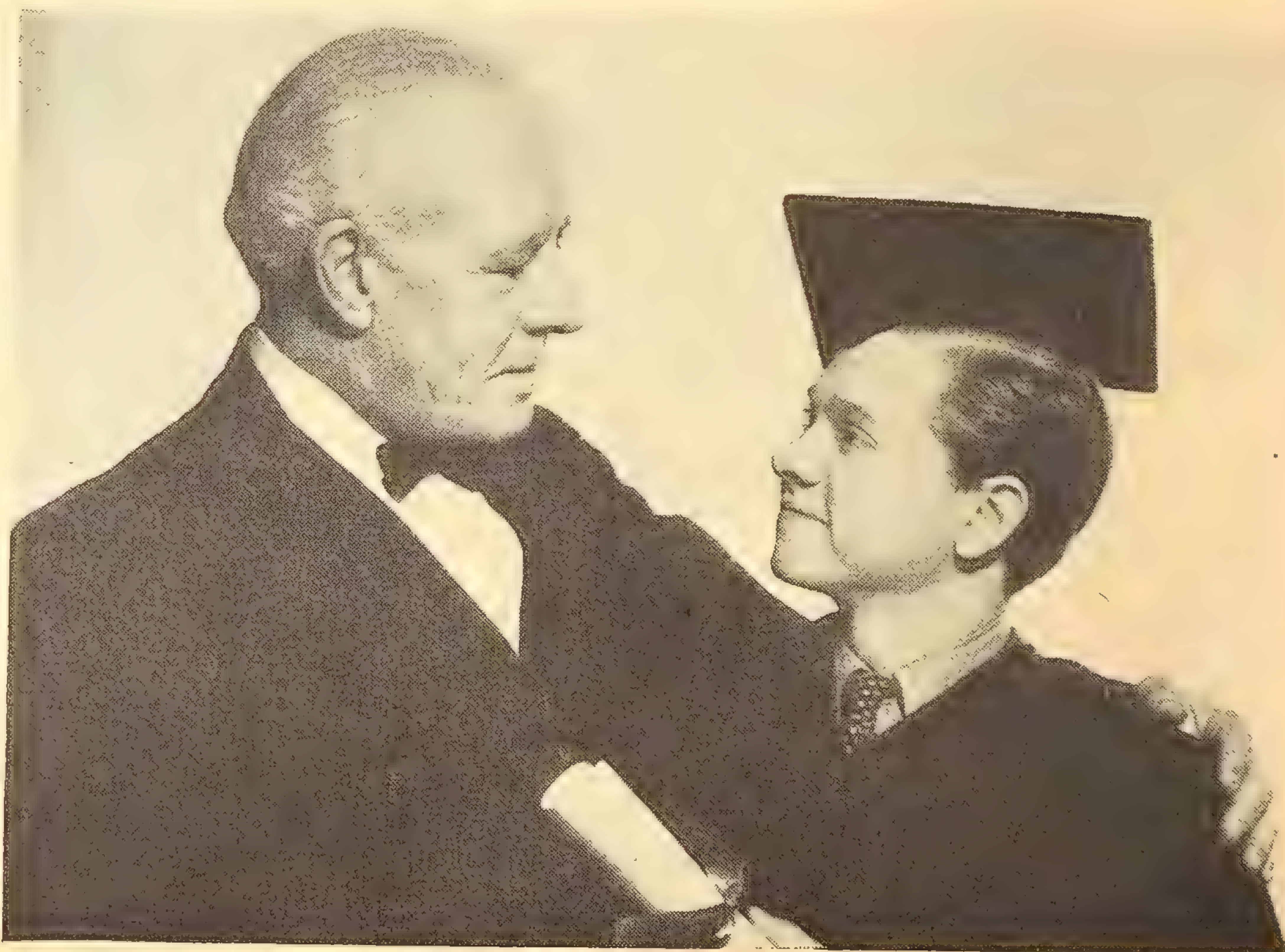
INTIMATE Hollywood eyefuls: Dolores del Rio, rolling down the rear window of her limousine and, over the roar of traffic at Sunset and La Brea, squealing to let a newsy know she wanted an evening paper. The street urchin stood thrilled and speechless as the car swept away and left him holding a dollar bill in his hand . . . With all the concern of a high-school boy slicking down a stubborn cowlick, George Murphy, before entering a rehearsal stage at the NBC broadcasting studios, whipped out a pocket comb, and using the reflection of a glass doorway as a mirror, combed and re-combed his hair. Such concern, in an actor, is not considered vanity, only a good business gesture . . . It was a very, very bored-with-each-other duet of Hollywood's young social register names dining at the Vine Street Derby. Cobina Wright, Jr., carelessly modish in warm cinnamon-brown furs, kept her nose deep in a popular novel, and her companion, Bob Stack, in outdoorish, expensive tweeds, callously fingered through the telephone numbers in his bulging address book, while they both, inattentively, nibbled at their respective dinners.

AFTER all the incessant rumors that Alice Faye was going into the restaurant business to show our town a thing or two about how eateries should be run, the truth of all the talk turns out to be far from what has been gossiped around. Alice is not going into the eatery business herself. She is simply playing the part of an angel (what an angel!) to an ambitious organization which will open a chain of new-fangled cafés to be known as "Club Cars Incorporated." The first "Club Car" will open in Hollywood, and, I have it on good authority, the check-room girls will be rigged out exactly like train hostesses. Each will wear an embroidered star's signature somewhere about them to intrigue our townspeople. The cafés will be furnished to look exactly like one of the new club cars on our new crack trains. The waiters, as you've guessed, will be the exact replicas of porters. All these novel and artful ideas come under the direct supervision of Merrill Pye (yes, Eleanor Powell's b. f.). He's the official decorator for the entire chain. Miss Faye will be on hand to give this first chop house its bang-up send-off, and that, you'll agree, is a good business gesture as long as it's her money that's giving the thing wings.

DID you know that Margaret Sullavan can't ride in a car with anyone but herself driving? If she does, she says she gets car-sick . . . If Lana Turner and her studio think that that altercation Miss T. had with a bunch of our town's tip-top photographers is settled, and the boys feel just as they did before, they're mistaken.

THEY'RE still talking about Brenda Joyce's wedding gown. The stories are getting more exaggerated and funnier. Because Brenda's gown, very unusually, had her name, her groom's name, and coveys of winging doves scattered all over it in embroidery, wits are now kidding that surely it must have been an oversight that the name of her last picture was omitted.

"New York Town," the picture co-starring Mary Martin and Fred MacMurray, above, promises to portray the real New York. The newest of the Hardy Family series, "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary," finds ANDY (Mickey Rooney) graduating from high school, and ANDY and JUDGE HARDY (Lewis Stone), below, find they have many problems to talk over—man-to-man—you know, as young ANDY puts it.



Here's where our Hollywood reporter tells you what goes on—at the night spots, at social gatherings, on the set—all over town

By Weston East



Gary Cooper, right, who is scheduled to play the lead in the film version of "For Whom the Bell Tolls," plays host to Ernest Hemingway, story's author, at a studio luncheon given in Hemingway's honor. After the festivities, Mrs. Gary Cooper, wearing fur cape, Claudette Colbert, arms folded, and Ray Milland took Mrs. Hemingway (Martha Gellhorn) on a tour of the lot.



THE woman who shattered the brilliant atmosphere of the new Mocambo and startled the sophisticates with a shrill scream the other night, was none other than Patricia Morison. She had to be practically carried from the dance floor when someone doing a too-enthusiastic Samba pranced on her foot and nearly broke the bones.

THERE is something new under the Hollywood sun. Joan Crawford has changed—yes, once again. Her sojourn in the East has brought her back home with all sorts of new ideas on how to live. Joan carries on now on a mental plane easily three notches higher than ever before. Consequently, the now dated Crawford homestead out on Bristol Avenue has once more gotten an artistic going-over. The meticulous William Haines once again did the revamping. When Joan changes the period or the mood of her home, Hollywood knows, as if it were blazened in Neon, that she again is off on a newly acquired tangent of her bountiful philosophy. The Crawford diggings have always lent themselves very flexibly to their mistress' every whim and fancy. They've bolted through architectural changes from gaudy, flamboyant Spanish, to the now rigid lines of classic simplicity. The mansion always reflects the ever-changing perceptions of its one-time showgirl mistress who is determined to be a lady. The new Georgian elegance is a fitting background for Joan's brand new, grand and impressive aspect on things mental. Our town buzzes with the new intellectual trend of Miss Crawford's Saturday night salons.

THE very newest annoyance to movie stars is the bad habit a lot of young hounds have gotten into here. They hide out at a spot a star frequents and when their favorite drives away they follow in their own machines. They keep close to the star's car through the thick and thin of traffic, begging all the way for an autograph, and causing, meanwhile, every kind of traffic hazard. They usually keep pursuing their quarry until the movie player stops his car, signs autographs all around, and finally is rid of them. After three carloads of young high-school blades had followed Hedy Lamarr around a good part of a day, Hedy gave in and signed her name to their shirts, hats, socks, and what not. The boys didn't play fair, however, and kept annoying her. Every time she'd park they'd hem her in by parking all around her. They kept her in an open drive-in stand for more than an hour. The employees of the stand weren't much help in trying to spirit her away when they found out who their famous customer was. Finally she did escape, but the young villains still pursued her. Hedy drove out Santa Monica Boulevard with the roottin'-tootin' gang right along, until, upon a sudden inspiration, she quickly turned into the Beverly Hills police station. Magically, her pee-wee pursuers scattered to the four winds like a flock of hens in a rain storm.

BELIEVE it or not, he wasn't recognized by a soul. The other day Bill Powell hid out the entire afternoon in a quiet corner of the Ambassador Hotel lobby. He was lost to this world hour after hour—in a dime detective pulp.

ONE of the saddest sights in town these nights is to see wifeless Gene Markey and Arthur Hornblow, Jr., unsuccessfully trying to cheer each other up on their circle tours of our most brilliant night clubs.

NO HOLLYWOOD personality has ever stood up more admirably under circumstances more trying than both Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine! Both girls have been looked upon with a great deal of misunderstanding in the face of their father's attempts to force himself back into their lives once more. Family trouble between big Hollywood stars and parents who have grown quite away from their children until their offspring become famous and rich has existed ever since the flickers first made people world renowned. No matter how misunderstood the situation has been, or will become, neither Olivia nor Joan have broken their silence by one word of explanation of why their father is not in their full favor, and you can be sure that there will be no explanation from them, ever. The sisters have taken no steps to correct intimate gossip that they are at fault. They think that would be most undignified. Their thousands of fans and even their friends will have to make their own decisions as to where the fault lies. There will be no campaign to win public favor from either actress. Every man in Hollywood knows both girls as charming, level-headed, intelligent young women. They must have a well-founded, logical reason for their actions, and besides, that part of their private lives should be of no one's concern but their own.



When Fibber McGee became president of the Encino Chamber of Commerce, a district where stars reside, a dinner at Grace Hayes Lodge was given in his honor. Don Ameche, shown at left congratulating Fibber and Molly, and many other luminaries attended.



Judging from the smiles above, the George Murphys and Roger Pryors (Ann Sothern) had a gay time at the Mocambo, new night spot.

Alley-oop! Joe E. Brown and Jack Oakie, left, clown for one of the Sunday, Nite impromptu shows featuring film favorites, at the Grove.

OH, HOW some of our favored stars have at one time fared so much less favorably! Now that Glenn Ford's name is on everyone's tongue, and a good many producers here wish in the darndest way that they had that selfsame name on a contract of theirs, it's time to tell of some of Glenn's less fortunate moments. When a big advertising executive recently was introduced to Glenn he asked curiously, "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" Ford admitted it laughingly. "Yes," he answered, "I once did some parachute jumping for you, and what welcome jumps they were!" Two years ago Glenn needed money badly to help him carry on his bent for acting. He knew a commercial photographer who had a commitment to photograph the agonized face of an aviator bailing out of a plane. There was fifty dollars a jump in it for the fellow who was willing to take the job. Glenn took the job and the chance, and his face was used to nationally advertise one of his sponsor's products. Those jumps gave him a new lease on a career.

IF GOOD fellow Bill Gargan has ever asked you to his home and entertained you out in his very comfortable bar, you'll know what I'm talking about. He has probably the most famous and valuable bit of paneling in that room that exists anywhere in Hollywood. It was over his wife's bitter protest that the present, unique decoration first started to take on its aura of supereminence. One night, a number of years ago, a big shot movie he-man whom you all know very well on the screen, was celebrating in his very broadest convivial style. Before he left Bill's home that night, he had scratched his famous stellar name boldly and deeply into the satin patina of the handiest spot on the wall with an ice



Above, Charles Laughton, Joe E. Brown, Adolphe Menjou, Alan Mowbray (rear), John Decker, Robert Armstrong were on hand to honor John Barrymore (center) at a dinner tendered him by the Masquer's, for "what he's done to the American theater."



Right, Doug Fairbanks chatting with Connie Bennett and Mrs. Fairbanks at a British War Relief benefit held at Bruce Pine's home.

Shirley Temple, with her mother and father, attended a recent première looking adorable in her long party gown and short ermine coat.

pick. In deep annoyance, Mrs. Gargan was about to have the damage repaired the next day by having the whole panel removed and another put in its place, but Bill begged to have the famous name stay where it was. In practically no time other famous cronies of Bill's, in succeeding convivial moments, wanted to perpetuate their names the same way—and did. Now the Gargans' bar room boasts the most novel and unmatched decoration motif in town. A number of important business men friends from the East, who like it to be known that they are on quite intimate terms with famous personages of stage and screen, have offered Bill huge sums for just a panel or two of that famous wall, but Bill won't sell any part of it.

IF YOU'VE ever stuck your foot in it and got in on the wrong side of the fence in any kind of a misunderstanding with Jean Arthur (and who in Hollywood hasn't?)—now's the time to start regretting it! The whole town is chuckling because it's being snickered about that Jean's real adversaries are leaving Hollywood in droves. Petulant Miss A., they say, has taken up fencing. She has taken to the sport with such ardor, that the movie colony wits insist she is getting into practice with those mean saber swings to do bodily damage to a lot of scribes who have been taking pot shots at her lately in print. She is studying under one Ralph Faulkner, who has taught Errol Flynn a few flashy tricks with a sword. The jibes about the consequences of Miss Arthur's off-with-their-heads attitude isn't limited only to writers. The biggest giggle of all comes from surmising that if Miss A. really should get on the war path with a cutlass, the first one to start running and keep on legging it right out of town, is a certain producer over at Columbia.





Paulette Goddard and her dancing partner, Don Ackerman, are shown rehearsing a torrid rumba routine for the spectacular Broadway Caballero number in "Pot O' Gold," James Roosevelt's first feature film production.

Hate Me? Love Me?

Continued from page 25

a personal appearance. Everyone in Chicago, except Paulette, thought she was doing it gratis. And then there was the time she did a portrait sitting for one of the studios, and volunteered to help glamor along by wearing her own ermine evening wrap. Then she proceeded to send the coat to the cleaners and present the studio with the bill.

All the publicity men at the studios know better than to ask Paulette to do a tie-up for them free, for they know she'll ask immediately, "What's there in it for me?" When she poses for bathing suit art, and some studio is always asking her to pose for bathing suit art, the reason being obvious, she quite casually walks off with all the bathing suits, shorts, and accessories sent over by Magnin's, Bullock's-Wilshire, and other shops.

It would seem then that Paulette has no compunctions about extracting every cent of the value she places on herself for services rendered. True, she may take everything she can from large corporations, but there her seeming niggardliness ends on a sound note of helpfulness to others in less fortunate positions. During the making of "Pot O' Gold," Miss Goddard was asked to pose with and endorse a nationally distributed radio.

"For free, no," said Paulette. "For a radio, yes!"

Well, there was a bit of mumbling at the radio headquarters over the fact that a star who must have dozens of radios should demand another radio. But when they delivered the radio to her on the set she instructed the truck driver to take it over to the home of the hairdresser. "She's furnishing a new home," Paulette explained, "and she needs a new radio for it."

I visited Paulette on the "Pot O' Gold" set recently and found Mr. James Roosevelt's star, and Hollywood's little business woman, sewing away like mad on a beauti-



ful bit of needle-point. (Having had a look at Horace Heidt for the first time I personally couldn't understand why any girl would want to shut herself away in a dressing room and sew.)

"Ever since I saw 'The Letter,'" I said, "I have had my doubts about women who sew and knit all the time."

Paulette gave out with that laugh that picks you up better than a double martini.

"They say if you do needle-point it keeps you from killing your husband," she said with a giggle.

"In your case it must work," I said. "Mr. Chaplin seems very much alive."

"Well," said Paulette, with another giggle, "I've done twelve pieces!"

I would have liked to pursue the subject of needle-point and Chaplin further (arriving no place as usual, of course, as Paulette is a cute one and knows all the right answers for the wrong questions) but just then eighteen dancers from the rumba sequence piled in on us and it sounded like a cage of monkeys. I finally gathered from all the excitement that Paulette had given expensive sweaters to all the girls who danced the rumba number in the picture with her. (She did not put it on her expense account. I checked.)



But the balance sheet, you may be sure, is always in her favor. The first few days of production a mysterious gold monkey, with a two-carat diamond in its paws, came to her by express. It was something to startle the eyes. No card came with it, or so Paulette says. A few days later an even more startling piece of jewelry came by a messenger—a three-carat diamond solitaire. According to Paulette, that too came without a card. There is much surmising going on at the studio, naturally, but Paulette is one star who knows how to keep her mouth shut. One thing the studio knows, however, and that is that she didn't get them on a tie-up.

Unfortunately, the producers are not the only ones who have named Paulette the best business woman in the film city and who resent the quality of hardness in her. Hollywood resents it too. Hollywood is made up of impractical people—that's quite evident—and impractical people have never liked practical people since the world began. Paulette, of course, is practical. Hollywood, vague, dreamy, bungling along with no thought of the future, just can't understand why Paulette should want to make a business of a pleasant career. Just because she shows good common sense they distrust her



"Pot O'Gold," for which Paulette Goddard and Don Ackerman are practicing the graceful rumba steps they're doing in the pictures on these pages, is a comedy with music, starring Paulette, James Stewart and Horace Heidt.

and call Paulette a very shrewd woman.

Not long ago Paulette had need of Hollywood, but Hollywood did not come to her defense. A vile rumor was started against Paulette. In far faster time than it takes to write this the cruel story spread from Hollywood to the farthest corners of the country. Hollywood knew by direct knowledge that these rumors were libelous but for several weeks no one took up the cudgels in her defense. Probably they thought that a woman able to take care of herself in business deals was also able to defend herself against whispered innuendos and scandal—however unfounded and cruel these whisperings were.

But Paulette said nothing. She could well remember that the price a star pays for being successful is this same whispered campaign of lies. Pola Negri was the first to feel the sting. Clara Bow was hounded for years; so, in turn, were Gloria Swanson, Greta Garbo, Katharine Hepburn, Marlene Dietrich and Carole Lombard. (There was even a whispering campaign once against Shirley Temple. People said that she was a midget. Well, I wish the people who said that could see Shirley now!

Each of these women was the dominant, colorful star of a period, hence the most susceptible to slander. It must be remembered that every prominent woman, and her position in the film industry, is automatically envied by thousands of people in lesser positions. So naturally Paulette, as one of the most dominant personalities on the screen today, had it coming to her. What it is that makes Hollywood root for a player's success one minute and then tear her from that pedestal the next is one of Hollywood's most frightening incongruities.

Perhaps if Paulette hadn't been so smart in business, thereby causing Hollywood's resentment, this scandalous bit of idle-gossip would never have gotten further than Vine Street. Hollywood just doesn't come to the defense of business women. The Connie Bennetts, the Sonja Henies, and the Paulette-Goddards have to fend for themselves.

Yours for Loveliness

Color note: Lips go more brilliant and nails go darker and deeper. Other beauty hews to the line



"Brass Band"

SPRING is with us in a flood of Old Glory—red, white and blue. Dominating the color scheme with its wonted chic, now with an emotional fervor. To complement your navy and a wide range of smart colors, we have "Brass Band" make-up by Dorothy Gray, collected in a military cap box, as shown. Within are Elation face powder, a handsome red and gold-tone lipstick in its own protecting case, cream rouge in a beautiful plastic vanity and nail polish. "Brass Band" is the deepest, brightest true red, dramatic with deep colors, enlivening with neutrals. The tones are perfectly coordinated, and the price will light you for so much loveliness to harmonize, like a brass band! Coordinated make-up is real economy.

The Gardenia Has It—So Has the Rose

THAT soft, velvety texture that makes you marvel when you look closely at these flowers. While the texture of your skin, what with the farewell kiss of Spring winds, probably has anything but! To the rescue comes Smooth Skin Oil by Primrose House. It is pleasant to use an oil, and it gives especially good results, I think, because you may apply it warmed to your roughened, dried areas. Face, neck, scalp before a shampoo, arms, hands and legs are perfect targets for this smoothie. It is an economical buy because you may use it with splendid benefit for so many purposes. The consistency makes it so easy to apply and use, so easy to remove. Dry skin welcomes it; in fact, it seems to drink it in. Smooth Skin Oil is delicately scented, a vegetable oil creation.



The Fragrance Lingers On

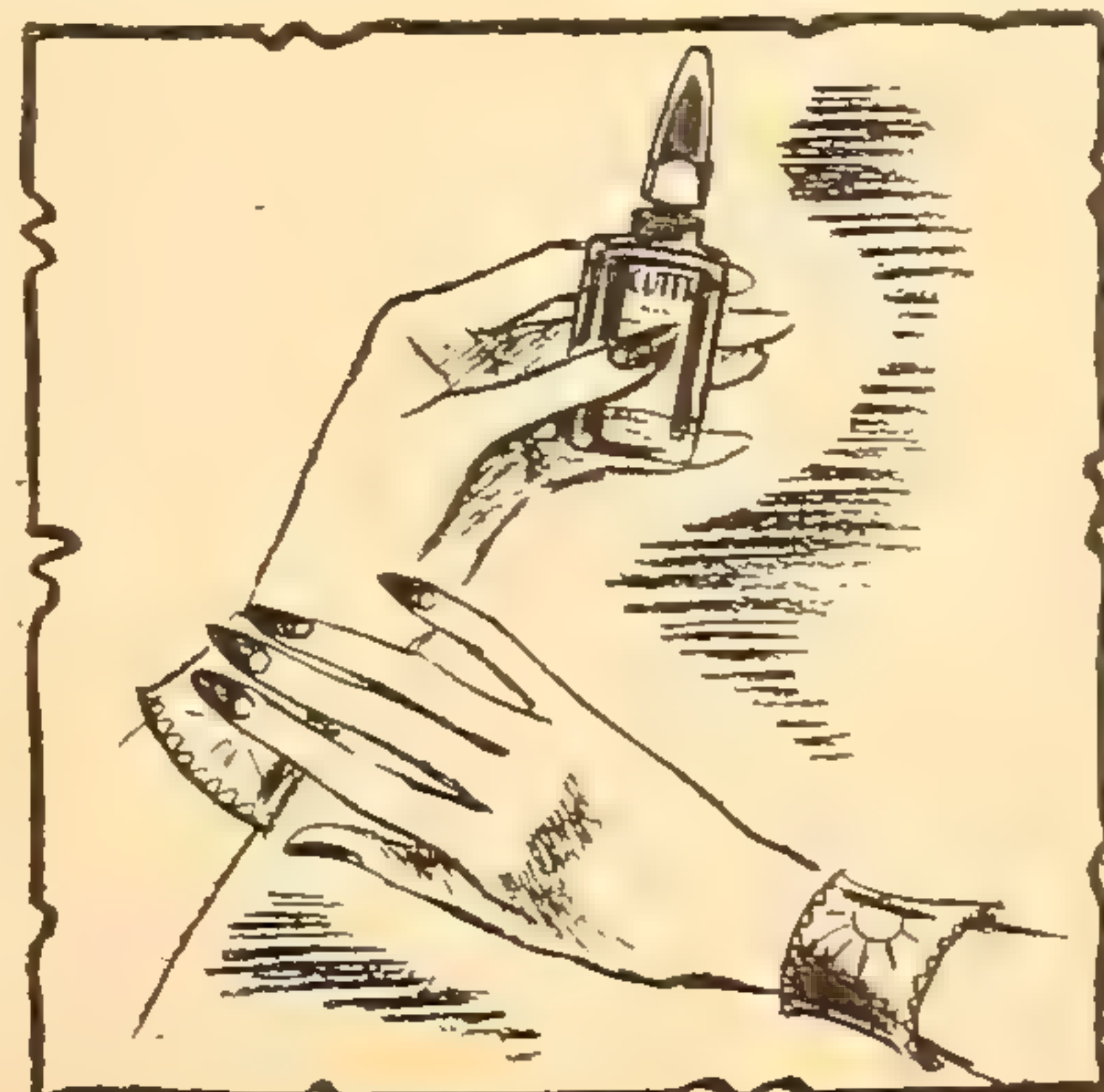
IT LINGERS right on you, growing more mellow and sweeter with the hours, when you apply perfume by "The Staff of Loveliness" method. This is perfume essence in solid form, resembling a lipstick. It is dry and greaseless, quick and easy to use behind your ears, on your neck, your hands, wrists and handkerchief, or where you please. Maggy Ney has just brought it to this country from France. The unique stick form means no waste from evaporation, no waste from spilling. It is as easy to carry in your bag as your lipstick. The scents are entrancing and distinctive—Dzan, Wisp, Saska and Faun. It's Spring, perfume time, indeed!

"Strawberry Blonde"

THIS is the new, lush tone for a lipstick that the House of Westmore suggests for the Spring map. It is brilliant; it is very beautiful; it is fresh, young and full of zip. It comes in a pretty case, large or smaller size, and it has just about a perfect texture. It seems to slide right onto your lips; you don't have to press or draw with this lipstick, and it is at this moment adorning plenty of the most exciting lips of Hollywood. In fact, so important is "Strawberry Blonde" as a lipstick, that it is also inspiring some cunning fashion ideas, like velvet bows for the hair and belts. When Hollywood approves a lipstick, then we don't have to guess. We know it is good.

Your Hands and Your Face

JORDEAU is offering a twin package of Jordeau hand cream and Mint Julep face mask that you should know about. Two giant jars, packed together, come for the usual price of one, and for both products this department has praise. The hand cream whitens and softens the skin, and you can use it on any roughened area, like arms, neck and ankles, as well. You will find it a good powder base, too. The mask is one of those face-savers. After your usual cleansing, apply this zippy mask, redolent of fresh mint. It feels fresh and cool on skin. Relax with the mask on, remove, and you will look and feel like a grand new girl. Wonderful for "face fatigue."



To End Another Quiz

THE package of your beauty product is very important. It should make the selection and application of contents as simple as possible, and be attractive, at the same time. In trend with this line of thinking, Cutex presents its polishes in brand new bottles. Sketched, is the little gem, with a tapering white top, showing in three color panels the exact shade of polish. No longer need you guess. This definitely simplifies selection. Brand new, too, is Black Red, a sophisticated jet-red color. It is a tone deeper than Burgundy, if you can recall that, one of the most popular Cutex shades. Nails are going definitely darker for Spring, and this means for Summer, also. And they are dramatic!

C. M.



Above, Helen Parrish with her favorite pet, Frosty. He's a white Eskimo Spitz with whom Helen wouldn't part for his weight in gold.

1 Girl's Family

Continued from page 31

went out the side door. Served me right. There, sure enough, stood Frosty and the man, both wagging their tails."

Frosty used to lord it alone on the back lawn, which he now shares with two ducks. The younger was won by Helen and Charley Lang at the county fair. They tied him up in a market bag, drove him home and tossed him on Reesie's bed. "We want 'em," they chorused, "and you take care of 'em." When Bob got home at midnight and slipped unsuspecting into his shower, he found the duck ensconced over the drain. Mrs. Parrish was afraid Frosty would chase the fowl. She needn't have worried. It's the fowl who chases Frosty. Not that there isn't room and to spare for them all. There's even room for the swimming-pool the Parrishes refuse to build. The kids prefer the beach. As for their mother, "What for?" she scoffs, gazing hopefully into the future. "So my grandchildren can tumble in and I get the blame? This way I have no pool and no troubles."

The other permanent member of the household is Cecilia, the Mexican maid. "Mother keeps her for a pet," explains Helen. "She can't cook, she can't answer the doorbell. When she's here alone and *has* to answer the phone, she picks it up like an eel, mutters 'nobody home, only me and dog,' and drops it quick before it can bite. The one person she ever really talks to is Reesie. They hold confabs for hours about what they'll do when they're both old ladies and live together and we come and park the grandchildren on them."

"Who launders your clothes—?"

Helen and Bob pick it up from there. "Who cleans your rooms? Who washes the dishes?" they chant as one. "Don't get us wrong. We *love* Cecilia."

Helen will be eighteen in March, Bob's twenty-four. He's tall, and fair as she's dark, with crisp tan hair and blue eyes that show a lazy twinkle. He calls her Scooter, she calls him Rabbit—"because he eats like one—munches his mouth around." She chatters, he drawls. Her emotions bubble to the surface, he keeps his under masculine guard. A rare attachment exists between them. She used to be the kid sister who tagged along. When the phone rang on Sunday morning,

twelve-year-old Helen would gallop to answer.

It was bound to be one of Bob's friends. "Ask Bob what time he's going to the beach."

"Oh, we'll be ready in a few minutes."

"Whaddaya mean, *we'll* be ready! Who asked *you*?"

"Don't you know we boys *always* go to the beach together?"

If they grumbled occasionally—and they did—Bob would brush it off. If the kid didn't go to the beach with them, she wouldn't go at all. And why shouldn't she go?

Under their noses, she grew from a nuisance to be tolerated into a most desirable date. But Bob remained her favorite escort, she his favorite girl.

"Can't you *get* a girl?" she'd taunt him.

"Nope, they don't like the way I do my eyebrows."

"All right, if you'll buy me a flower, I'll go."

Pressed for the why of his unorthodox behavior, he'll grin: "She was always there." Pressed further, he'll look pained, but may go so far as to murmur: "Well, she's pretty sweet, don't you think?"

Their inner gang includes Joe Hartman, Vernon Harbin, and Charley Lang. Girls flit in and out of the circle, but Helen remains the only feminine fixture. Joe's in pictures, training to be a singer. He's called Ashley, "because he's so sweet to the girls—forever telling them about their shell-pink ears." An unwritten law is that no one shall be allowed to get away with murder. So when Joe brings a new girl to a party, they greet her with, "Has he talked to you yet about your shell-pink ears?" Vernon—better known as Vermin—is invariably introduced as a junior executive at RKO. He is a junior executive at RKO, but there are times when his friends make him wish he were a streetcleaner. Charley's Smoky Stover and his pet name for Helen is Stupid. She seems to like it. They pop in and out of the house at all hours. "Helen's not home," Mrs. Parrish says over the phone. "Well, do you care if I come up and talk to you?"

"Courting the cow to get the calf!—Come along. I've got cake pans for you to lick.—And don't think," she adds, "that they're not young enough to lick 'em!"

Charley's Helen's special friend. They're definitely not engaged, and they definitely only date each other. As a friend of Bob's, Charley was invited to Gordon's wedding. Helen went out with him for the first time that night. "So when Dorothy and Gordon had their six-months anniversary, we had one too—at the Cocoanut Grove." Ordinarily, they go to a movie. Or stay home and read Noel Coward's plays aloud, to improve their technique. They felt pretty silly about it at first, Helen says, but now that they've done two pictures together—"Where Did You Get That Girl?" and "Six Lessons from Madame La Zonga"—they take Mr. Coward in their stride.

Whether Helen or Bob gets a bigger kick out of Charley, it's hard to say. They go on about him at length, capping each other.

"He's this kind of guy," chuckles Bob. "When Universal sent for him to come out, he ambles down to Columbus Circle, buys a car at noon, starts out at twelve fifteen, gets to Tennessee before he breaks down, buys another car, and so on across the continent—"

"The way I buy newspapers, that's how he buys a car. I was sitting in the beauty parlor one day, and along comes Charley. Mother'd told him where I was. Outside stands a big brown Buick with the top down. He'd bought it. Just walked in and bought it. We got in, and it started to rain. I said, 'Put the top up.' Well, the top wouldn't go up. He'd never even tried it. 'That's all right,' says Charley. 'It's sissy to put the top up for a little sprinkle—'"

"Outdoors man, that's Charley. Likes to think he's fighting the elements when he goes down Hollywood Boulevard for a carton of cigarettes. He won't buy gas. It's mealy-mouthed to buy gas. 'I'm in a hurry,' he says, 'we can make it.' So we don't make it. 'All right,' says Charley, 'someone'll come along and push us—'"

"He and Joe live together. When they first moved in, the hostess of North Hollywood called. They have hostesses here—to sort of get newcomers acquainted with the town and the tradespeople. She asked if Mr. Joe Hartman was in. 'No,' said Charley. 'Is Mrs. Hartman in?' 'I'm Mrs. Hartman.' Now they get mail from the shops addressed Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hartman."



Helen Parrish and her boy friend, Charles Lang, think staying at home and playing backgammon is a pleasant change from attending movie premi res and dancing at night clubs.

How to become Some Man's Dream Girl

Lesson #1 - *Launching your Campaign*



You've just met him—in fact, you're barely past the "how d'you do" stage. But a hopeful flip of your heart indicates that *here* is a situation with Possibilities. How are you going to make him feel the same way about things? How are you going to catch his wandering eye and *hold* it? Here are some pointers that'll help you fool-proof your opening campaign:—



DON'T at the first encounter, wheel out your heaviest artillery and aim all your big ammunition straight at him. Men scare so easily!

1



DO line up a couple of other conquests for decoy. He'll follow the crowd. P.S. In any Battle of the Sexes, your best bet is a complexion of disarming sweetness. Concentrate on Pond's Creams maneuvers. Nightly. Before make-up!



DON'T let any other man drag you into a shady corner and tell you the story of his life. If your hero sees you at all, he'll be too polite to break in on such a cozy tête-à-tête.

2



DO stay in the folksy, 100-watt foreground—if your skin can take the glare! Clinch *that* with a brisk daily 3-minute patting-in of luscious Pond's Cold Cream. Wipe off cream-softened dirt and old make-up with gentle Pond's Tissues. Repeat! See how this double cleansing and softening with Pond's makes pores seem smaller—little "dry" lines show less!



DON'T take the initiative on the cheek-to-cheek stuff when he asks you to dance. If he's a conservative, he may think you a forward miss. If he *isn't*, you'll soon find out!

3



DO have a skin that looks and *feels* so caressable he can't resist it! Pond's Cold Cream, followed by cool Pond's Skin Freshener, lends baby-skin tenderness—and Pond's Vanishing Cream whips off littleroughnesses like—*that*!



DON'T try to dazzle him with your wit and beauty when he's already blinded by the shine on your nose. There's nothing—no *nothing*!—so sad and ridiculous as a shiny-nosed girl trying to be a charmer.

4



DO look flower-fresh and dream-girly right through to the all-important good-night. Dead or departed make-up won't haunt you a second if you put your powder over a glamorizing foundation of Pond's Vanishing Cream.



DON'T sit back and dream wistful dreams of being some big strong man's little dream girl.



DO send for Pond's beauty kit! Such beauties as striking Mrs. John Jacob Astor, sparkling Liz Whitney, winsome Margaret Biddle are Pond's devotees. And don't dally! Another She may be luring him on this very minute!

POND'S, Dept. 7S-CVD,
Clinton, Conn.

I want to launch my dream-girl campaign *right*! Please send me—pronto!—Pond's Special Beauty Ritual Kit containing Pond's Cold Cream, Pond's Tissues, Pond's Skin Freshener and Pond's Vanishing Cream. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name _____

Address _____



avoid
Lipstick
Parching
WITH
"Sub-Deb"

This is the Lipstick that may very well change your Lipstick life... Coty "Sub-Deb"!

"Sub-Deb" gives you *more* than alluring color... it helps you avoid "Lipstick Parching"! Yes, blended through every Lipstick is a softening ingredient that helps keep your lips tenderly soft and sweet. So why risk rough, harshly chapped lips—ever? Today get a Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick, \$1.00 or 50¢.



Len Weissman

Edward Arnold bestows a kiss upon the lips of Mrs. Arnold at their anniversary party which was celebrated at the Cocoanut Grove.

"And Joe says, 'Excuse the house being dirty. My wife's a lazy bum—'"

"They think it's sissy to keep the house clean. They won't wash dishes for three weeks. Then some fine Sunday morning, they'll flash Bob an S.O.S. and the three of 'em start cleaning up. Then Charley says: 'Fine. Now we can get it dirty again—'"

"He was terribly, terribly hurt, though, when a man with a pup to sell took one look at the house and marched right out. 'Not one of my dogs,' he said. 'Not in that house—'"

"He gets up at six three or four times a week, and goes out looking for a dog—"

"Never buys one. Just looks—"

"Mother talks him out of it. Tells him he can't take care of it properly—"

"He could always turn it over to you, Reesie—"

"That's what I'm afraid of!" Reesie sighs.

On Sunday mornings they pile into a car and go to the beach. Or they play baseball in Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hartman's front yard. Evening finds them back in the big Parrish living room. Gordon and Dorothy are generally there. As a family, they don't care for the tag "in-law." Dorothy is Mrs. Parrish's daughter, Helen's sister.

When some of the boys bring girls, they dance. Just now, Viennese waltzes are the rage. They tune in on their favorite radio programs—American Album, Sherlock Holmes, Jack Benny, Charles Boyer. What they like best is to sit on the floor round the fire and sing and gab and play games. There are few planned parties because the boys don't like them. "Why fuss?" scowls Bob. "Just the other day poor Charley had to put on his shoes for dinner."

Mrs. Parrish joins them by invitation. She says they're very sweet about it and don't make her feel they're asking her for politeness' sake. "But I try not to wear out my welcome. I've been young myself, and remember how I felt about having older people forever underfoot. Besides, I'm an independent person. I like my own company and I've got plenty to do."

Helen and Charley fooled her one night. She thought she was fooling them, but it turned out to be a case of the trickier tricked. She'd consistently turned down their bids to take in a movie. This time, winking at Bob, she said: "All right, I'll go. Wait till I get my hat."

But the wink had been intercepted. "Oh,

no, you don't!" They grabbed an arm each and dragged her protesting to the car.

"I was only kidding," she wailed.

"Well, this'll teach you to kid with us!"

She felt like a tramp. "I met people I knew in the lobby, but I could hardly go into long explanations about why I looked the way I looked.—Those two only did it to make themselves safe for the future."

"Do your feet hurt, mummy?" Helen inquired sweetly.

She regarded her offspring and found no mercy in their eyes. "Well, go ahead, tell it. I knew you'd get around to it sooner or later."

They told it between them. It seems that, when the invitations came to Deanna's engagement party, Mrs. Parrish asked Bob, casual as anything: "Whom are you going to take?"

"Would you like to go?"

"Oh, no, Bob, you ought to take a girl—"

"And next thing, she started getting her dress ready—"

"Saying all the time, 'You really ought to take a girl, are you sure you don't want to take a girl, Bob?'"

"Then at the party she does the Conga with Charley. She'd never done the Conga in her life, and here she steps out on the floor, calm as a cucumber, and goes through the whole thing—"

"She doesn't know what it is, but dancing does something to her, peps her up—"

"And she doesn't get to bed till five in the morning—"

"And even then her feet don't hurt, do they, mummy?"

"No," answers mummy, calm as a cucumber. "Not when I dance, only when I go shopping."

She has a few simple rules for bringing a girl up, forged from her own experience as daughter and mother.

"I think a girl's home should be her home, and that means making it attractive for her friends as well as herself. It also gives you the advantage of knowing who her friends are. Sometimes a casual comment about a boy's manners will open her eyes, where if you had to make an issue of a thing, her back would go up."

"I think you should try to meet her desires reasonably, without being over-indulgent. If you give her what you can in the way of trinkets and good times, she won't have to feel too grateful to some young man who's willing to give them."

"I think you should try to keep as close to her in spirit as possible, without getting into her way. No matter how close you are, the interests of an older and younger generation are different, and she shouldn't feel that you're always on top of her."

"I think you should try to speak her language instead of expecting her to speak yours. It seems to me many mothers drive their children from them by saying too constantly, 'You can't.' I try not to be a 'boor,' as the boys call it. I try to keep the door open between us, so that she'll come to me freely and with a reasonable assurance of understanding. When the door is closed, you're sunk. On the other hand, you've got to be able to distinguish between the essentials and non-essentials. If something crucial's at stake, you must know how to step in. If you're going to be disliked for stepping in, that's the chance you have to take."

"For Helen I want happiness, as every mother wants it for her children. If it takes pictures to make her happy, O.K. If the right man came along, and she wanted to drop work for husband, home and children, that would be fine too. Life's too short not to take happiness where you find it."

Helen's a lucky girl. She's beautiful. She's headed by Universal for stardom. If she were neither—with a family like hers, she'd still be a lucky girl.

WORLD'S MOST POPULAR NAIL POLISH NOW IN

World's Most Beautiful Bottle

50% BIGGER

ACTUAL SHADE
ON THE CAP



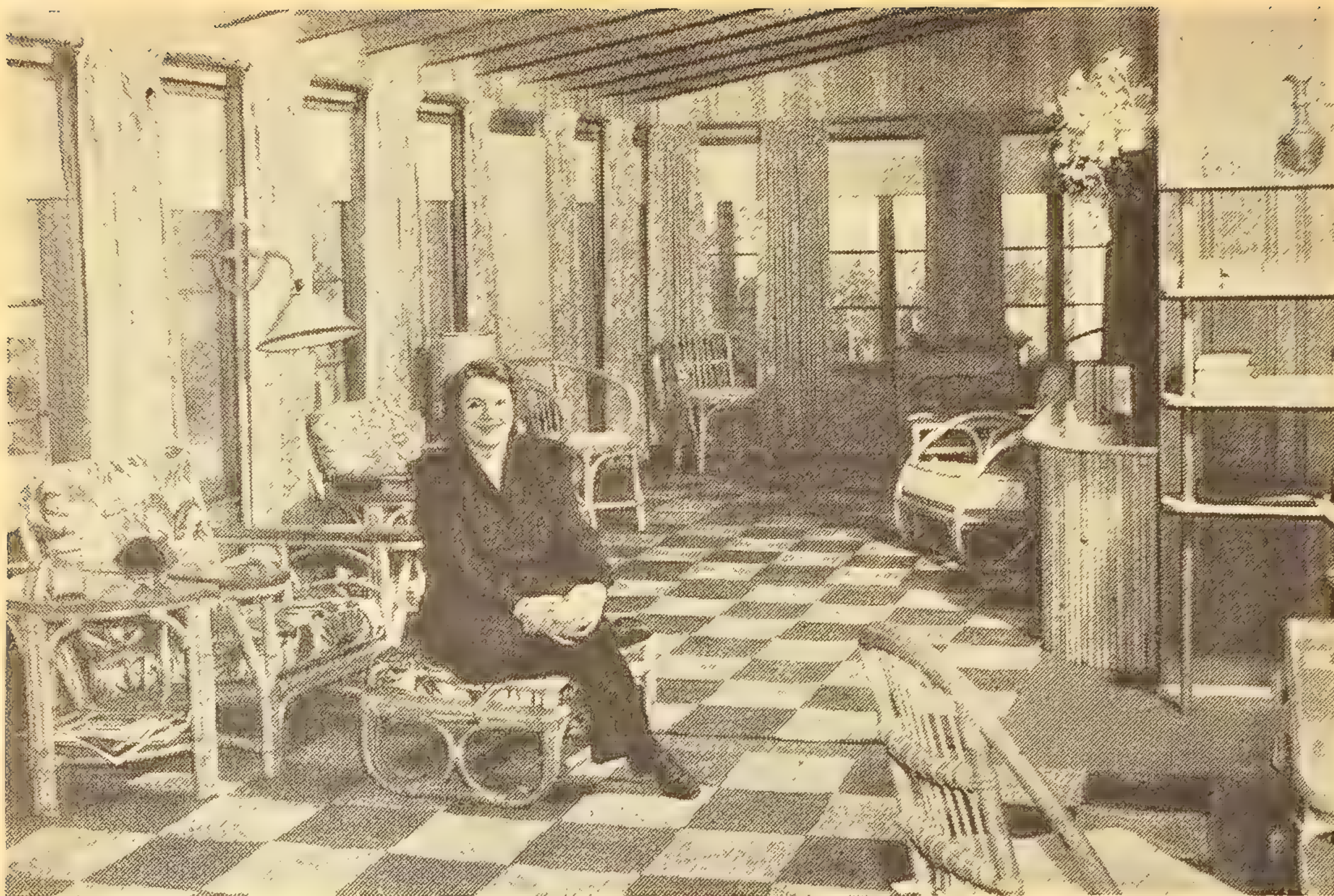
10¢

NEW BOTTLE DESIGNED BY
DONALD DESKEY, FAMOUS
NEW YORK INDUSTRIAL DESIGNER

TRIPLE GOOD NEWS for glamour experts! An exquisite new "dressing-table" bottle! 50% more of the wonderful porous Cutex Polish! And a new cap that has the actual shade you're buying painted right on it. The loveliest, biggest bottle in Cutex history. Try the newest shade—thrilling, startling BLACK RED! All Cutex Polish now on sale is Porous—and as long wearing as ever! Get a bottle today—only 10¢.

CUTEX POLISH
is Porous





The combination playroom-sitting room in the home of Marjorie Rambeau, who'll soon make another "Tugboat Annie" film, is the room she likes better than any other one in the house.

Woman with a Wallop

Continued from page 51

physical side that I wondered if she could really throw a punch.

"Maybe I don't know my own strength," she modestly reflected. "Anyway, a dreadful thing once happened. Even thinking of it now makes me think of going to the dentist's. We were making a picture at Fox's called 'Grand Canary.' I had a grand time as the canary. But George Regos had a terrible time. What made it worse was that he had gone to a lot of expense getting ready for the picture. He'd had his front teeth capped so he'd look nice when he smiled in the close-ups. You know how actors do it." She pulled a set grin. "Well, in one scene I had to hit George. Usually they count before a blow is struck—one, two, three—so that everything's timed and no damage is done. But for once they forgot to count. I swung on George—wham! Suddenly the air was filled with flying teeth. Poor George! All his beautiful dentistry work was gone with the big blow. My fist was bleeding, and so was my heart. But to console me, when the picture was finished, the crew on it presented me with a gold bracelet in the shape of a boxing glove and the inscription on it read: 'To Kid Rambeau.'"

Cautiously moving out of range, I inquired as to whether Miss Rambeau now was doing much slugging. "Just enough to keep my hand in," she sweetly replied. "We don't want *Tugboat Annie*—she's really a dear kind soul—to be too physical. But there's a fight in every picture, and how she does enjoy it!"

It was pleasant to hear this good news, bringing as it did its assurance of knock-down-and-drag-out vigor, together with the joy of youthful zest. "Out here in pictures," came the enlightening information, "when you are over fifteen you're an old hag. They expect you to sit around and talk of the good old days like an old ham. Still, it has its compensations. They give me a chair to sit on evidently to make sure I won't fall down. You're sure of having your innings if you wait long enough here, though at one time I thought I'd never have mine. But it's all right, now that I'm a mother. Yes," she spoke with

deep feeling, "I believe I am safe in saying that I'm the only mother who ever gave birth to a tunnel."

When I came up for air she was calmly explaining: "That unique experience resulted from my being in 'Under Pressure.' Indeed, in that tunnel picture I was under pressure all the time. It was like fighting for my life. It's far more fun fighting now, for as *Tugboat Annie* I can do it with a twinkle in my eye. That's natural, as I'm part Irish. The other part's French. Do you wonder I'm crazy? You don't have to be crazy in pictures, but it helps."

Was this also true of the stage? Miss Rambeau answered: "Sometimes the stage is enough to drive you crazy. That's because you may find yourself relying on things that aren't there. For example, while playing *Rosalind* in New York—you remember—I put my foot on what I thought was a real log only to find it was a painted one. When my foot slipped I nearly fell on my stomach. And you can't be a romantic heroine, even in the Forest of Arden, when you're flat on your Vitamin-A container. It's different in pictures. Everything you touch is real. If you want the Liberty Bell from Philadelphia, they go and get it for you. The only thing you can't get in pictures is fat. Not if you want to stay in them. I'd been in them, on and off, for ten years when my husband took me out of them. I then took to needle-point. Also poundage. When I decided to go back to pictures the first thing in my mind was, 'I must get thin.' I lost fifty-two pounds in eleven weeks. I looked all right from the back, but from the front I looked like an abandoned folding-bed. To get into shape for *Tugboat Annie*, perhaps ship-shape is the word, I had to put on twenty-two pounds. *Annie* needed 'em to give her a wallop."

What about the streamlined girl? Did she need the same thing for the same purpose? Miss Rambeau came right back with another question: "How can the streamlined girl have a wallop when she looks like a plate of milk? You can't beat nature. If the present feminine attempt to do it keeps up we'll soon have a generation of

weak, flat-chested, spindle-legged girls. In a way, the screen's to blame. Of course, the camera does increase a person's size to a degree and therefore demands a certain reduction. But this can be carried too far. Surely, it doesn't attract men; it's done for women. These thin young things you see on the screen are bound to come to the realization that if they're to put over something fine and strong they must have more than a stalk of celery under their chest. And this goes for similar physical types off the screen. If one of the sturdy pioneer women of America could see the deliberately skinny specimens of the present day she would probably turn in her covered wagon. And if reducing keeps on going the way it is now we'll soon be eating one another. That's why I'm getting some meat on my bones—I want to be good picking!"

Through the humorous twists given her opinions it could readily be seen Miss Rambeau was in deadly earnest. Her forthrightness stamped her as Hollywood's four-square actress. "It's all well enough to be streamlined, but we're surfeited with downright skinniness. As one result we've already had too long an era of the masculine type of woman, the woman who looks, dresses, talks and behaves like a man. First of all, girls and women, if they value their charm, should have the sense and the courage not to diet themselves to the point of emaciation. See what it's doing to our actresses. From the looks of a lot of them, what they need most of all is a square meal. Heaven knows I needed to be thin when I started, for I was a leading woman at twelve in Portland, Oregon, and at that time played *Camille*, who can't look chunky and get away with it in anything but grand opera."

As I marvelled at the early beginning of Miss Rambeau's brilliant career, she smiled and related: "Yet one Hollywood executive once asked me if I'd had any stage experience. At learning I'd been on the stage for thirty-five years, he exclaimed, 'Why, then you're famous!' 'After all that time,' I told him, 'I must be either famous or notorious.' Here's the pay-off: 'Oh, Miss Rambeau,' he protested, 'I know you are a good woman!' Well, in this business you have to take the bad with the



Marjorie Rambeau likes to keep house and does many housekeeper's chores herself, such as arranging the linen shelves, as above.

"Almost a Miracle!"

says Lady Esther

A BRAND-NEW SKIN

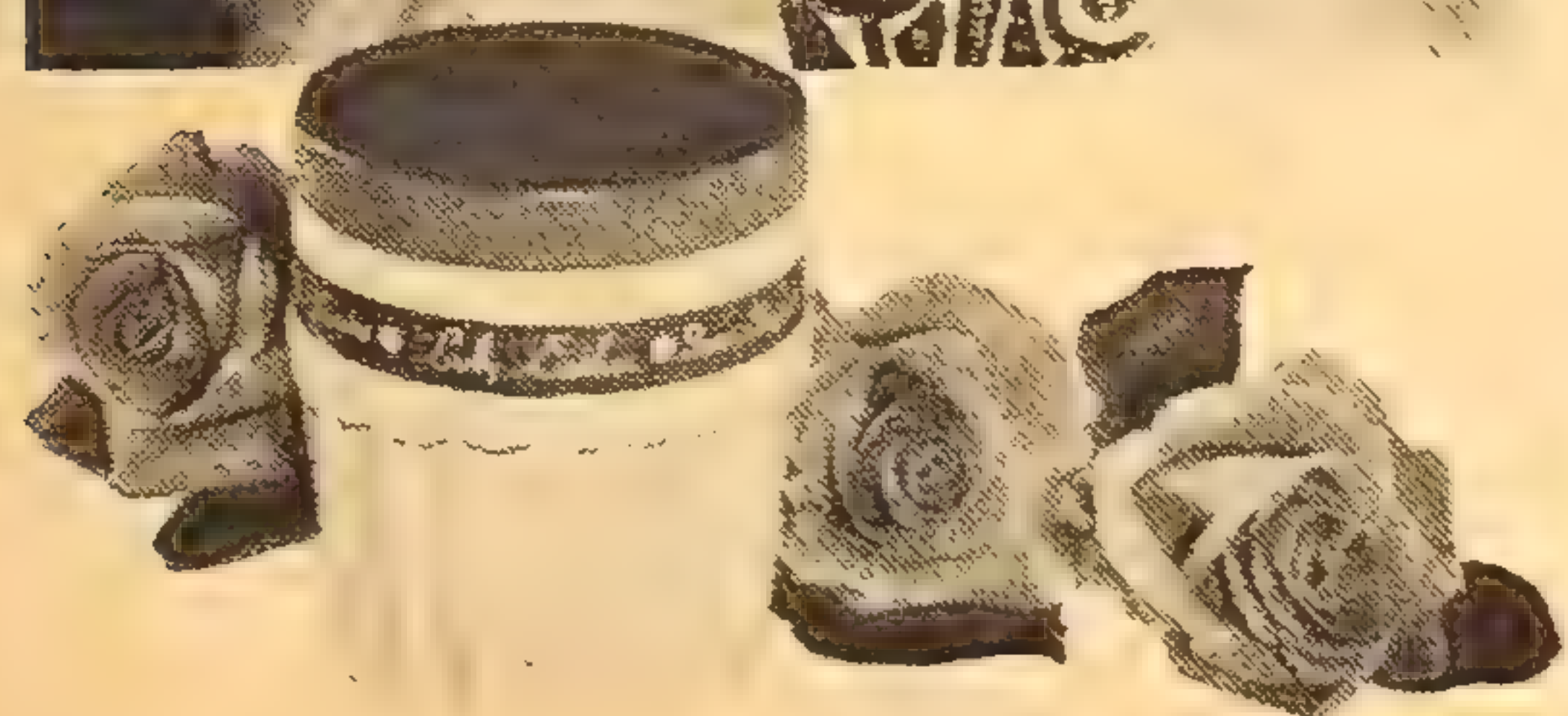
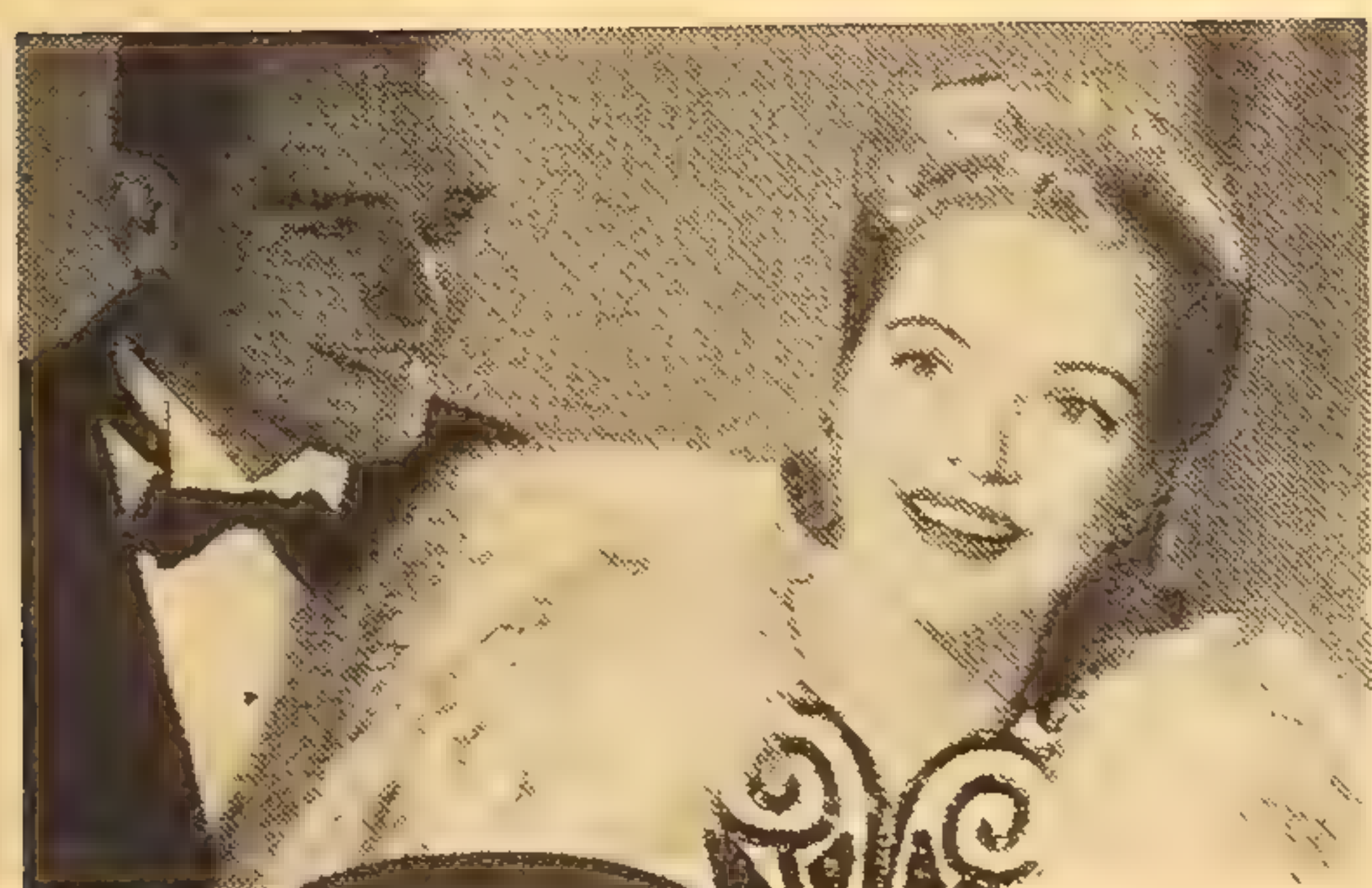
will soon arrive
to enchant you
with its Beauty!

Just beneath your present skin is a younger, lovelier brand-new skin. As day by day it unfolds, as it comes to life...with every tick of the clock—it is replacing your older surface skin and bringing you a hope of new beauty in the future.



WILL YOU BE proud to show this brand-new skin? Will it make you look younger? Will it have new-born beauty when it appears... as your surface skin slowly departs in tiny dry little flakes? That depends, says Lady Esther, on the care you give it, on the wisdom with which you choose your face cream!

Your New-Born Skin can emerge in beauty... but only if you will help Na-



ture remove the dull drab flakes of old dry skin... if you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help free your skin of these be-clouding flakes...help to whisk them away...revealing the enviable loveliness of your New-Born Skin.

Use my 4-Purpose Face Cream. Use it liberally. Try to leave it on twice as long as usual so that it can, right from the start, begin to loosen the dry flakes of outer skin. Let it completely loosen the surface impurities and the dirt, let it clean the apertures of your pores...helping Nature to refine them, and to bring a clarity—an opalescent loveliness—to your New-Born Skin.

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Ask him if you should attempt to feed your skin from the outside! Ask him if he recommends astringents, or skin foods or tissue creams!

I believe he will say that a cream which can fill your pore openings may enlarge them.

But ask him if Lady Esther cream doesn't help protect the beauty of your

skin because it loosens surface impurities and dry skin flakes... really cleanses... yes, helps to refresh and soften your skin. Ask your doctor if every last word Lady Esther says isn't true!

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. Use no other cream for a full month. Let it help Nature refine your pores. Let it soften and soothe your skin, ending the need for a powder base. For, with my face cream, your face powder goes on perfectly—flattering you with its clarity and smoothness... making you appear the proud possessor of a beautiful New-Born Skin.

SAMPLE TUBE AT MY EXPENSE

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, 7162 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid. (66)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Aladdin SAYS Genie's a Genius....



You remember Aladdin? The poor tailor's son who found the magic lamp, and every time he rubbed it a Genie appeared and granted Aladdin's every wish.

One day at lunch... presto! Genie appeared. "Hey," said Aladdin, "why are you here? I didn't rub the lamp."

"I know it," replied Genie, "but it rubs me the wrong way to see you eating all soft food. Take this Dentyne and chew some often. Its extra chewiness gives your teeth needed exercise and helps protect them from tartar and decay. And that richly satisfying taste is real flavor magic."

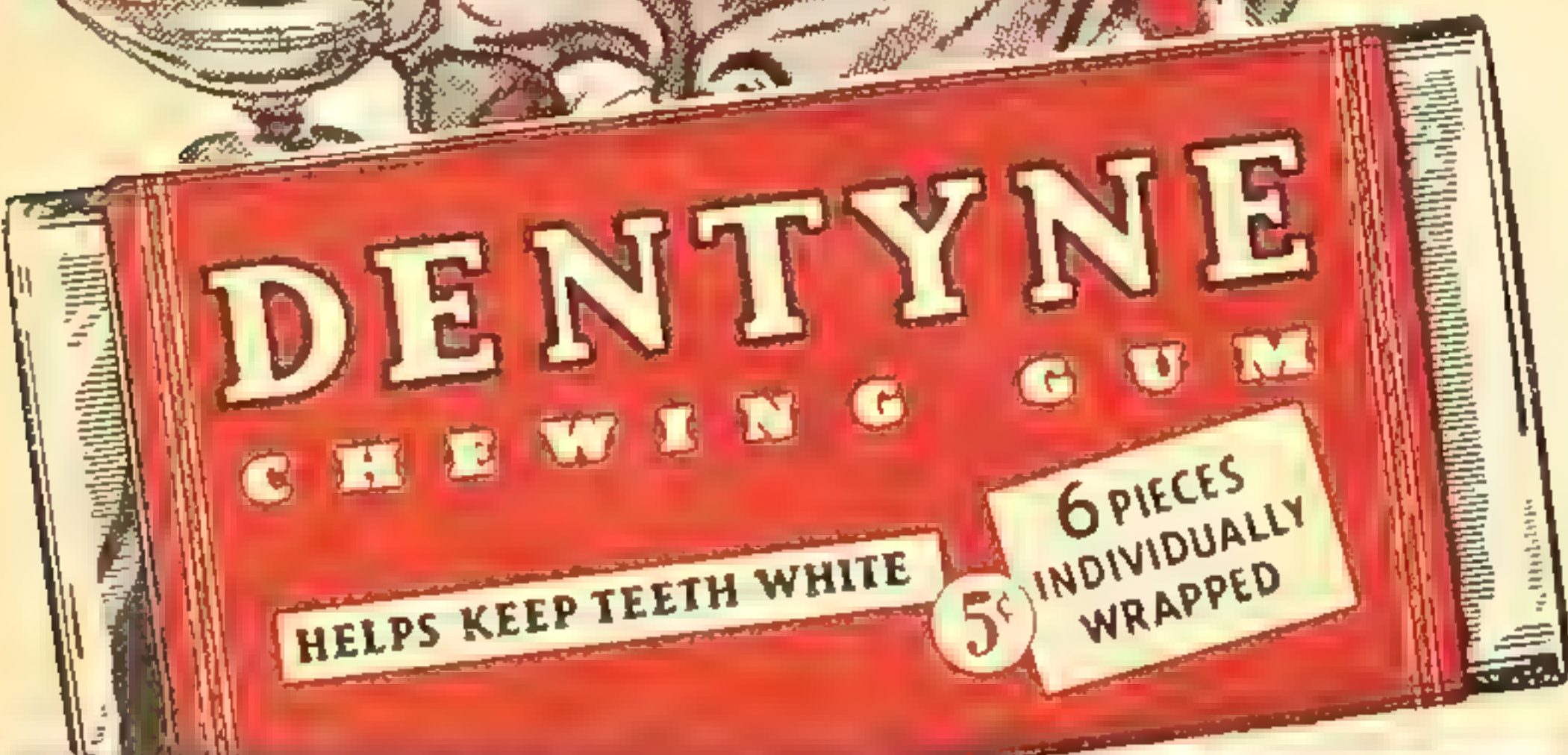
"That's fine!" said Aladdin.

"Don't forget," answered Genie. "Dentyne adds lustre to your smile."

"Genie," said Aladdin, "you're really a genius."

Moral: You too should take the Genie's advice. Try Dentyne for distinctive flavor and to help brighten your teeth... And don't overlook its handy, flat, favorite package—so easy to share.

6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE MOUTH HEALTHY

This love scene shows singing star Tony Martin and glamorous Hedy Lamarr in the musical, "Ziegfeld Girl," a story which traces the lives of three Follies beauties, played by Hedy, Judy Garland and Lana Turner. James Stewart is also one of the picture's stars.



good. That's what goes to make up experience. I'm sorry for a lot of girls in pictures today because they haven't had the gorgeous experience that has been such a great help to me. And one trouble with them is that they won't listen to advice. They know it all. Perhaps this isn't their fault. Things have been too easy for them. You don't wonder at their attitude when you stop to think that today an unknown is made a star after one picture. Why, when I came to Hollywood I saw so many stars that I thought the whole set-up must be an astronomical proposition. Picture producers just reach up into the air and pull down stars. In the Vendome one day I overheard a group at the next table discussing the need of a certain type of actor for a part. 'Leo Ditrichstein would be just the man for it,' said one of the bunch. 'Get him!' promptly ordered a dynamic magnate. 'If you can do it,' I remarked, leaning over, 'you'll be performing a miracle.' 'Watch me,' I was haughtily advised. He didn't know that Ditrichstein had been dead for years, probably didn't know he'd ever been alive!"

Miss Rambeau drowned her smile in a cup of coffee. "All that some girls need to become picture stars today is to be alive. But girls generally, no matter what their walk in life, have a great advantage in living in this grand day of realism. Reality develops a greater sincerity and a finer tolerance. We're not quibbling with facts these times, we're meeting them. When I was a kid, girls were hypocritical. They knew about things, all right, but they pretended not to know and would blush becomingly at what they heard. Nowadays girls won't be annoyed with such silly pretense. It isn't worth the bother, doesn't mean anything. Yet, strangely enough, the screen apparently feels constrained to hide far less intimate things than those openly displayed in the drugstore windows. To me, this seems to be hypocrisy for which there is no valid excuse. What's more, it undermines the honesty of the screen. But pictures now are giving me the right, I'm grateful to say, to use my own brain in developing a characterization. And, aside from any professional view of the situation, the era of the middle-aged woman is coming in strong. You go into a dress shop and find it is showing 38's and 40's among its models because of a general consciousness that the middle-aged woman of today is not as extinct as the dodo. Then, too,

there are women who, by wearing slacks, assume to be broad-minded, though perhaps you may have noticed with a possible eye to the rounding out of detail that sometimes the implication is not essentially mental. Yes, we women are rapidly broadening out, but we've still got a long way to go—and I don't mean sideways!"

So far, Miss Rambeau had seemed to cover the matter by and large, as it were, yet it remained for her to say in particular: "Both in life and in pictures the glamor girl has got to be bolstered up by the middle-aged woman who has intestinal fortitude—in other words, guts. She needs this sustaining aid to help her over the rough spots of existence as well as the tough ones in a film play. The screen has long since passed the point of just making faces, glamorous or otherwise. It has reached the stage where it must express emotions and, more and more, inner emotions. To do this requires something more than mere glamor, calls for the understanding, the sympathy, the feeling that can come only out of experience. Movie audiences now sense this emotional quality, look for it, recognize it when it is there. They can't be fooled by sham. They demand the real thing. This all comes down to the matter of thought transference. For this reason the best actor or the best actress today is the one who underplays, rather than overplays, a part, so that the underlying thought goes straight home to those people out in front. The male mind, I think, catches that thought more quickly than the female mind because it lets nothing get in the way. A lot of things clutter up the female mind and become obstacles blocking that thought. For one thing, a woman may look around to see how Mrs. Jones is taking the idea. If she sees that Mrs. Jones is for it, she's for it, too. But by this time her male neighbor is way ahead of her. He already has got that idea into his mind and is ready for another to come along. Mental acting, accordingly, is the kind that can project a thought and make it stick. This makes it more effective, more lasting, than physical acting. However, the same may be true of acting a part like that of *Tugboat Annie*. It is what she thinks, not what she does, that comes first with me. Her strength of character means more to me than her physical strength. At the same time, of course, I realize she's a woman with a wallop. After all, I'm really a Dempsey at heart!"

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9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it to protect loveliness



Len Weissman

It isn't often you see film couples arriving en masse, as above, for a premiere. The Robert Montgomerys, George Murphys, and Jimmy Cagneys as they attended a recent opening.

That Man Brent

Continued from page 55

of this delicious bit of news if it hadn't been for an expense account. Before leaving New York, George submitted his expense account to a Warner Brothers publicity man, who in turn glanced at it, and discovered to his amazement "\$20 for breakfast."

"George," said the guy over the phone, "I'm not checking on you. I'm simply curious as hell. How in the world could you spend twenty dollars for breakfast?"

Well, it came out gradually that only two dollars had gone for toast and coffee—the rest was for orchids for Miss Young. So, said the publicity man to himself, a romance, eh? And it didn't take him long to spill it to Winchell. Never again has George put his girl friends on his expense accounts.

Though she was the first, Loretta was by no means the last of the movie stars to go falling for good-looking Brent. There must have been about a dozen of them, including Ruth Chatterton, Greta Garbo, Merle Oberon, Olivia de Havilland, Bette Davis and Ann Sheridan. No wonder people became quite confused. But the most confused person in Hollywood was Tibby, Bette's very small and very intelligent black Scottie. Tibby's complete confusion happened in the Green Room on the Warners lot in January, 1940. (George Brent was finishing up "Till We Meet Again," Bette Davis was starting "All This, and Heaven Too," and Ann Sheridan was making tests for "Torrid Zone." And I don't recall what I was doing.) Tibby and Bette had been away in New England for several months, and it was Tibby's first day at the studio since their return. He frisked into the restaurant, expecting to find Bette at her customary table with George Brent, and sure enough there was Brent—so Tibby started emitting little grunts of delight and jumping at his leg. But imagine his surprise when his old pal George gave him the brush-off, and imagine his surprise when he looked up appealingly at the chair where Bette had always sat and found Ann Sheridan!

"Tibby," he heard Bette's voice across

the room. "Tibby, you come here at once!" He went, completely mystified. Why was George Brent, who had always been good for a romp, so cold, and why was Ann Sheridan sitting in Bette's chair! Much too confusing for a little dog.

George's longest romance has been with Ann Sheridan, as you probably know already if you keep up with Mr. B., but his shortest "romance" will really surprise you. It was with Barbara Stanwyck. Barbara and George first met in 1932 when they were working together in "So Big." But Barbara was very much married to Frank Fay at the time, and outside of a casual "Good morning" and "Good night" on the set they rarely spoke. Several years later, after her divorce from Fay, Barbara and George met again at a radio station where they were to do a broadcast of "So Big." Several nights later Barbara was having a lonely dinner when the doorbell rang and her butler informed her that Mr. Brent's chauffeur was at the door and Mr. Brent would like to have her phone number.

"If Mr. Brent's in the car tell him to come in," Barbara said. Mr. Brent was in the car, and he did come in. The next morning he sent a huge box of gorgeous yellow roses, which he did *not* put on his expense account.

That was the beginning and the end of the Stanwyck-Brent romance. "I guess I wasn't his type," Barbara said modestly. But the truth of it was that a few days later George read in all the gossip columns that a certain Robert Taylor had "discovered," and how, a certain Barbara Stanwyck.

It was Ruth Chatterton who gave George his first real "break" in Hollywood—and then proceeded to fall in love with him. It was early in 1932, and it was Ruth Chatterton, and *not* Norma Shearer, who was called "The First Lady of Hollywood" at that time. In those days, as in these days, Hollywood producers were moaning and groaning over the lack of leading men, and doing practically nothing about it. Ruth's new picture, "The Rich Are Always With Us," was ready to go into production, but the studio couldn't find a leading man for her. She spent two solid days in the projection room looking at screen tests, and was just about to go into a total collapse when suddenly George Brent walked on the screen. That man

Brent sure gets 'em. As soon as he had finished saying his little say, Ruth demanded, "Where has this man been all my life?" When a \$7500 a week star spoke like that, in those days (in these days there are no \$7500 a week stars) action was called for. George Brent, flat broke, found himself with a Warner Brothers contract—and has been at the studio ever since.

It was Perc Westmore of the famous Westmores who introduced George Brent to Ruth Chatterton in the Green Room at the studio. "Chatty," says Perc, "seemed quite pleased."

A few months after "The Rich Are Always With Us" (future girl friend Bette Davis was also in the picture) was released—George made a second picture with Ruth Chatterton, called "The Crash." After the completion of this picture the star and her leading man were married in August 1932. A year and eight months later they were separated, and she divorced him in 1935. Quite the nicest thing that George seems to have gotten out of his second marriage (his first marriage was with a woman in his stock company back East and lasted only a month) was his great friendship with Ralph Forbes. Ruth had divorced Ralph Forbes a short time before she married George Brent. As ex-husbands of Ruth Chatterton they hit it off beautifully, and became the best of friends—when George sailed for his beloved Honolulu last year he took Ralph (now the husband of Heather Angel) with him.

Most of George's romances appear to have started on movie sets, which is about the best place in Hollywood to start a romance. There's something about propinquity. It was on the set of "The Painted Veil," on a loan-out to Metro, that George started his famous romance with Greta Garbo. It was on the set of "Gold Is Where You Find It" that George and Olivia de Havilland discovered each other, and followed through with a romance that was probably the most unpublicized of all Hollywood romances. It was on the set of "Jezebel" that George and Bette, who had known each other since their old Universal days, suddenly decided they weren't just casual acquaintances. And it was on the set of "It All Came True" that the George Brent-Ann Sheridan romance got off to a speedy start. For a change though, George wasn't in that picture, he was in "The Fighting Irish" at the time, and Jimmy Cagney and the boys told him that that grand gal, and beautiful too, Ann Sheridan, was doing a strip tease over on the "It All Came True" set and why not come on over and watch. Well, the strip tease turned out to be only an old-fashioned corset routine (Warner Brothers' answer to Selznick's Vivien Leigh in "Gone With the Wind," and Paramount's Barbara Stanwyck in "Remember the Night"), but George seemed to be well-repaid for his efforts—he got his first date with Ann. That was in the winter of 1939. Bette Davis and Tibby were in New Hampshire.

Unlike most of the other big shot movie stars in Hollywood George Brent is the perfect gentleman on a studio set. His is not the roving eye. Nor the unexpected pinch. His leading ladies know that they can sit down on any chair at any time without having it collapse under them, and they know that on his sets they will not be subjected to rude and embarrassing jokes. Nor will they be teased unmercifully. George on the set is a very reserved, quiet young man, extremely serious about his acting, and very considerate of his leading ladies. No wonder they all fall for him. He has a way of telling them that they are much too good for their parts—which is the most flattering thing you can say to an actress—and if they want to talk about Life they find him a very amiable, sympathetic listener. George becomes very



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moody at times (it's the "Black Irish" in him) and acts like a modern male Cassandra—another quality that his leading ladies find most attractive, until they fall out of love. For instance, when the Nazis started their invasion of France last year, followed by the beginning of the Battle of Britain, George would keep his radio going on the set every possible moment, and dozens of times a day would say, "It won't be long now before we'll all be dead." And when Bette Davis ran into him in the Green Room, a few days before the start of "The Great Lie" (their last picture together, and soon to be released) she said, "You don't have to tell me, George, I know it isn't a good picture for me. You can squawk all you want to and I'll agree with you."

Though I wasn't hiding behind any chairs on the set, I am pretty certain that the Garbo-Brent romance got off to a beautiful start on the subject of health. Both Greta and George are very health-conscious. At the end of a picture George usually hides out in a sanitarium for five days where he catches up on his rest and gets back into perfect physical condition. George is very careful of his diet (Ann used to tease him about it in the early days of their romance) and so is Garbo. Greta, who thinks there is no exercise to equal walking, nearly walked his legs off while they were romancing, so George introduced her to the punching bag—much to the amusement of the neighbors who discovered that if they climbed out on their roofs they could see over the Brent fence.

It was probably his great consideration and gentlemanly manners that first attracted Olivia de Havilland to him on the "Gold Is Where You Find It" set. Olivia, the idealist, had just finished several pictures with Errol Flynn, and Errol had practically teased the daylight out of her.

Now Olivia is a very serious-minded young person, and intensely interested in acting, and when George came along and gave her the dignity and respect due an actress, naturally she fell for it, and hard. The two of them spent hours upon hours talking about Life.

Although she had known him for years, Bette Davis didn't really become interested in George Brent until they met on the set of "Jezebel." It was George's great sym-



Jane Wyman recently presented her husband, Ronald Reagan, with this sweet baby daughter, whom they have named Maureen Elizabeth.

pathy and understanding that first attracted her. Bette had just been sued for divorce by her husband, Ham Nelson, and she was feeling pretty broken up by the whole thing, and wanted, very badly, a shoulder to cry on. George saw to it that his shoulder was very convenient. Well there's nothing like a new romance to restore a woman's confidence in herself. And especially when the new romance is a very handsome, attractive guy.

Ann Sheridan was attracted to George Brent because, deep down in her heart, George was the kind of man she had always admired. Ann isn't the gay, loud-mouthed, stay-up-all-night-and-dance-at-a-night-club gal that you might be lead to believe she is. Remember Ann Sheridan is publicity-made. Well, we haven't time to go into the "real Ann Sheridan" now—suffice to say that she and Brent are kindred souls, despite all rumors to the contrary. If gifts can be an indication of love Ann has definitely risen to the top-most point in George's affection during the past year. Ann's birthday is February 21, and last year she celebrated it without George—he was in Honolulu at the time. It appeared in all the gossip columns that George had sent Ann a beautiful and expensive bracelet. When a friend asked to see the bracelet Ann said, "Those publicity boys dreamed that up. That so-and-so didn't even send me a post card."

But close friends of Ann's and George's will tell you that this past fall and winter he has lavished all kinds of expensive jewelry upon her, and that her birthday present this year will make up considerably for last year. In fact close friends of Ann's and George's will have you believe that there is a marriage in the offing. That man Brent, they say, is *really* in love this time. Well, it'll be one less eligible man in Hollywood—poor, poor Glamor Girls.



Jean Parker gave our cameraman this lovely smile when he caught her twirling around the dance floor with Doug Dawson, to whom she may be married by the time you read this.

Len Weissman

How Ugly Ducklings Can Find Happiness!

Continued from page 57

protective canvas covering over her cages of sleeping love birds. In her favorite wicker chair a pet monkey was stretching. Quickly she turned the chair to shield him from the glare.

With little effort Ouspenskaya squeezed her tiny linen-slacked figure (size ten) into the same chair with the monkey. As she stroked his head gently, Hindu bracelets jingled gaily from her wrist. One foot, encased in a wooden-soled sandal (the uppers of bright colored string woven by her own hands), she tucked beneath her. Lighting a fresh cigarette, she adjusted the blue bandana that carelessly caressed her head and settled back for more conversation.

"Of course it is true," Ouspenskaya continued, "that there are many who have little opportunity to learn things. There are those who are very poor. Those who have responsibilities and must work every second to meet them. At some time or other, these people have either said or written to me: 'It is easier for you. An actress' life is more colorful. There is greater opportunity to find other interests.' This might be true now—in a small degree. But there wasn't always color and opportunity. So, to me, that is a poor excuse. I can sympathize with others but —each time when life was the hardest, I'd invent something! Anyone can do this if the desire is strong enough.

"I do not like to speak of tragedy. We all have our share. But I want to point out that my early life in Russia, in the Moscow Art Theatre, was a hard, bitter struggle. We lived through revolutions, famines, typhoid plagues. During one period I never saw my bed for twenty-two days while I nursed friends and family. I saw horses trample

civilians to death. Trucks piled high with the corpses of innocent children. Hoodlums attacking women on the streets.

"In the face of those conditions—of conditions today—we must *invent* things to give us courage. To build our morale. It was during that same year of famine when a troupe of ballet dancers and a grand opera company came to our city. They wanted to bring a little joy to our suffering people. I wanted to help them keep their own spirits soaring. I wanted to give them a party but I had practically no money. But I did own just one party dress—celestial blue silk appliqued with roses. I took it and sold it.

"With the additional money I bought a little alcohol. We made our own cherry vodka. I bought pastry filled with meat and rice, sardines and herrings. Milk was scarce and expensive. So I mashed almonds and kept adding water until I had almond milk for our coffee. At this party I invented, we played guitars. We danced and sang. Our troubles were forgotten. Our gay spirits gave us new hope. It was the most wonderful party I have ever known!"

A nostalgic note in her voice gave warning that her memories were moving her. She seemed completely lost in thought when genial Elizabeth (who would make four ebony Ouspenskayas) announced she was wanted on the phone. (Ouspenskaya usually insists on answering it herself). She bounded to her feet and excused herself. In a few seconds she was back. "It was Eddie Albert," she said. (By the way she smiled, one knew she was fond of Eddie). "He's taking Jean Cagney and me to the opening of 'Sky Lark.' Now I can wear my new

white hat—with veils! I have been saving it for a special party.

"Please do not make me sound too positive in this story," she picked up her trend of thought again. "I would be very unhappy if I sounded like I thought my life was perfect. Believe me, it is far from it. That's why I became an actress. I took my emotions and put them into the parts I played. There is not the same satisfaction we put into *real* life—but by bringing all the emotion I dreamed of having in my own real life, my parts have gained. I believe any person can apply this same principle, regardless of the nature of this work. I definitely believe that somehow, someday, all that I haven't expressed in my own life will help me to help *others* find what I lost."

When you heard Ouspenskaya play *Plaisir d'Amour* in that never-to-be-forgotten piano scene in "Love Affair"—she really played it. At the time she wasn't a permanent resident in Hollywood. But she crowded a rented piano into her tiny apartment and learned the piece. She's been studying piano ever since. In "Beyond Tomorrow" that was no doubling job. She actually sang *Jingle Bells* in Russian. She hates cooking, and driving her own car. But she could do both if she had to. And well, too. During the war in Russia she became a trained nurse. Once she worked as a governess and learned typing in her spare time. Today, if life stopped her from acting, there are many things she could do.

There was a yacht club in the harbor of the Black Sea. Ouspenskaya loved boats. She loved the sea. But she heard the club members discouraged women visitors. They were too fussy. Too helpless.

"I made up my mind they were going to accept me," she went on. "To gain confidence I studied until I knew the names of every rope, every sail, every nautical term. I was determined to be a good useful sailor. Finally, I managed to pay the club my first visit. I made them give me an examination. The only thing I failed in was—the swearing! After that, each time I learned something new it became a hobby. *Every person in this world should have at least one hobby that helps him to escape occasionally from himself!*"

Not one hobby, but dozens became Ouspenskaya's to command. Someday she knew she would meet people who spoke other languages. She studied English and French. (Right now she's trying to conquer Spanish because she hears that Hollywood may send her people to make pictures in South America). When she eventually left Russia for Paris, she heard about something new called jazz dancing. Her first night in Paris she went to a night club and tried it out. Three years ago in New York City, everyone was doing the tango. Ouspenskaya took lessons. One night at the *Maisonette Russe*, with her partner she stopped the show. She is trying to figure out a way to learn to jitterbug! She never expects to do it in public. But many young people do. And enjoy it. She wants to know why.

"I am never satisfied just seeing others do things," Ouspenskaya sighed—as if she were reprimanding herself. "It's something in me, maybe terrific curiosity. I must do them, too! I have to think twice before attempting some things. I am of an age where dignity is especially necessary. But I find a way to try everything new—if I want to badly enough. I've been swimming all my life. Now I can ride a horse and bowl, too. I can even sing cowboy songs—and I *did* for the cowboys on the ranch where I visited in Victorville. Yes—they were surprised!"

"In 1923 when I visited America with the Moscow Art Repertory company, I decided to come back. In 1924 I returned. So many plays in my repertory had been removed by the Russian Government. So I became an instructress in the Laboratory

Theatre along with the late Richard Bole-slavski. We produced plays for a small public. One was 'Big Lake' by the well-known playwright, Lynn Riggs. That's when I learned the cowboy songs. I never thought I would use them again. But I learned them anyway."

Once again Elizabeth the "great" made her appearance. She handed Ouspenskaya a note. With quick, eager hands she tore it open and scanned the contents. Now those amazing eyes of hers were dancing.

"It is from George Brent," she announced, with the air of a high school girl who had landed a choice date. "He is very sweet. We have been friends since we made 'The Rains Came.'" And then, just to prove she had picked up some good American slang, "I have quite a *crush* on him!"

We talked for a few minutes more. Ouspenskaya went on to tell how desperately she was trying to conquer her fear of driving on winding mountain roads. Of looking down from high places. She admitted she was an extremist—her worst bad habit being that she is never satisfied to stop singing, dancing, almost anything when once she starts. Wisely too she explained it was her nature—one side longing for pleasure, the other longing for perfection. And speaking of perfection, she said: "Human beings are so rich! But some people who lose one thing in life lose life with it. Because they *once* had something, they believe everything is lost. I don't believe it! Yesterday you had one thing. Today, find something else. As long as hands work—as long as there is curiosity and determination—*don't wait*. If hands are cut off, work with toes. But don't wait—use toes while hands are *still working*. I can't abide slow-walking, slow-thinking plodders—those who lack enthusiasm and energy. I would rather forgive energetic people who do wrong than slow saints! We

Whenever you see Betty Grable, she's always with a handsome escort—this time it's Bob Stack, but don't think it's serious just because they've reached the hand-holding stage.

Len Weissman



couldn't fulfill in three lifetimes all there is to do."

We were now at the door. Soon she would be on her way to the Hollywood Bowl to hear Alec Templeton, the blind pianist. She always walks up Highland Avenue to the Bowl. She likes to watch the people. She likes to eavesdrop on their conversations. Where but in Hollywood could you find such an extraordinary personality? What other business could produce such a resourceful woman? From her first salary of \$75 a week—to a reputed \$500 a day! Not bad for an *ugly duckling*!

On the table near the door was a copy of John Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men." Was that one of Ouspenskaya's favorite books? She picked it up. So, her face broke into a wide grin. She was debating whether to express the thought that seemed to be amusing her. Now she was looking for all the world like a strange little pixie.

"I will tell you," she chuckled. "I try to learn at least ten new English words a day. But until I read Mr. Steinbeck's book, I didn't know that a *tart* was something else besides a little cookie!"

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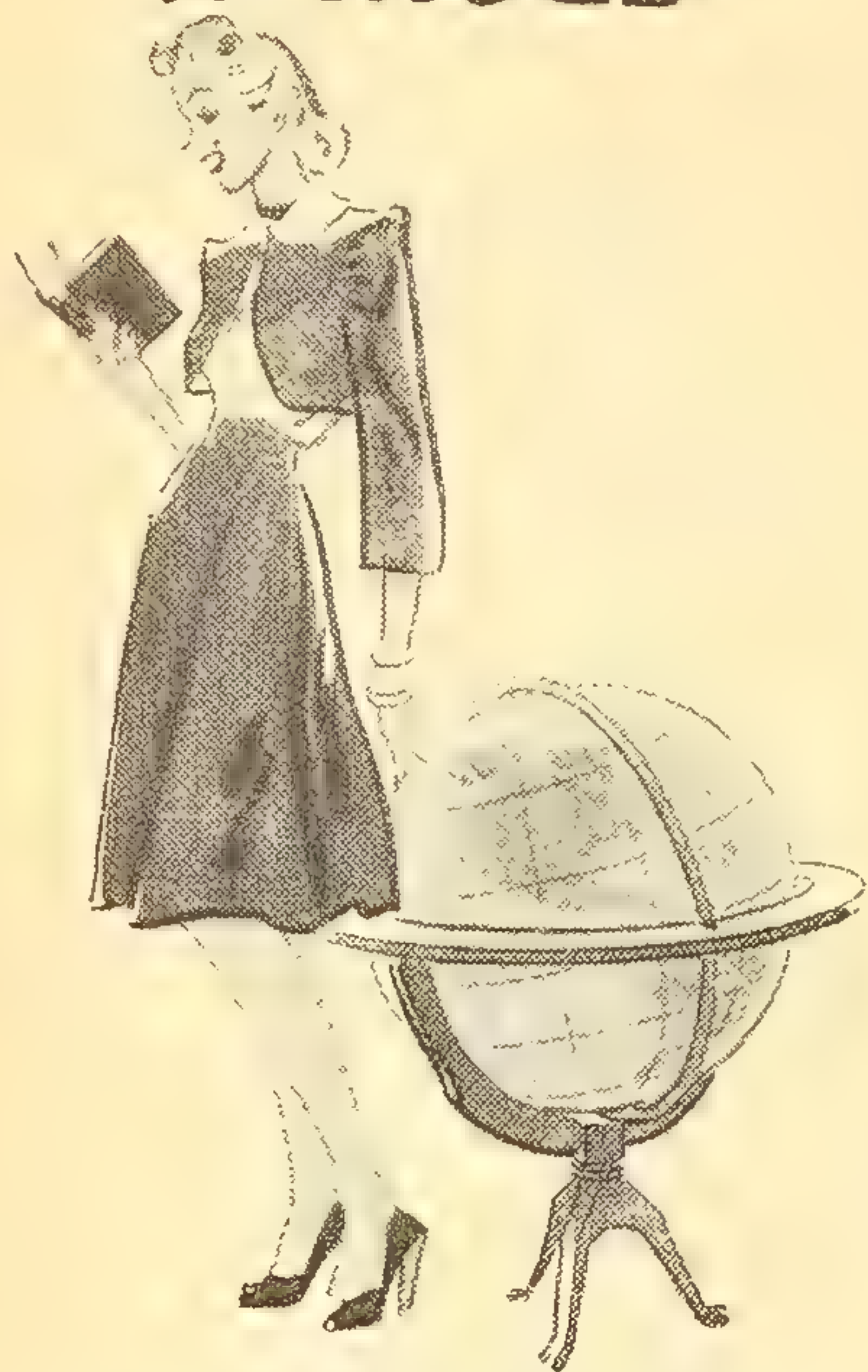
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—by a school teacher

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A Veteran's Advice to Young Americans

Continued from page 34

think I got my first part? Not by telling the casting director how good I was. I tried that first. I'd sort of made a specialty of playing old men, I don't know why, back in my pre-war, fly-by-night days. So that was the 'experience' I talked up. But no one would believe me. I guess I looked too young and they never gave me a chance to show them. So one day I had one of my bright ideas and made the rounds in make-up. I *was* an old man, shuffling gait, stooped shoulders, toothless look. It worked. I got my first job in pictures that day.

"It's not always going to be easy for us who remember 1917 to watch the boys go off for a year in camp—I've got two young fellows of my own and I know—but, after all, it's not to war and it should be the best thing in the world for most of them. Of course, it's not their fault, it's nobody's fault, but look around you today. The kids don't know what to do with themselves. There aren't enough jobs to go around somehow and so there's a lot of idleness when, at their age, there ought to be ambition and hard work.

"Discipline, that's what they need more than anything else and that's what they're going to be getting. Discipline and work. A year of that'll toughen their minds and bodies. It'll quicken their senses, too, make them keener, more alive. But, most important of all for the day when their stretch is over, they will be coming out with an impetus most of them have never had before and it'll be a heck of a lot easier for them to find jobs when they have to start looking around again. You'll see, they'll be brown and fit, full of confidence in their ability to do a good day's work.

"It won't come so easy, perhaps, to those who are already pretty well set in careers of their own, but even they will find something in this free association of all kinds and conditions, living, working, playing together, sharing the daily ups and downs, shouldering their common responsibilities, they couldn't possibly be finding at home. It'll be a new kind of job, granted, but it'll be worth it. Hard, fit, a few of the rough edges rubbed off, they should be ready to take whatever they have to run up against—and just because of this draft business I think you'll be finding things a whale of a lot different the next ten years or so.

"It's all a case of swimming with the stream. If you try to swim against it, you may find yourself just where you were—or a little further down stream—and all worn out at the end of the year. It's an opportunity. Take it and make the most of it.

"Few people associate acting with the Army, but it's where a lot of my experience came from. I'd been given parts in some of the school plays at Rindge Tech back in Cambridge and later had appeared some in small-time vaudeville and musical comedy before I joined up. When they found that out, they gave me a chance to appear in some of the company and regimental shows. So you see there's a lot to being in the Army besides toting a rifle, and almost anybody can find something along his line."

The day after war was declared, Walter Brennan promptly joined up in Boston as a buck private in the 101st Regiment of Field Artillery. That was the old 26th Division of the A.E.F. During the next two years he spent nineteen months in France, nine of which were right up there

in the front line trenches, bearing the brunt of one heavy attack after another. Among the battles in which he saw action were Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne. He was gassed and hospitalized several times and at one time he was fed such a steady dose of the poison that he lost all his teeth and so he has to wear a dental plate, which he has since found a real help in playing old men. By the time he was mustered out at the end of hostilities, he had risen to the rank of corporal. "They'd killed off all the other corporals by then," is the way he puts it, "so it was my turn."

All this incessant action, the rough discipline of Army life at the front, living so long in the very thick of danger, did something to the restless young man from Swampscott, Mass., who had joined up as a lark. "I promised myself solemnly that if ever I was lucky enough to get out of that war in one hunk, I'd lead a quiet, respectable life and be in bed by 8 P.M. every night for a year."

And he did. Directly on receiving his discharge he settled down for just that year, reporting for a financial paper in Boston. The girl he married was Ruth Wells from nearby Salem. She's still his wife after twenty-one years, a living refutation of the Hollywood legend. They have three children, two boys and a girl, and live on a ranch large enough for his oldest son, "Mike," to belong to the 4-H Club.

But Walter didn't come straight from the financial journal in Boston to top character parts in Hollywood. There were a couple of years of raising pineapples in Guatemala, a fling at the real estate boom in Los Angeles and, then, when that collapsed so abruptly in 1923, a long spell of haunting the movie studio gates for extra work.

It was during that spell that he met up with another young fellow named Gary Cooper, and the discouraging experiences they shared for the next few months formed the basis for a friendship that has ripened through the years and helps explain Walter's prominence in the cast of so many of the Gary Cooper pictures you've been seeing.

It was his playing, incidentally, in one of those earlier Cooper pictures—"The Wedding Night"—which finally moved him up and out of the ranks of the extras. Audiences and Sam Goldwyn discovered him simultaneously and he was signed to a long-term contract that is still in force. The only supporting player to do it, he's won the Oscar twice, the first time in 1936 for his work in "Come and Get It," the second two years later in "Kentucky," and he is justly proud of these honors Hollywood awards its own.

The true actor, his hands are in constant motion as he talks and expressions come and go across the mobile face that has lent itself to so many characterizations. Bits out of his past kept cropping up in the conversation and he rambled on from one little anecdote to another. Those first tenderfoot days in the Army, his hopeless struggles with the French language, always a puzzle to him, his later efforts to curb a restless temperament to the mundane demands of financial reporting, even the sad lot of the erstwhile extra came in, now, for its reminiscent chuckle or two. Always it was the droll, the humorous, that he brought out from that varied past of his. Nothing had made him bitter. He had a way of pointing up the most unlikely experience so that it

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took on an entertaining slant all its own.

It became increasingly obvious, however, that, outside of his family, acting was the one serious concern with him. He had a way of coming right back to that. And so I questioned him on how he went about getting certain effects of—well, call it "character in action" for want of any better name.

"The camera doesn't miss a thing," he told me. "It gets everything from the ears up. You've got to think your part through and then live it out under the lights. You have to forget yourself and what you had for breakfast. You have to forget everything but the man you're supposed to be, and every day, until the picture is finished and put on the shelf, you've got to remain that same man, not his brother, not yourself, but that one particular man you're giving life to on the film.

"A week before a picture begins," he went on, "I'll take my script home and go over it thoroughly, page by page, scene by scene, getting closer and closer to the new character until I gradually feel that man is myself. Each character is different from all the others. He has different ways of thinking, of dressing, of carrying himself, and his own way of reacting to certain situations. I try to make that man's personality mine and see things as he would until I've found just the way he, and he alone, would express himself in action." In "Maryland" it came out in the walk, somehow. In "The Westerner" there was something about the sharp eyes, even the eyebrows, that made you see and feel what had made the killer Judge the kind of man he was.

Perhaps it's this sympathy and understanding for others that enables him to make friends so easily. Or it may be the other way around. But Walter Brennan



Len Weissman

Mary Martin, who attended one of the recent film openings with her husband, Richard Halliday, above, smiles at the fans who were on hand to catch a glimpse of the stars.

does have a way of hanging on to his friends. He told me of a young doctor in Presque Isle, Me., who operated on him back in 1916. He never saw the man again, but they've exchanged Christmas cards every year since, even during those years he was abroad with his mind, presumably on grimmer things. And, incidentally, there are scores of friends from those old Army days he still hears from every now and then.

"The Army sure was a lot of fun," he resumed, as the talk jumped all the way back to our original topic. "Some of the boys are due for a big surprise when their turn comes and they find out what it's really like. Hard? Heck, yes! Plenty demanding, too. But so is anything else that's any good. But if they'll be like those Fuller Brush salesmen I was just telling you about, a lot of them are going to find right there in camp the chance they've been looking for, that chance to show what they've got. They're going to discover, a lot of them, unexpected skill for things they'd never have tried out back home. And some of the boys, more than you might think, are going to like it so well that they'll just hang around after their stretch is over and join up again for more of the same. There's something about the life that's apt to get you, maybe it's the friends you make, the new ideas about life you're picking up all the time. And a lot of the others are going to get their start, are going to be given some real training they never had before, and those boys will have something new to offer when they get out. After all, a year's not so long when a fellow's young." He grinned across at me, blue eyes very warm and friendly, as he added, "Yes, sir. It'll be worth watching for, the difference, in the next few years."

LOST AMONG THE
LIPSTICKS?...JUST

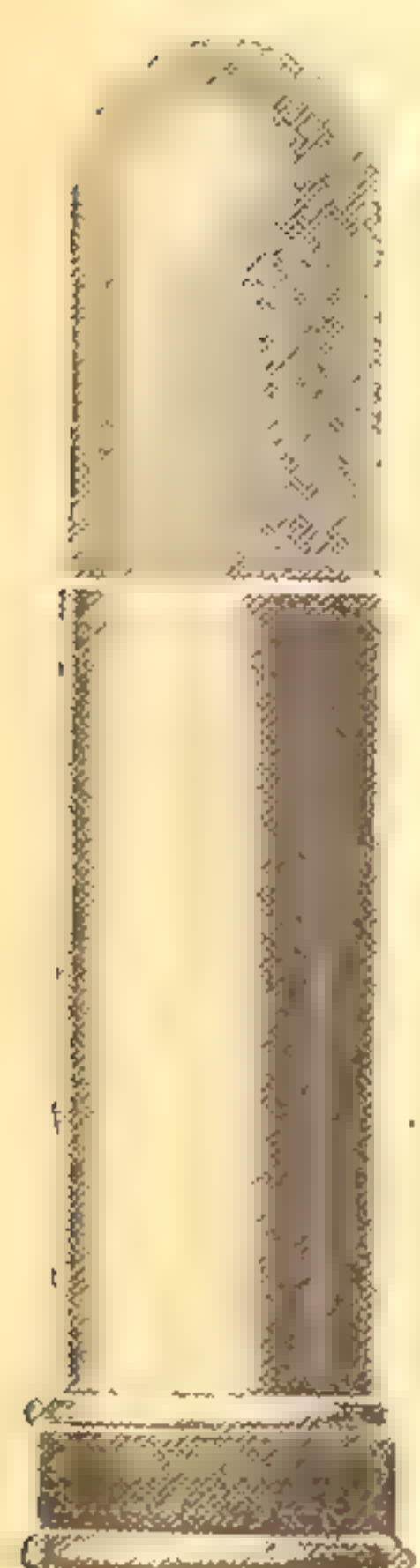
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Ray Milland's hobby is wood-work and he has turned out many fine pieces, most of which are in use in his home. At right, Milland is shown working on a lathe in the shop in his Beverly Hills home.



Beginning Ray Milland's Romantic Life Story

Continued from page 33

a jewel in the making. She reminded him that he'd always been seasick on boats. Oh, not on this boat he wouldn't. This boat was different. Besides, think of all the fresh air they'd get!

He rushed the job through. Life was arid till he could step foot on his own craft. The builders wore beards the day it was launched, having worked through a forty-eight-hour stretch. The Millands went off on a weekend cruise. What with taxis dodging in and out of the harbor, the buoy breaking loose, and other complications unforeseen by the captain, he was up all night. Next day he showed at the shipyards. "I want you to sell my boat." He shrugged off the answering clamor with a scowl. "I just don't like yachting!"

It's the incurable romantic in Milland that precipitates these moves. A boat conjures up an image of poetry on water, and the obstacles between him and achievement of that image fade out. By the same token, a pair of ice-skates in a showcase will bring a vision of himself skimming over ice. So he'll buy them, though he doesn't skate. There was the time when money was scarce and Ray came home, bearing a gem-studded accordion, price \$325, which had taken his eye in a shop window. Fifteen dollars down, a contract signed, and the treasure was his. "What are you going to do with it?" asked his wife. "Learn to play it." Two days later he sneaked back to the shop, left the accordion on the counter, and skipped. He never found out why they didn't dun him.

There was also the time when Mrs. Milland opened the door to a man who said, "Where shall I put the horse?"

"What horse?"

"Mr. Milland ordered a horse."

"Just take it away quietly," she whispered. And later, "Did you order a horse, Jack?"

"Oh-h, not exactly. Just said I thought I might be able to use one."

Incidentally, he *does* know what to do with a horse. He could probably give points to a circus-rider. But their living quarters had been fashioned to accommodate nothing more ambitious in four feet than a Scottie.

He knows what to do with an airplane too. Mrs. Milland found herself seated beside Ruth Elder one day at a country club luncheon. "Your husband was out looking at my plane," said Miss Elder pleasantly. Mal turned hot and cold. "He seems bent on buying it, though it's not a very good plane."

"I'll tell him you said so," Mal interposed hastily.

"Oh, I've told him that, but he seems to think it's a bargain."

Mal rests her hopes in the difficulty of buying a plane out of a limited spending allowance for extras.

Mal is short for Muriel. Hollywood pays her the highest compliment within its gift by saying "there's nothing Hollywood about her." She has a lovely face, framed in prematurely gray hair, and a lovelier smile. Her eyes have the candor of a child's, and her voice is a throaty contralto, easy on the ears. People who know her well say she belongs on top of a Christmas tree. Ray says he never wanted or expected to marry until he met her. She calls him Jack, because he was christened Reginald, which sissy name he so loathed from childhood that, when he could, he'd pass himself off as Jack. She thinks it's a wife's first job to make her husband happy and sees nothing revolutionary in the idea, even in Hollywood. On the contrary, she calls it enlightened selfishness. Unless he's happy, she's not.

He's a fellow of quirks, unpredictably sunny or morose. X finds him charming, Y finds him churlish, the difference generally lying in the difference *he* finds between X and Y. He likes whom he likes, and whom he doesn't he turns his back on, a rare enough kind of honesty in the movie colony. He's been called anti-social which, in Hollywoodese, means that you don't want to be entirely surrounded by people. He says that a lot of them around all the time give him claustrophobia.

This has caused Mal her awkward moments, but through the years she's adjusted herself. He'll come home from the studio to a dinner party of six arranged weeks before, and demand in an aggrieved roar why she always wants to fill the house with people. Or due at a dinner party

themselves, she'll find herself obliged to phone excuses at the last moment. This no longer bothers her. Their intimates know and understand Jack, and the rest don't matter. A rabid reader, he'll sit among a roomful of talkers with his nose in a book, or retire at ten with a jovial, "Glad I don't have to go out into the cold like you fellows." "He means it, too," says Mal, softly. "Don't think for a minute he's being funny." On the other hand, they'll go to a party with Ray sternly insisting before they set out on leaving early. It will then happen that his wife can't drag him away till cockcrow.

He's the original "far-fields-are-greenest" kid. He started running away at seven, not from anything, but toward some imagined enchantment. His childhood was bedevilled by an itch to find out what was at the end of the street or round the other side of the mountain. In Neath, his birthplace, church kept three times on Sundays. The first morning he was sent alone, he headed for the seashore, where a policeman found him at sunset and carried him home.

He took his family for granted. His only brother died at the age of five. His three younger sisters were useful to wheedle coppers out of, but otherwise nonexistent. He was too wrapped up in himself, he'll tell you, to bother about anyone else. His mother spelled protection, his father discipline. He continued to run away regularly on Sundays and go supperless to bed, which hurt his mother more than it did him. With her it was a system. The moment he appeared in the policeman's tow, she'd make a great stir about packing him off to bed, "and no supper, mind you." This was so the world could bear witness, when father came home, that Reg had been punished, thus averting more severe and rigorous measures at the paternal hand.

Came the time when father caught up with his son. Tired of running away on two feet and getting nowhere, he and a friend laid plans to depart on a boat. They took food, but no water, and crawled into hiding at five one evening. As they heard the masts creak and felt the ship bob and sway, their young hearts swelled to adventure. At dawn they peered out. The bobbing and swaying had been caused by outgoing tides. They were still fast to the



Ona Munson, who's appearing in "Lady from New Orleans," gets ready to pour a glass of her favorite and refreshing soft drink.

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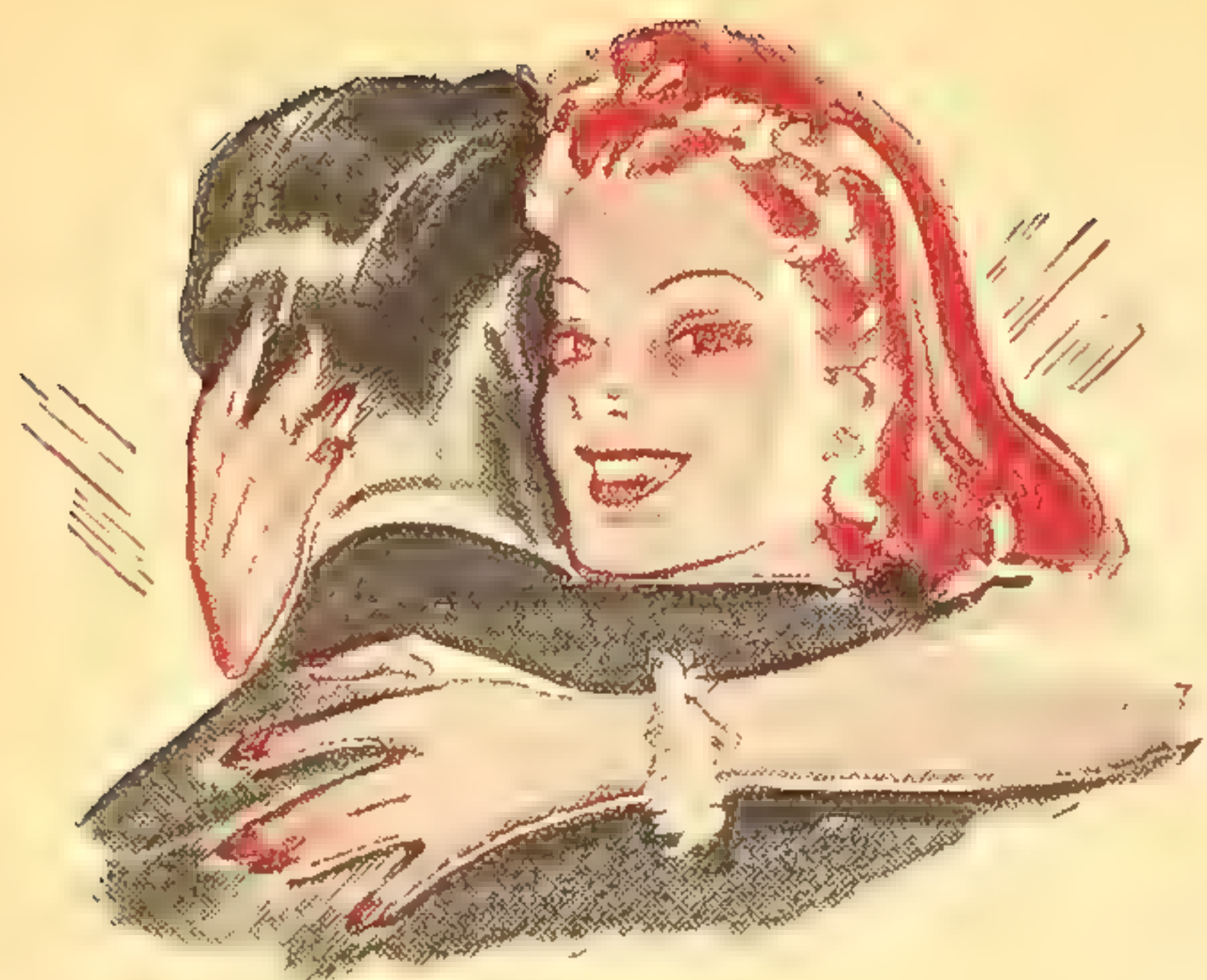
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wharf. Food gone, throats parched, life a husk, they crept home. Ray really got it that time—with a toasting-fork four feet long, the first thing his father could lay hands on. Next day he was gazing into the window of a shipping agency, wondering how long it would take him to coax enough pennies from his sisters for passage to Canada at seventeen pounds ten. Canada and Texas were his Meccas. He read all the Westerns he could lay hands on, and cried his heart out one night because the cowboys in his current opus didn't wear guns.

His taste for travel was gratified in a minor way when his father, an industrial engineer, moved the family to Cardiff for business reasons. School absorbed him for a while. Adventures of the mind compensated for the lack of physical adventure. A brilliant student, he was entered for Kings College at twelve and a half, with other advanced students too young to go to the university. Presently he was fifteen, still too young for Cambridge, and with feet that itched all the more for their long inactivity. His uncle owned a small shipping line that traded in the Mediterranean. He coaxed his father to let him go as a cabin boy. It wasn't the sea that lured him, but the sound of faraway names and the smell of strange ports. Indeed, he soon got his fill of sailing. The Mediterranean venture was followed by a cruise to Australia with his mother, on the understanding that he would ship back from Port Lincoln as member of the crew of a five-master. The privations and terrors of that trip round dreaded Cape Horn, with two boys washed overboard—one under his horrified eyes—gave him an appreciation of commonplace earth that he'd lacked before.

Millard the elder, pleased that his scheme had worked, beamed approval as the returned rover took his exams, passed them and entered Cambridge. He stayed exactly six months, having reached the considered conclusion that four years were an awful lump out of a man's life and that precious little learning was done at Cambridge anyway. His long-suffering parent was understandably outraged. "Well, what in the name of God do you want to do?"

"I'd like to try the army."

The next several years proved completely satisfying. After eight months as lieutenant in the Cheshire Yeomanry, he was accepted for the Household Cavalry, the King's personal bodyguard on state occasions. As a member of that traditionally romantic organization, he was in social demand—a demand which his personal dash did nothing to weaken. He wore eye-filling uniforms, as becoming to him as he was to them. He went to riding school and became an expert horseman. He went to Paris and became a connoisseur of wine, women and song. His father, relieved to have got his changeling child settled, supplemented his pay with an allowance. He had a whale of a time till a banking crash hit his father. Among other luxuries, one cavalryman had to be dropped from the budget. At twenty-one, without money, job or profession, Ray was catapulted from glamor into reality.

One evening the phone rang in the flat of Estelle Brody, an English actress now married in Hollywood. A friend was asking if he could bring a young man around, said young man being on his uppers, untrained to labor, so the only thing left was the stage. The friend was prayerful and insistent. He arrived, accompanied by something resplendent in tails and a dark male attractiveness. "Is *this* what needs a job!" gasped Miss Brody. Persuaded at length that the tails represented a last faint glimmer of glory, she told him to meet her at the studio next morning.



Bette Davis and Arthur Farnsworth are pictured cutting the wedding cake following their surprise marriage. Watch for our next month's fictionization of Bette's new film, "The Bride Came C. O. D.," which co-stars Jimmy Cagney.

He was engaged for the day as atmosphere. "Where's your makeup?" bellowed whoever was paid to bellow.

"I don't know. What's that?" An extra took him away and made him up, he swears, to look like Theda Bara. He'd been on the set an hour when a couple of guys came over and examined his eyes, his teeth, his nose. "What am I?" he asked. "A horse up for sale?" They sent him to the casting office, he was signed for the picture and shipped to Scotland, where he loafed at six dollars a day. They didn't even use him for atmosphere.

From this he drew the canny conclusion that acting was the only profession that paid you for not knowing your job. It was therefore custom-tailored for him. He managed to get himself a spot with a small provincial company, where they taught him to walk across the stage instead of running like hell for the nearest exit. Returned to London, he talked an agent into handling him.

"I can't get you another sharpshooter," he heard this agent shouting over the phone one day. "What do you want me to do? Pick one off a telegraph post?"

"Who wants a sharpshooter?" asked Ray. The agent named a director who was making a picture called "The Informer." The German sharpshooter he'd hired was down with pneumonia. "I'm going after that job," said Ray.

"Hey, they want a real sharpshooter," the agent yelled after him.

"I'm pretty good," Ray yelled back.

The director asked for his credentials. "What do you mean, credentials? I was British Army champion for three years."

"You're not a professional?"

"You don't have to be a professional to be good."

They escorted him to a set forty feet long, fixed a sixpence to the wall, chalked a ring around it and gave him a Browning repeating rifle, which has fourteen shots in it. Ray took one shot. The direction was perfect, the elevation low. He adjusted his arm and shot the other thirteen into one and the same hole. The effect was spectacular. They thought he was William Tell. He wiped his forehead, knowing that in a thousand years he couldn't repeat. Luckily, he didn't have to. He was given the job at eleven dollars a day.

One morning he was standing on a parallel fixed outside the set, ready to imitate a machine gun shooting through the window. From below a voice asked what he was doing. "Just standing around." "When do you break for lunch?" "About an hour." "Put on some dirty makeup and a muffler round your throat, and come over to the other set. I want to make a test."

On the other set they gave him no lines. "Just act tough," they said. He used all the language he'd learned in barracks and stables, and it was apparently quite adequate.

"The leading man broke his leg," they told him. "Report at three." Characteristically, only then did he remember that he had another job. Characteristically, he expected the other director to be thrown into transports of joy by his good fortune. He was honestly amazed at the storm that broke over his head. Eventually it was settled. He was to do all the necessary shooting during his lunch hour. For fourteen weeks he ate no lunch.

The picture completed, he was signed to a six months' contract, drew his pay and did nothing. (Hollywood has no monopoly on that trick.) He improved his time by taking tap lessons. One afternoon he was tapping alone at the studio, feeling none too bright, for his contract was up next day. A couple of men walked in, stood around, walked out. He paid them no heed, intent on his feet and his troubles. The manager presently appeared. "You've got an audition tomorrow. Be here promptly at eleven."

"With whom? Mickey Mouse?"

"Didn't you talk to Mr. Charlot?"

Ray's feet came to rest. Give it to me again, and give it to me gently, brother."

"Charlot was in here, fathead, and wants you at the Hippodrome tomorrow."

At nine thirty he phoned the studio. They regretted, etc.—his option would not be renewed. At eleven he entered the Hippodrome—best suit, brand new tap shoes, under his arm a ditty called *Lucky Me, Lovable You*. The place swarmed with professionals. Milland's name was called. He handed his dinky roll to the pianist, "Lucky me, lovable you," he warbled, his voice rising to heights beyond his control.

He stopped the slaughter himself. "Let's go into the dance."



Brenda Joyce is another Hollywood girl who recently took the marital step. This picture of Brenda and her good-looking husband, Owen Ward, was taken shortly after their marriage.

*Jane Russell and Jack Buettel in Howard Hughes' "The Outlaw". For romantic hands, use Jergens Lotion.



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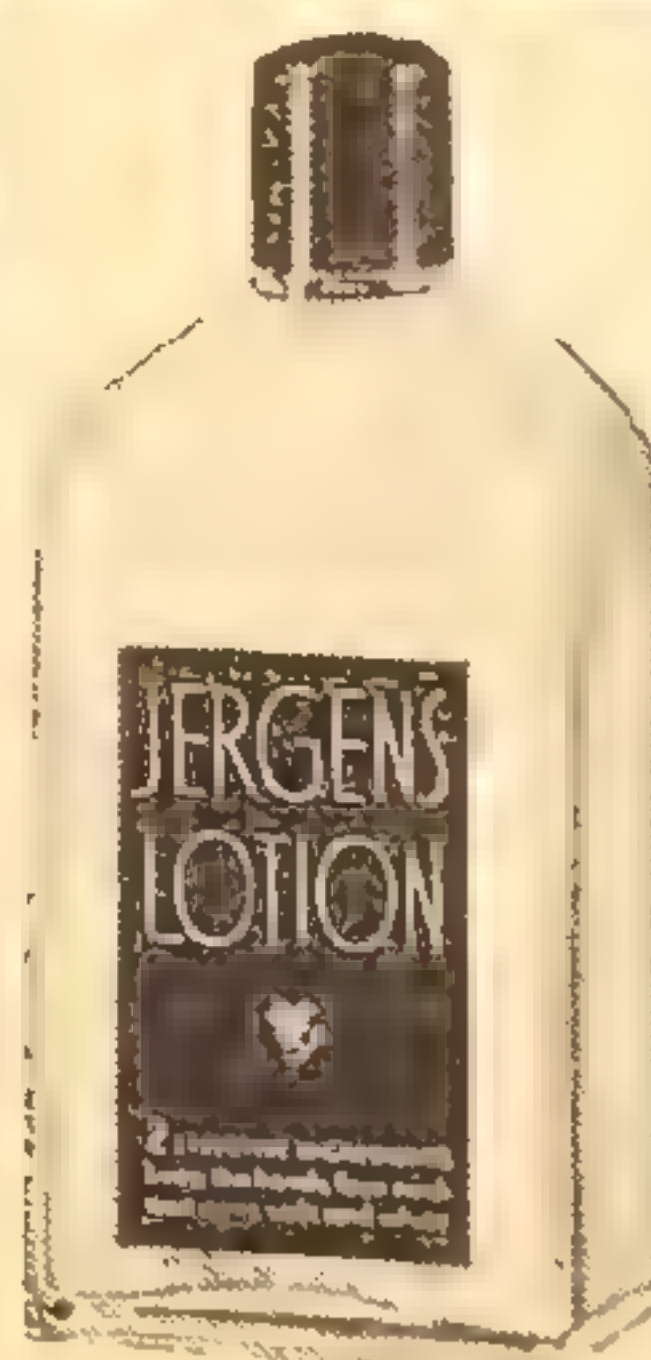
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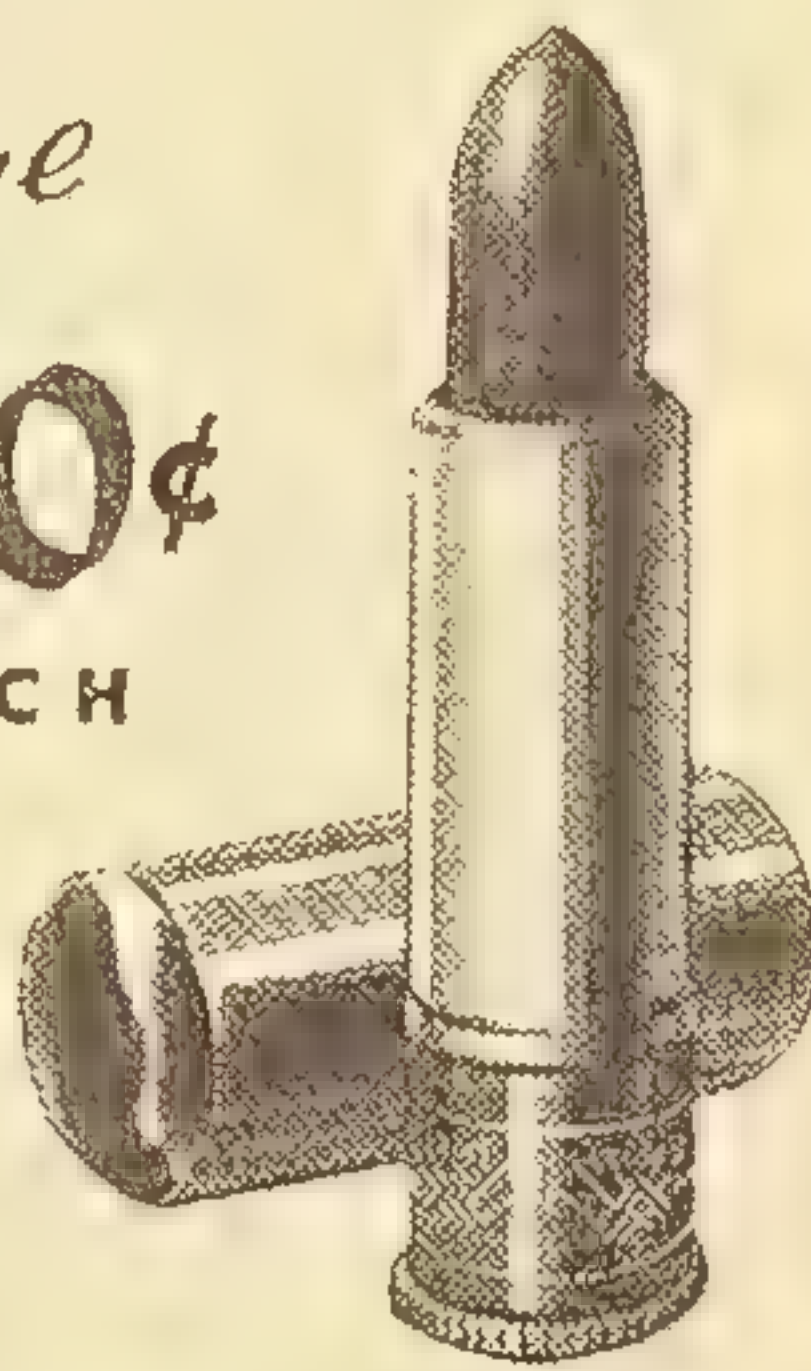
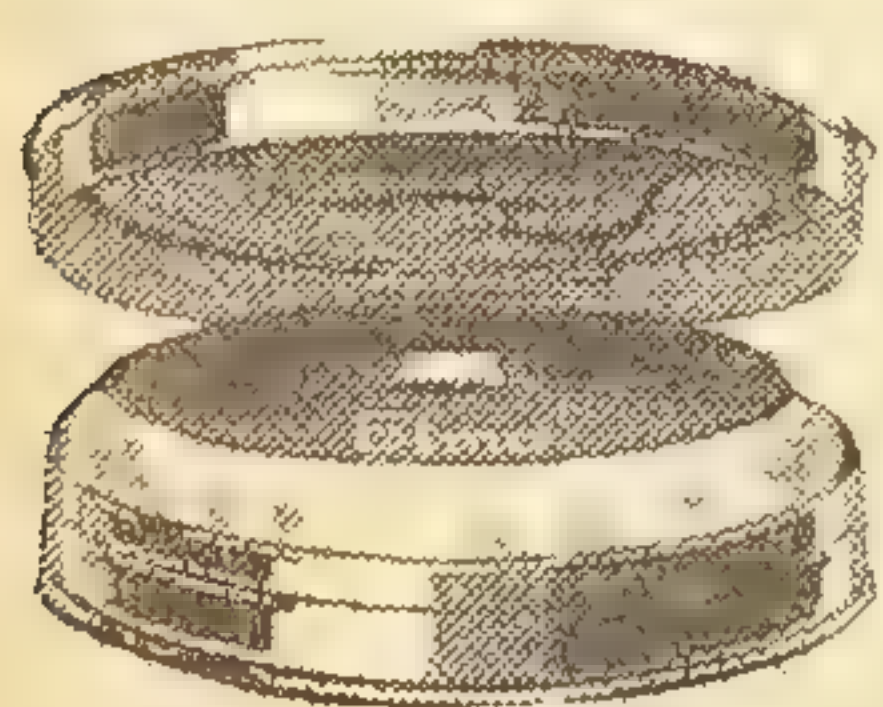
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This scene from Bette Davis' new starring picture, "The Great Lie," film version of Polan Banks' novel, "January Heights," shows Bette with Mary Astor, who plays the "other woman" in the picture. George Brent is the co-star and the man in the case.

"Buck?" inquired the obliging pianist. Ray didn't know what buck meant. He started a softshoe. His rhythm was all right, the pianist's was too, but they had no meeting ground. "Hell, I quit," snarled Ray and walked off.

A soft voice in an iron glove called him back. Mr. Charlott addressed him from the pit. "Where are your manners, young man? In this profession, you do as you're told. If you're not good enough, you're not good enough, and it's for me to say. Dance, please."

The pianist played it differently. Ray danced and began to enjoy it. Charlott signed him for three revues. He'd been rehearsing a week for the first one, when lightning struck again. An American, lurching like himself at the Carlton, kept eying him and finally came over. "Are you an actor? Pictures? How many?"

"Just one," said Ray and named it.

Early the following morning the phone rang. J. Robert Rubin of Metro was calling. Could Mr. Milland stop in to see him at ten?

Mr. Rubin said, "I ran that picture of yours yesterday afternoon. I think you have possibilities. Here's a five-year contract, starting at one fifty and going up to eight fifty. You'll have to sail for the States next Wednesday."

Undeterred by the spectre of Mr. Charlott and his contract, Ray signed, then paused for reflection. "Wait a minute. I've got a contract. Never mind." He grinned his most brilliant and patted Mr. Rubin's shocked shoulder. "I'll get out of it."

Mr. Charlott was very pleasant and equally firm. He had no intention of releasing Mr. Milland. On that note the interview began and ended. All the blandishments, hitherto so effective, proved sterile here. To another man, it would have been apparent that he'd struck rock. Ray dashed up and down London, routing out friends who loved him and knew Mr. Char-

lot. A day or two later he was summoned to the presence, who spoke in the measured tones of wrath controlled. "Young man, you've set all London storming at my doors. In self-defense, I shall tear up your contract, providing you pay fifty pounds to the Actors' Orphanage."

He had to borrow eleven to make up the fifty. That night he phoned Estelle Brody. "Come out and have some champagne with me."

"At this hour?"

"It's to celebrate. I'm going to Hollywood."

"When?"

"Next Wednesday on the Majestic."

"I don't believe it. Have you got your quota number?"

"What's a quota number? I'll get it tomorrow if I must. Tonight's for champagne."

Next morning he presented himself at the consulate. "I'm going to America and I want a quota number." The girl at the desk handed him an interminable form to fill in. This he regarded as a nuisance, but obliged. He was told to report to the doctor for a physical examination. "All right. Now look. I'm leaving next Wednesday on the Majestic—"

She lifted tranquil eyes. "No, you're not, sonny. You won't get your quota number for six months."

That stopped sonny but not for long. He leaned his elbow on the desk, his cheek on his elbow, and went to work on the girl. That night an actor took her out dancing—wait'll I tell you, girls—and didn't get home till four A.M. But when the Majestic sailed the following Wednesday, he was on it.

What happened to our hero in Hollywood?

Read the second instalment of "Ray Milland's Romantic Life Story" in the next issue of SCREENLAND.

Store Directory

Fashions featured on Pages 62 and 63 will be found in the following stores and in others in principal cities throughout the country.

Ensembles by Lido Sportswear, Inc.
462 Seventh Avenue, New York

Fowler, Dick, Walker, Binghamton, N. Y.
J. N. Adam & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago, Ill.
Halle Bros., Cleveland, O.
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Wm. Filenes Sons Co., Inc., Boston, Mass.
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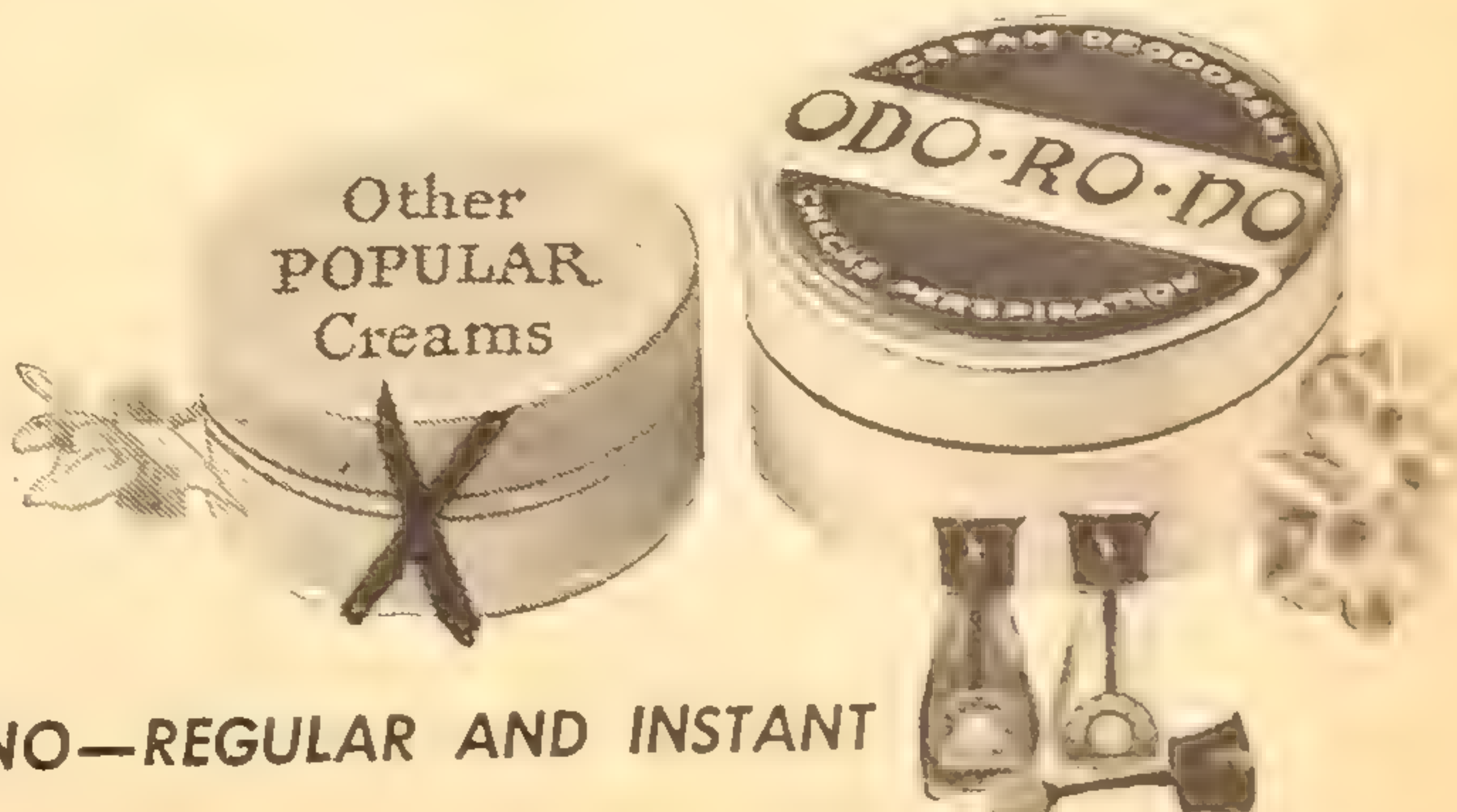
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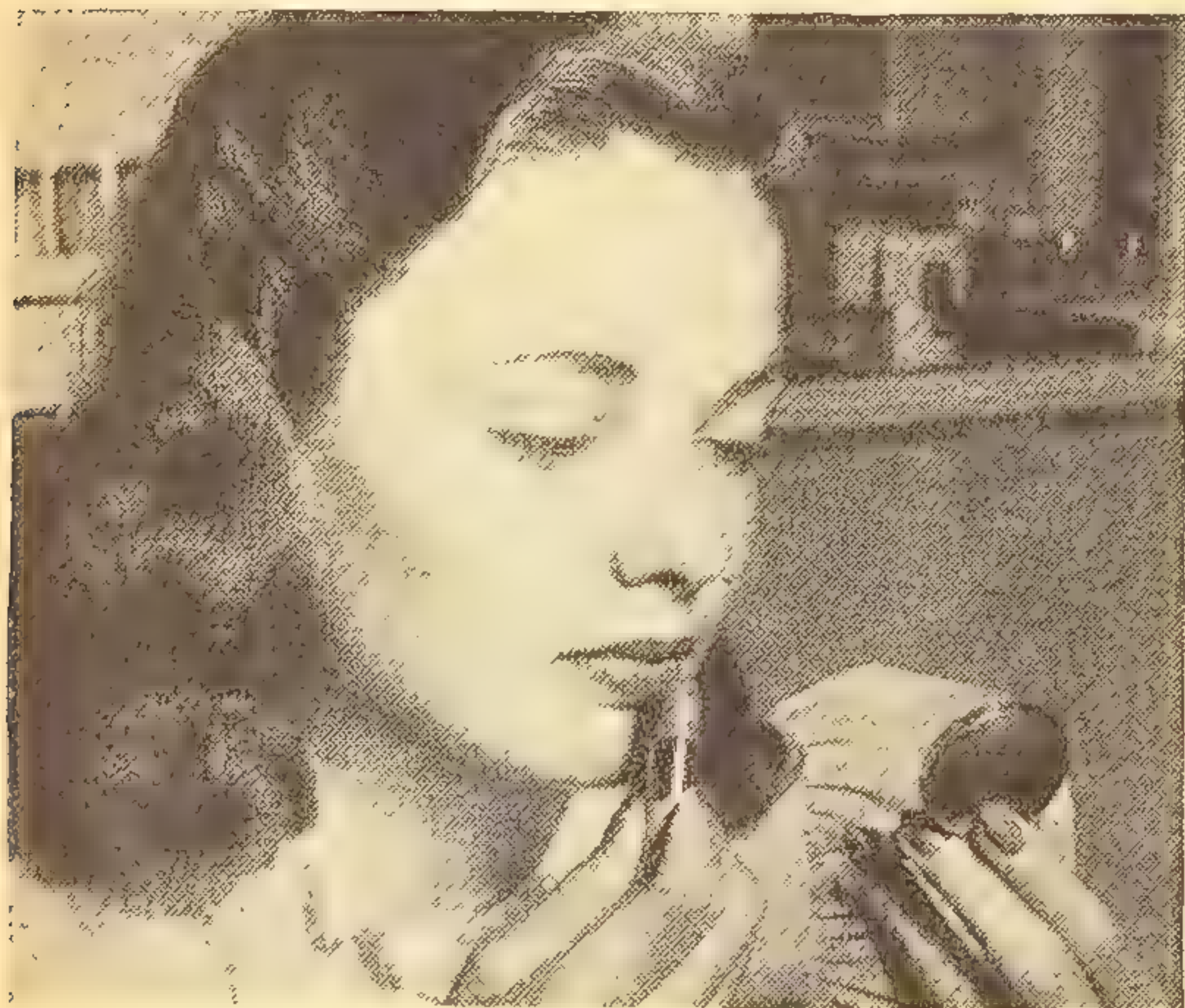
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F-4

Inside the Stars' Home

Continued from page 15

You see, Jackie Cooper has his own band, so when we go there couples usually break out and dance in his playroom, but it's a big place. When I'm entertaining any great number, I take them to Lakeside Golf Club, where we can swim or play golf or something. Here we seem to talk a lot. Or maybe we're just at the talking age!"

Bonita is certain that her mother is the cleanest person in the whole world and just as sure that she will be exactly like her mother! She exclaimed: "We simply must have a bathroom for every bedroom. If we only had three bedrooms, we'd have three bathrooms, too, we used to say, when we were drawing up plans. Now everybody laughs at my bathroom, it's so enormous that it's a chore to keep it immaculate. But I'm mad about it. It's pale blue with silver fish swimming around on the walls, a sunken tub, shower and whatnot. Then another bathroom is dark red and white, rather stunning, we think."

The pink tufted satin bed is in a Louis XV room of delicate pastels. It looks just as you'd expect Bonita's room to look—a perfect background for a blonde.

The "gang" is composed of most of the young players who worked in "Gallant Sons" and includes also members of Jackie Cooper's band, Judy Garland and other young Hollywoodians. They like to come by twos, threes, fours and sometimes more, to talk over pictures, to talk over the world, to talk about "life." They usually make candy, stir up a favorite dessert, or just rob the ice-box.

"The gang's most favorite food is charcoal broiled steak," related Bonita. "But we also broil chickens on charcoal, and you've never tasted anything until you've had a charcoal broiled chicken! I can't cook—except fudge—and when we're together, the boys usually do the broiling. It's enough to drive any cook crazy to hear the kids' orders. 'I want my steak nice and brown on the outside but real red on the inside, yet not raw,' somebody will say, and the next one wants a fine buttery crust on his, and another wants it well-done with the juice running out. Oh, we have lots of fun!"

A member of the gang, duly entreated, provided the recipe for charcoal broiled chicken:

CHARCOAL BROILED CHICKEN

Have broiler split in two and backbone and breast taken out. Make broiler seasoning of salt, pepper and paprika and Wesson's oil. Rub the chicken well and put it on the broiler away from charcoal so it does not burn. Brown well, both sides, cook about 20 minutes.

"With the steak or chicken we have French fried potatoes, green string beans, green salads and dessert. Of course, if I'm entertaining more than half a dozen, we serve buffet style, with cold meats, a hot dish that is sometimes just a hot vegetable, salads, several kinds, and ice cream and cake.

"I know a dish the kids are crazy about! Fish Puffs, we call it, and we serve them for buffet supper, Sunday morning breakfast, luncheon, or whatever."

FISH PUFFS

1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup (*Campbells*)
2 ounces Velveeta cheese (*Kraft*)
3 eggs, separated
2 cups soft bread crumbs (2-3 slices of bread)
1½ cups flaked cooked fish (halibut, bass, flounder, trout, pike)
Empty the can of mushroom soup in

a saucepan and mix well. Add cheese and heat until cheese has melted in the sauce. Stir in one egg yolk at a time and mix thoroughly after each egg is added. Remove from fire and add the soft bread crumbs and flaked fish. When mixture is cool, fold in the beaten egg whites. Then turn into individual buttered dishes and bake about an hour in a moderate (350°) oven. Serves 6.

"A hot dish that's a little different is escalloped corn and celery. Nearly everyone likes it."

ESCALLOPED CORN AND CELERY

2 cups corn (Del Monte)



Bonita Granville loves to have fresh flowers around the house and here she's arranging some for the living room. Members of the "gang" like to take turns playing the piano while all the others gather around and sing.

1 cup celery (chopped fine)
1 small green pepper, chopped
1 cup buttered dry bread crumbs
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup Carnation evaporated milk
Arrange corn, celery, pepper and crumbs in layers in a buttered baking dish. Scald milk, add butter and salt and pour over vegetables. Cover with crumbs and bake 30 to 40 minutes at 325°. Eight servings.

Bonita isn't eighteen yet, so there's school to reckon with, as well as pictures to make, but once she has finished her Board of Education required courses, she's going in for a course in home management.

"Mother thinks every girl should learn how to run a home and how to do everything in it before she marries," she confided, "and Mother and I think alike about most things. I am sure that the reason Mother gets on so well with housekeepers and maids is because they respect her. They know that she can do everything she asks them to do, and she can show them how to do what she asks, if they can't do it. I want to be like that. At the moment, my one cooking triumph is a special kind of fudge. I'll make some for you now. Jackie thinks it's because I put baking powder in mine that it's extra-special. But anyway, this is it."

BONITA FUDGE

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup white sugar
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
- 1 piece of butter
- 1 teaspoon vanilla (Burnett's)
- 2 squares Baker's chocolate
- 1 teaspoon baking powder (Royal)
- Nuts

Shave the chocolate into the sugar, cream butter and sugar, add milk. When on the fire, stir as little as possible. Remove from fire when it forms a soft ball in water and beat thoroughly. Add baking powder and vanilla after the candy is cooked, while beating. Pour over nuts in a buttered pan.

Bonita put on a fluffy apron to make the fudge in her yellow-and-white kitchen. Over the making, she decided not to marry for three or four years yet, because a girl of twenty-one or two might change her mind on the subject of men. "But if I still feel the same way then, I'd know I wouldn't change," she added, somewhat vaguely, with a bright blush.

If you want to please a young crowd, you should specialize in really yummy candy, according to Bonita. Here are some of the Granville candies that are welcomed by Bonita's gang.

LEMON CIRCLES

Stir together 2 cups sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water and 4 tablespoons lemon juice. Boil without stirring to the firm ball stage. Chill and beat until the mixture begins to have a cloudy appearance. Add yellow coloring. Drop in circles on waxed paper.

PRALINES

- 1 pound brown sugar
- 1 cup pecans
- 1 teaspoon butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Burnett's vanilla
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water

Boil water and sugar together until it forms a soft ball in water (238 degrees). Remove from fire and add vanilla and butter. Beat until it thickens slightly, then add nuts and beat vigorously until the mixture begins to sugar. Quickly drop by spoonfuls onto thick waxed paper. Distribute the nuts well when dropping the mixture. Makes 12 pralines.

CARAMEL APPLES

- 2 cups white sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar
- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup Karo white corn syrup
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup cream or top milk
- 2 teaspoons Burnett's vanilla

Combine all ingredients except vanilla in heavy saucepan and place over low heat and cook slowly to 246 degrees F. until a firm ball is formed when a little of the mixture is dropped into cold water.

Stir almost constantly to prevent

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scorching. An asbestos mat under the pan will also help to keep it from scorching.

Remove the mixture from the heat, add vanilla, and cool until it thickens somewhat. Have the apples washed and well-dried and chilled, and also have a stout wooden skewer thrust into the stem end of each apple to form a handle.

Quickly dip each apple into the caramel mixture, and twist until the apple is evenly covered. Drain on waxed paper.

This will make enough caramel mixture to cover 6 to 9 apples, depending on the size.

"There's a candy-cake-bar that we all like a lot, called Dream Bars," added my hostess. "Do try it. We're all mad about it!"

DREAM BARS

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar (brown)
- 1 cup flour

Mix together till it's a crumbly mass and put into a large flat pan covering the bottom. Bake in a moderate oven 375 degrees for 10 minutes. Set aside to cool.

- 2 eggs
- 1 teaspoon Burnett's vanilla
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups coconut
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 teaspoon Royal Baking powder
- 2 tablespoons flour

Beat eggs, vanilla and sugar together. Mix flour, salt and baking powder; sift over coconut and nuts, then add to egg mixture and pour onto the baked crust, spreading evenly, and bake 375 degrees for 20 minutes. Cool and cut in bars.

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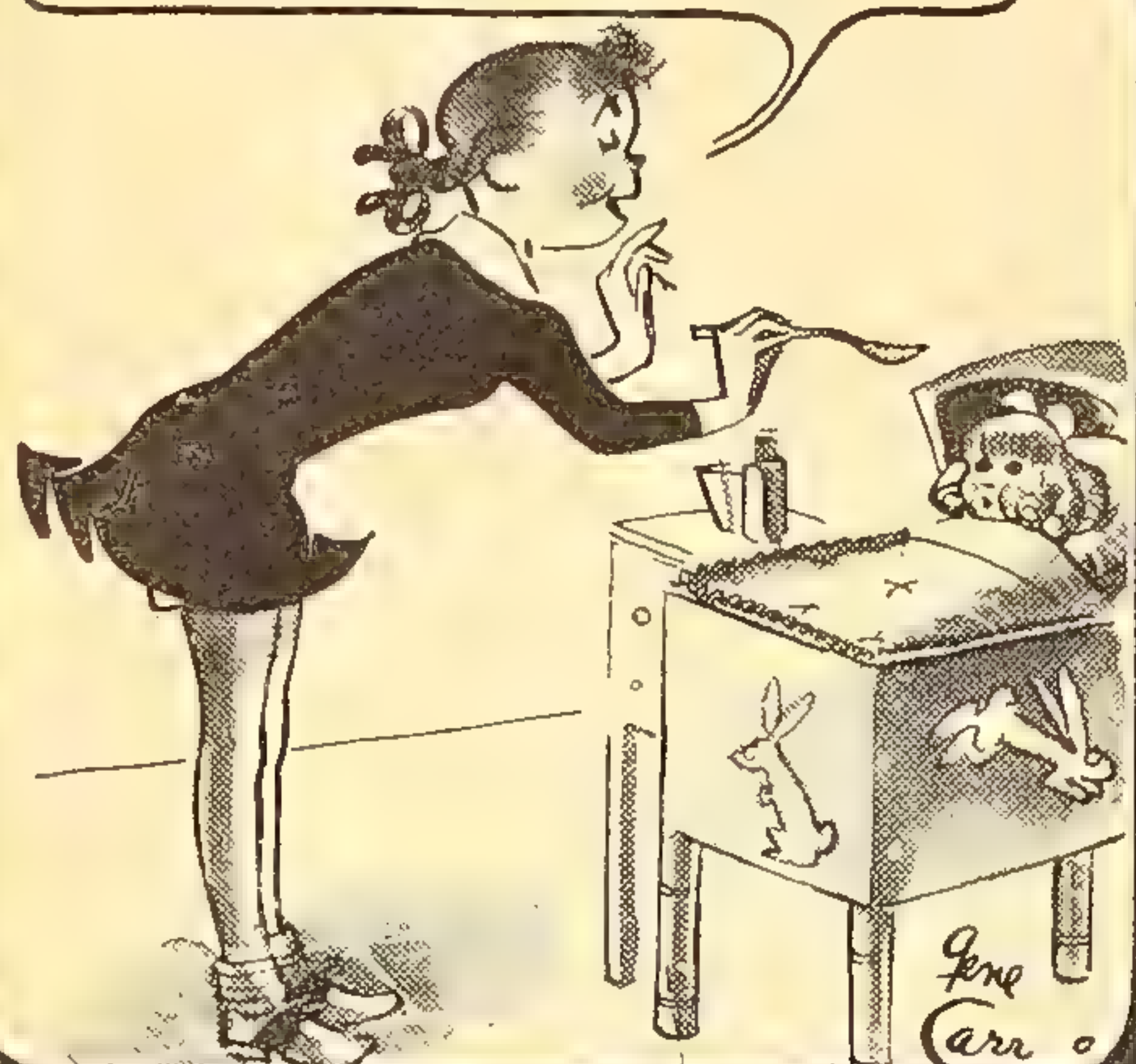


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Re-Design Your Figure

Continued from page 61

YOU'LL LIKE IT, BABY—
ONEIDA'S ON
THE BACK



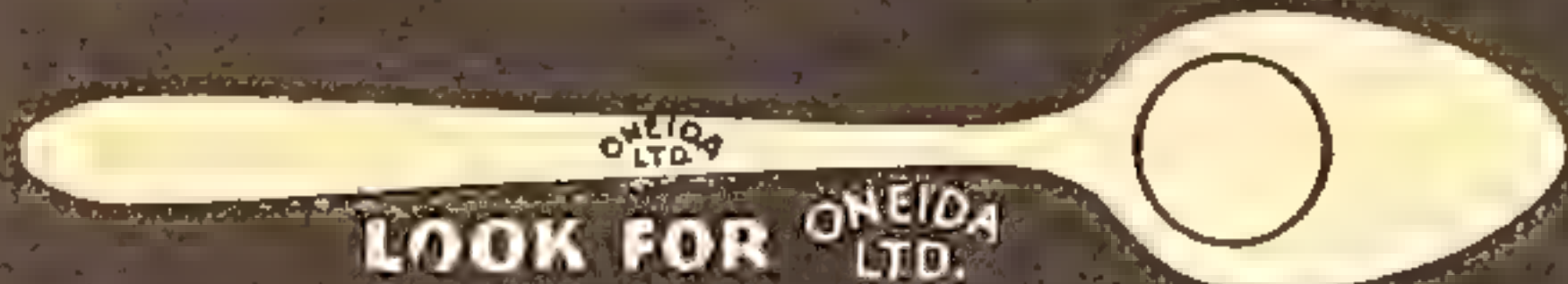
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in the past. Exclusion was its significance then; inclusion is its significance today. Be sure to eat what you need in your diet, but not what you don't need.

The second ingredient is exercise. Exercise is the boon that enables you to take it off here and put it on there, or to take it off and throw it away. You can work on a part of you, your hips, for example, your arms, your legs, or wherever you are a little overdone, and you needn't disturb the good parts, if you know what you are doing. Exercise is also a wonderful stimulant. It is an eye-opener, and even the perfect girl should know a few good toning up movements to keep her bright-eyed and alert and to assure her good lines remaining as they are.

The third step of the recipe is posture, because you can instantly do many wonderful and interesting things, such as replacing a too prominent rear with a gently curved line, raising a chest so that you have a clear-cut, sculptured effect, instead of a snug little mealbag effect. In fact, you can make yourself look taller and lithier, even when you are not, and add all kinds of fascinating facets to your personality.

With correct choice of clothes, you can create good optical illusions. This is particularly important when your figure difficulty is one that simply cannot be remedied, like a large-boned frame, lack of height, too much height, etc. Line, design and color help you out here.

Good sense about yourself will do wonders. It will enable you to rejoice when you improve even a little; to console you when you realize you simply can't do anything about the hips from the front view, because bones, not flesh, give them that width. It will enable you to take what you have and make the best of it, and enjoy doing it.

If you can, by all means join a class or group for figure improvement. "Schools" for this purpose have sprung up like mushrooms all over the country in larger cities, and have been very successful because there was a crying need for them. The advantage of these organized groups is that you get individual analysis and advice and instruction. You do what is right for you, without giving a hang what your neighbor is doing, because her problem may be entirely different from your own. Another's keen, trained eyes sees you as you should be, rather than your own, probably pretty bilged and biased about yourself. Then, there is the incentive of fair competition. And do we like this? Remember school when you could do something better than anybody else and made no bones about it? Then, too, group work is fun. You don't mind that first bit of body suffering over the bumping exercise if the others are suffering, too. In fact, it's funny. In fact, it's funnier than you think if you could stand at the sidelines and look on. But seriously, even a short regimen of this sort can work wonders. It can teach you exactly how to do for yourself. The results I have witnessed have been truly inspiring, and I must say that practically all I know who have gone in for this work have continued in the straight and narrow, literally, long after the class work was completed. Fees for such classes vary, but are well within the reach of working girls as well as leisure girls.

If you can't join a class, look first to your diet, fat, lean or middling. Because diet becomes your health, beauty and

energy. A book can hardly cover the subject fully, so at best let me give you a sample of a sane reducing diet, and with imagination and a little knowledge, I hope you can fill in from here on. No starvation, remember, in fact, probably more food value than you've been receiving, but also less fat building and storing food. Begin with a breakfast of a medium glass of fruit or vegetable juice, or melon in season.



Baby Sandy, who recently celebrated her third birthday, loves Hawaiian pineapple juice—the bigger the glass, the better.

Go on to perhaps a boiled or scrambled egg, wholewheat toast with a little butter (you must have some, about half a pat), and end with black coffee. Vary this menu with a slice of bacon, instead of the egg, or dry cereal with fruit over it, in place of the bacon, egg and toast, and so on. A typical luncheon might consist of vegetable soup, a swiss cheese and ham sandwich on wholewheat or rye toast, a glass of skimmed milk or tea with little sugar. Sometimes, you may want just a big fresh fruit or vegetable salad, with a glass of milk or tea. For dressing, use the usual French dressing recipe, substituting mineral oil for olive oil.

A good dinner might well be any roast meat, with the fat removed such as beef, lamb, chicken, etc., or broiled fish, with two green vegetables, a small hard roll or wholewheat bread with a little butter, a light dessert like fresh fruit, berries, jello, etc., and a demi-tasse for a fillip. Eat potatoes, say twice a week, but not too large a serving. Include a light salad, if you wish, and very moderate servings of your favorite desserts if not too rich just now and then. These will make you feel better emotionally, by not too much denial. Perhaps from these sketchy outlines, you can further embroider the diet pattern.

And now for work—exercise. First, be

You *can* definitely re-design your figure! It is only a matter of knowledge, patience and time. And you can keep yourself just about as you want, in spite of time. A very natural picture of Norma Shearer adorns this story. Miss Shearer is a woman, no longer a girl; she has two children; but her figure is young, lithe and lovely. Look, be inspired, work, then hold to your dream figure. You can!

But when he began talking to the men

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93

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The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

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"RAGE IN HEAVEN"

(A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture)

Produced by Gottfried Reinhardt.
Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II.
Screen play by Christopher Isherwood
and Robert Thoeren. Based on the
novel by James Hilton.

Philip Monrell...Robert Montgomery
Stella Bergen.....Ingrid Bergman
Ward Andrews.....George Sanders
Mrs. Monrell.....Lucile Watson
Dr. Rameau.....Oscar Homolka
Mr. Higgins.....Philip Merivale
Ramsbotham.....Matthew Boulton
Clark.....Aubrey Mather

that momentary feeling of tenderness left her. Philip was behaving like a child, a fractious, unreasonable child as he turned down the plan they had for building new cottages for the workmen. They pointed out the necessity for it, the unsanitary conditions of the old ones, the resentment of the workmen, the danger of rioting if the steel workers' demands went unheeded. But Philip had stuck obstinately to his decision, and the thing that made it worse for Stella was the sure knowledge he was doing it to show her his strength and his business acumen.

"Well, darling, aren't you proud of me?" he demanded excitedly when they left, still protesting his decision. "Ward couldn't have done it better himself. I fooled them, didn't I? What shall I buy you with all that money I saved? A diamond tiara?"

The foreboding, the uneasiness of the morning came back to Stella, but when they returned to the house and the kitten was still missing she tried to cover her anxiety with a gayety she didn't feel. But she was grateful when dinner was over and there was no longer the need of trying to make conversation. Philip came in as she sat in the library pretending to read. He had a child's puzzle in his hand and he seemed excited as he tried to manipulate it so the three little metal balls would all go into their holes at once. Philip was always toying with puzzles like this and before she had only felt a maternal amusement over his absorption in them, but now he made her so nervous she wanted to scream.

She looked up as Clark, the old butler, came in. "Excuse me, Madame, the chauff-

feur found the kitten. Perhaps you'd speak to him about it yourself."

Something in his voice, his face warned her even before the chauffeur came in. "Poor little beggar," the man's voice was shaken. "A dog must have been at him. His neck was broken."

Stella's hand went to her mouth stifling her sobs. "Where did you find him?" she asked when she found she was able to talk again.

"He was lying in Platt's Lane, just behind the steel works. None of us can understand how he got there." He looked at Philip. "Unless he followed you to the office this morning, sir."

"Don't talk nonsense!" Philip ordered sharply. "If he'd been in the car you would have seen him, wouldn't you? Mind your own business in the future and get out of here. You too, Clark. Get out!"

"But darling!" Stella looked at him mystified. "I asked them to look. It's not their fault."

"Oh, no, it's not their fault!" Philip turned on her furiously. It was the first time he had directed one of his uncontrollable rages against her. "It's my fault, I suppose. That's what you mean. Why are you all staring at me? Get out!" He flung the puzzle viciously on the floor. "You're all against me, those fools at the office, Clark, the chauffeur and you—yes, you too, Stella. Leave me alone, do you hear, leave me alone!"

Somehow Stella managed to leave, to climb the stairs to her bedroom and sit there trying not to think, not daring to piece all those fragments of her thoughts together. Then in a little while there was that quick knock on the door and Philip was standing there. He was so gentle again, so charming, so contrite. "I'm sorry, please forgive me," he said humbly. "I don't know what came over me just now. Please don't be sad, darling. I'll buy you a hundred kittens."

She couldn't help that instinctive horror as she drew away from him. "I don't ever want another kitten," she said wildly. And then quickly came the other fear that she might have misjudged him. How could she believe such a horrible thing about Philip! "It's only that this one meant so much to me," she explained.

"Because Ward gave it to you!" Philip said, his voice rising again. For a moment she thought there was going to be another outburst, but his voice was tender as he sat down beside her and put his arm around her. "Darling, tell me, why did you ever marry me?"



At DR. RAMEAU's (Oscar Homolka) suggestion, STELLA (Ingrid Bergman) searches through PHILIP's (Robert Montgomery) papers for evidence that may yield a clue to his murderer.



Len Weissman

From left, Humphrey Bogart, Fibber McGee and Molly, Jimmy Cagney and Bob Hope are pictured at a recent charity drive for which they gave their time and financial aid.

"Philip, I love you," she said slowly, and for the first time she knew she was saying it trying to convince herself as she had so often said it to convince him.

"We've been all alone here," Philip said looking at her with strange, speculative eyes. "All by ourselves, day after day, you've had no one else but me. But suppose Ward were to come here, suppose—"

Suddenly Stella felt as if she couldn't stand any more. "Ward! Ward! Ward! Always Ward!" Her words came wildly. "If you can't rid yourself of that idea, you'll—" She stopped, horrified of what she had been going to say, knowing that in that moment she had really thought it, but Philip kept looking at her with that quiet smile on his lips.

"I'll go mad," he said simply. "Is that what you wanted to say?"

"Very well," Stella felt as if she had reached the end of her endurance. Her words came recklessly and without thinking. "I'll tell you something. When I first met Ward I thought he was charming—and perhaps he *was* interested in me, I'm not sure. But I married *you*, didn't I?"

"So he *was* interested in you!" Philip said almost exultantly. "I knew it all the time."

"Philip!" Stella said sharply. "I want you to promise me one thing. Don't ever mention Ward's name again!"

"I promise." He was still smiling as he took her in his arms, as his lips pressed against her eyelids, her forehead, her cheek. "Tell me again, you love me."

"I love you," Stella said in a small toneless voice, and she closed her eyes against his eyes, burning now with his love for her, against his lips seeking hers so frantically.

She had been unable to sleep that night, torn between her grief and her fears, but in the morning when she found Philip his old, amusing self she felt that her distress about the kitten had unnerved her. It was silly of her to have felt that way about Philip, she decided, and when he called her to tell her he was bringing a guest home for dinner she put on her prettiest evening dress to please him. It wasn't until she saw him that she realized that Philip's guest was—Ward!

"Aren't you pleased with my surprise, Stella?" Philip demanded enthusiastically.

"Of course I am," she forced herself to be casual, to act as if nothing had happened as if she didn't see Philip watching her in that wary, suspicious way. "How do you do, Mr. Andrews."

"Why all this formality?" Philip laughed. "Surely you haven't forgotten his

Christian name. I've never really given you the chance to, have I?"

"No." Stella tried to smile as she met Ward's eyes. "Philip reminded me of you from time to time."

Her uncertainty mounted as they went into the dining room and Philip made the flimsy excuse to leave them. It was ridiculous of him insisting on getting the wine that way. He had never shown such interest in what they had to drink before. "Clark doesn't know where I've hidden the best stuff," he said. "Or is it dangerous to leave you two together?"

"Very," Ward grinned, his eyes lighting as he looked at Stella.

"I'm willing to risk it," Philip laughed as if it were a joke they were all sharing, but as he closed the door carefully behind him the fear swept over Stella again so that her fingers felt as if they had frozen into icicles. It was awful being afraid of Philip this way, being afraid of herself too, and this new feeling that was sweeping over her as she looked at Ward. She had always liked him, but *this* was different. It was almost as if Philip in his jealousy had pointed out to her the way she really felt about this laughing, attractive man sitting across the table from her.

She plunged into conversation, dragging out little disjointed fragments to cover her confusion and that sense that Philip was standing outside the door spying on her. She talked about the gardens, about her day's activities, about Ward's work, asking him questions about it, although engineering was as puzzling to her as a conversation in Chinese would have been. Then the door opened again and Philip was standing there, the wine bottle in his hand, and Stella looking at him knew she had been right when she had felt he was listening there behind the door.

"Did I miss something good?" he demanded.

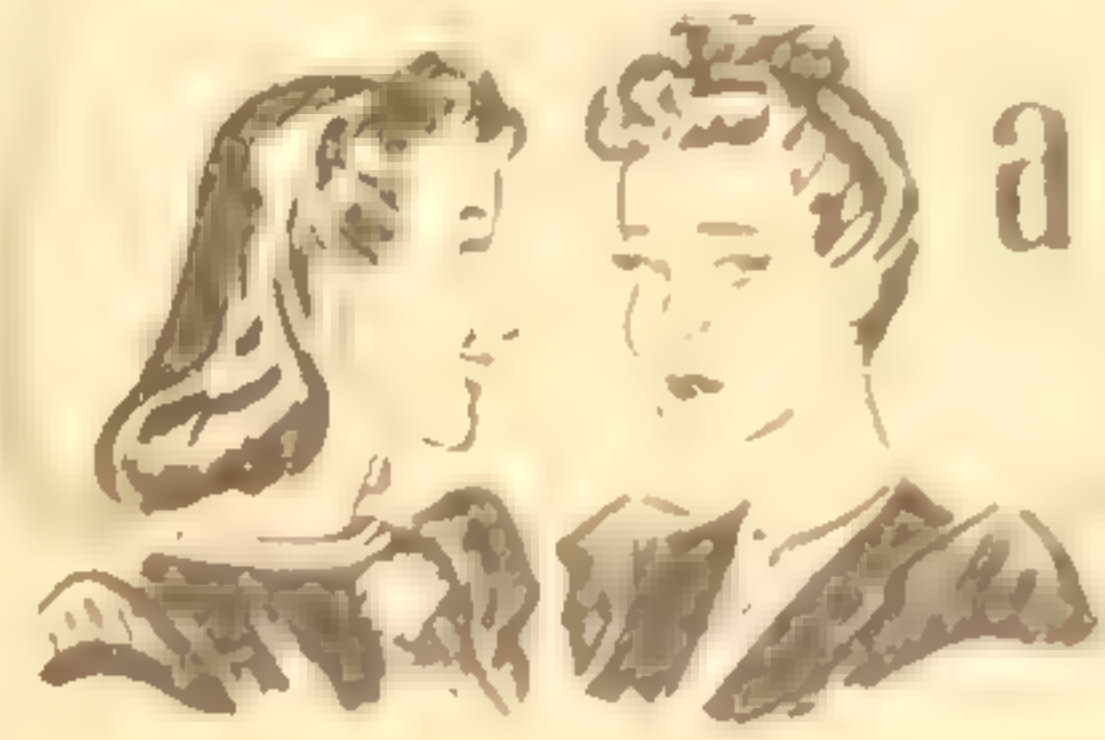
"I was telling Stella about my work," Ward grinned. "And how now and then I wish I had more time to myself for experimenting."

"Suppose you were offered a better job?" Philip said. "With three times as much pay, shorter hours, and frequent invitations to dinner at the Monrells? What would you say?"

Stella looked up apprehensively, but Ward laughed. "I'd roll over in bed and say, 'let me dream a little longer.'"

"I'm perfectly serious, Ward," Philip said. "That's why I asked you to come here tonight. I've decided to let our chief engineer go. I'm offering you the position. And you'd like having Ward near us too, wouldn't you, Stella?"

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She felt as if she had been caught in a nightmare, a nightmare so monstrous that she couldn't believe it was true. It wasn't true, she told herself firmly. *It couldn't be true.* But she had to force herself to speak. "Of course I would," she said.

"All right, I accept!" Ward cried. "Why, it's like drawing a winner in the Irish Sweep." He held his hand out impulsively. "Thanks awfully, old man."

Philip seemed beside himself in his laughing good humor as he rose, raising his wine glass in a toast. "May we still be together ten years from now, just as we are tonight. Stella, Ward!" He touched his glass to theirs. "To us. To the three of us!" he said.

Stella's fears mounted after that. There wasn't any one special thing, it was a succession of little things holding her in that trance of horror. Philip writing in that diary of his, writing feverishly as if he were possessed by a demon. Philip so careful of that diary, locking the book itself and then almost furtively, it seemed to her, locking it again in the drawer of his desk. Philip looking at her as if his eyes could reach into her brain itself, so that he could see what she was thinking as well as what she was doing. And it was uncanny the way Philip always knew that, recounting her most trivial doings of the day to her.

So when he announced he was going to London on a business trip and laughingly asked her and Ward to see him off at the station she felt a singing relief. A relief she was ashamed of the next moment when Philip took her in his arms and asked Ward to take care of her in the week he would be gone. Philip seemed himself again, the indulgent adoring husband looking out for her.

She felt ashamed then of all the things she had been thinking and when Ward brought up his name anxiously telling her there was trouble at the mills because Philip had vetoed the housing project, she forgot her own disappointment in the way he had acted.

"I'd rather not discuss Philip behind his back," she said, her temper flaring to her husband's defense. "And I'm not helping anyone against Philip."

"That's utter nonsense!" Ward said sharply. "You know I'm Philip's friend, probably the only real friend he has. He's in for trouble, *big* trouble unless you can make him see reason. Apparently you won't even try. Well, there's nothing more for me to say. Goodnight." And he had helped Stella into her own small car and stood there stiffly as she rode off.

Strange, how fear came back to her the moment she stepped into the house, strange the way she felt as if Philip was there spying on her. She put on all the lights, but still she could not shake off the feeling of eyes watching her from the shadows. All that night and the next day she fought against her fears, but when twilight came she knew she couldn't spend another evening alone in that house, and getting into her car she drove to the mills. Ward was still there working over his plans for a new turbine.

"I—I know I oughtn't to have come," she said shyly, "but I had to see you. I want to apologize for the way I acted yesterday. There are a lot of things you don't know. I've done my best to persuade Philip about the housing project, but he won't yield an inch."

"But he *must*, Stella," Ward said urgently. "Before it's too late. We must talk to him again, both of us. Tell me," he seemed embarrassed as he asked the question, "is anything wrong between you and Philip? You seem so different, so nervous, so almost frightened."

"It's that big house," Stella said, knowing she was telling only a half-truth. "I'm so alone. Sometimes I feel afraid."

Ward looked almost relieved at this simple explanation. "But of course you do," he said. "What a fool I've been! I never realized this is the first time you and Philip have been separated. You need a good dinner and some of my witty conversation." Then as she hesitated he laughed. "Remember, Philip told me to take care of you. You don't want me to disobey my employer, do you?"

So against her better judgment she had gone, and then sitting with Ward in the dining room of the hotel she had relaxed and felt gay—until suddenly she heard Philip's voice behind her. "You didn't expect me, did you?" he said suavely. "You see I finished in London much quicker than I expected, and somehow I guessed you were with Ward. So sensible of you, darling, not to sit at home and feel bored!"

"We've been talking about you, Philip," Stella laughed, trying to cover her nervousness with that false gayety, knowing it was no accident that had brought him back so soon.

"What a depressing subject!" Philip said. "Couldn't you think of something more—romantic?"

Even the lightness of his voice couldn't cover the implication. Ward flushed as he look at him. "See here, Philip," he said reasonably. "It was about the housing project. I know it's hard for a man in your position to reverse a decision. But if you do, the men will respect you for it. We all shall."

"Would you respect me, Stella?" Philip asked, his smile twitching and the heavy sarcasm in his voice underscoring the words.

"Darling, you know I would!" Stella said eagerly.

"Well," Philip looked at her coldly, "as it happens I don't want your respect. I want obedience, do you understand? Obedience! We'd better drop this discussion, I might get angry." He turned to Ward who was picking up the bill with set lips and angry eyes. "You needn't worry about the bill. Paying bills is an ancient privilege of husbands. Perhaps their *only* privilege."

"Listen, Philip!" Ward got to his feet. "If you think—" he stopped as Stella put her hand on his arm, her smile pleading with him. And Philip's eyes darkened and the supercilious sarcastic smile was wiped off his lips.

Philip had left for the office the next morning without seeing her and Stella was walking restlessly around the house trying to come to some sort of conclusion about Philip, about herself and their life together, when the word came that there was a riot at the mills. She got there just in time to see Philip cowering as the enraged workmen broke into his office, to see Ward take the whole situation in hand, first striking down the man who would have killed Philip if he had gotten to him and then assuring the others it was all a mistake, that Philip approved of the new houses for them and their families.

Stella saw Philip's eyes naked of everything but their hate as he looked at Ward, hating him for being the victor while he was the vanquished, hating him for being strong while he was the weakling, hating him because he was everything Philip wanted to be and couldn't. Even when Philip pretended gratitude she was wary, and she would have signalled to Ward not to accept his invitation for dinner if Philip hadn't been watching her so closely. She had left them for only a moment when she heard Philip's furious voice almost shouting her name and Ward's voice, at first placating, then rising in anger too.

The fear mounted in her heart as she ran back to them. "Ward—Philip—what on earth's the matter?" she whispered.

"Nothing, Stella," Ward said, and she could see the effort he made to control his

voice as he turned to her. It's all my fault. I'm going away. Believe me, Stella, this concerns only Philip and myself."

"That's not true, Stella," Philip broke in quickly. "Ward's just told me he's in love with you. It took some doing to make him admit it, but he did, finally."

"Is that true, Ward?" Stella asked softly, and in spite of her fear her heart leapt at the knowledge.

"Yes, Stella," Ward said simply. "I should have left here long ago."

"Well, you heard him," Philip said. "He's only waiting for you to say the word. To go with him. Please don't consider my feelings."

There was that moment of wild happiness, of almost incredible relief at the thought she could leave this house and her fears forever. Then she saw Philip's face, the terror of losing her in his eyes. She remembered his mother, and all that she had done for her when she had needed help herself, and she knew she could not go. "Goodbye, Ward," she said quickly before she could change her mind.

Maybe, she promised herself that night tossing on her bed, maybe now that Ward was gone things would be different and Philip would be himself again. Maybe she could even find her way back to that tender, maternal love she had felt for him once. But the days went by and Philip was lost more and more in those brooding silences, writing like a madman in that inevitable diary of his. Yet it was three weeks later before she could compel herself to go to him, to beg him to bring the thing that was troubling him into the open.

"We're so unhappy, darling, aren't we?" Philip said, "All three of us. You because you love Ward and have to stay with me. Ward because he loves you and can't have you, and I because nobody loves me. For when Ward went away you went with him, Stella, not actually of course, but you might as well have left me too. Let's put an end to it, Stella. We two together. Then I'll have you all to myself—at last." He went to her, putting his hands first on her shoulders, then raising them so that they touched her throat. "Don't be frightened, darling," he whispered exultantly. "It's so easy, and you know I wouldn't hurt you."

"No!" Stella screamed. "No! No!" Somehow she found the strength to tear

herself loose from him, to rush headlong up the stairs and barricade herself in her room.

She was free now, morally free she told herself, free of gratitude and obligation both, free of those vows she had made when she became Philip's wife. She waited until the house was still, until she knew Philip was asleep in one of those stupors that always came after his attacks, his fits of madness as she knew they were now, and crept out of the house. She had to walk to the station and it was morning before she caught the first train to London.

Then Ward again, being with him, even laughing again now that she knew they were both safe. It was the first moment of real happiness she had ever known, and she was like a child as she sat at luncheon with him in his hotel. "And thank heaven you didn't come six hours later," Ward said. "I have to go to Dublin this evening about a job. A man I never heard of called me this morning and made the appointment. Fancy, darling, what an important man I am!"

Then the boy coming through the dining room paging Ward telling him it was a long distance from Chassingford and Stella following him to the telephone booth in the lobby, with the fear back again crowding out her transient happiness.

"Yes, she's here, Philip," she heard Ward say. "No, she's not coming back to you. Not even if she wanted to. I wouldn't let her." There was a silence as he listened, then his voice speaking again. "Yes, I'll see you. No, I can't today. I have to be in Dublin tomorrow." Another pause and then, "Well, that does simplify it, doesn't it? All right, you can expect me."

"Don't go," Stella whispered. "Don't trust him!"

"You're tired and upset," Ward put his arm around her. "After all, it's quite reasonable that Philip should want to see me. We'll have to discuss your divorce, other things. And he was quite understanding. He even pointed out I could take your car afterwards and drive to Holyhead to catch the boat."

But in spite of Ward's reassurance Stella was afraid, and the next morning she knew she had been right when she looked at the paper on her breakfast tray and saw the headlines:



Ian Hunter and Robert Taylor are on the look-out for something—probably trouble—in this scene from "Billy the Kid," spectacular Western filmed in Technicolor, and in which Taylor plays the title rôle, that of the daring always-ready-to-shoot outlaw.

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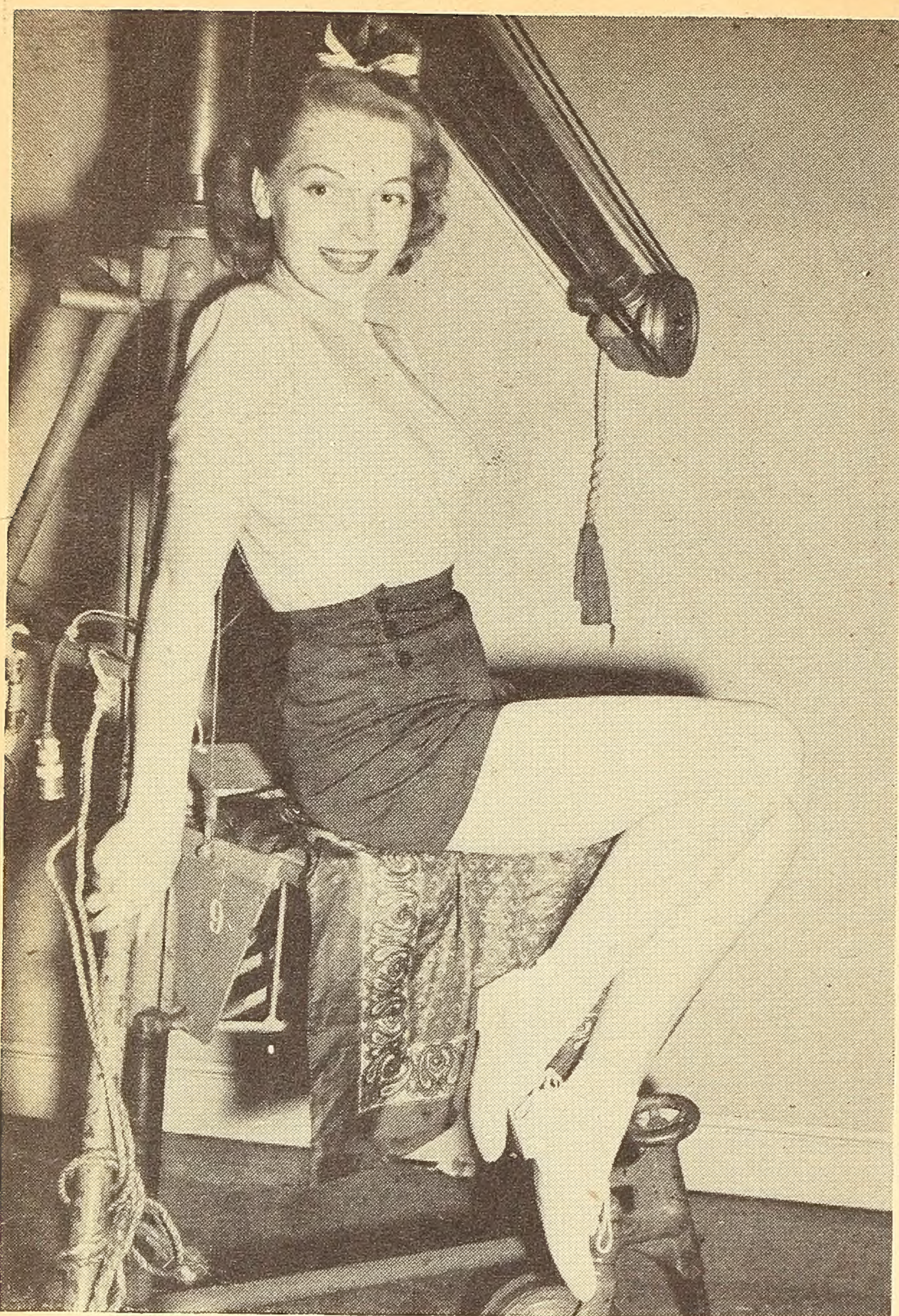
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Elyse Knox, screen's lovely addition from the New York model ranks, makes an eye-filling picture even though seated on as unglamorous an object as a microphone boom. Elyse has her first important rôle as romantic lead in "Show Business," a backstage comedy.

"HORRIBLE MURDER IN CHASSINGFORD"

She almost fainted looking at it, then after a moment when she could read on she saw it was Philip who had been murdered. He had been found in the library stabbed, and the room had shown the evidences of a terrific struggle.

Stella had grown used to prying eyes, to fingers pointing at her in the horrible weeks that followed. The woman in the case, that was what she had become, the notorious Mrs. Monrell whose lover had killed her husband. But the hardest criticism of all had been when Philip's mother, who had hurried home, had shrunk from her at the trial.

The evidence, circumstantial though it was, had all been against Ward. The most damaging of all had been that the man he was to have seen in Dublin did not even exist, so the prosecution pointed out that the trip to Ireland had been an attempt to escape. Then there was the fact that he had used one of Philip's cars in his haste to get away, that his fingerprints had been on the knife lying a few feet from the body, and the way the room looked as if there had been a fight to corroborate the butler's testimony that he heard Philip and Ward quarrelling when he returned from an errand on which Philip had sent him. There were no other witnesses, as the other servants had been given the day off.

And through it all there was the motive, Ward's love for Stella and their meeting in London to take any sympathy there might have been for Ward away from him. So in the end, no one, not even Stella, was surprised when he was sentenced to death.

"Oh darling, don't give up hope," she had pleaded the only time she had been al-

lowed to see him. "We're going to fight, to appeal. I've been talking to your counsel. He's sure we've got a good chance if you'll only plead self-defense."

"I see," Ward had smiled so sadly. "At last I'm to admit what everyone believes. You believe it too, don't you, Stella?"

"No! No!" she whispered. "Ward, I love you."

"Don't say any more darling," Ward said. "Philip's got us where he wanted us at last!"

That was the last time she had seen him and tomorrow he would be hung. Stella walked desperately around her hotel room that morning, around and around and around in the futile pacing of a trapped animal.

Her nerves leapt painfully as she heard the knocking at the door. Another prying reporter, another curious face looking at her—she felt she couldn't stand any more, and yet an inner compulsion made her fling open the door. But the man standing there was different, his eyes were gentle, and his smile pitying her not derisive at all. "My poor child, I am Dr. Rameau," he said. "Maybe I can help you save an innocent man. You see, I knew Philip. He was a patient of mine in Paris."

Breathlessly she listened to the doctor's story of Philip's attempted suicide during his last stay in Paris, of his imprisonment in the insane asylum the doctor directed, and his subsequent escape. And now all the fears she had had about Philip were justified as the doctor pronounced him a hopeless paranoic.

"I am certain Philip was murdered by his own worst enemy—himself," the doctor said. "And somewhere a message from him must exist. You see, to poor, sick brains like his nothing means anything unless it is recognized, talked about. If he

had murdered he would long to confess, if he committed suicide he would leave a lengthy explanation. And I am convinced he did all of these things, that he was a suicide and would-be murderer, and that somewhere a message from him telling everything is in existence. But where would that message be? Think hard, child, think hard!"

Desperately Stella threw her thoughts back to Philip, trying to recapture every impression she had ever had of him. Suddenly she remembered the diary, the madness in Philip's eyes as he wrote in it. Almost incoherent in her hopes she urged the doctor to go with her to the house she had lived in with Philip, and now even Mrs. Monrell's scorn could not stop her as she demanded she be allowed to go into the library.

The drawer in the desk where Philip had always locked the diary was forced open. But the drawer was empty. Half-sobbing now in her despair, Stella ran to the bookcase and looked at the shelf where Philip's other diaries were kept. They were all there except the one that had kept the record of this last fateful year!

She took one and opened it at random, and then she saw the bookbinder's label inside the cover. It was the same firm in Paris that bound all of Philip's books. Then after she had questioned Clark, the butler, and learned he had posted a package to Paris for Philip on the day of his supposed murder, she was certain the clue was in her hands at last.

But there was so little time, so desperately little time. She moved like an automaton now, calling the air line, chartering a plane for Paris, and then sitting tensely in the plane with the doctor beside her. Strange how afterwards it was the trip she remembered, those hours of futility, of doing nothing, for everything else whirled around her like a kaleidoscope: the obscure bookbinding shop, the diary that had been left there to be bound with instructions that it be delivered to her in another month, the book in her hands at last and she reading it.

Then the proof of Philip's madness, there in his own handwriting. He had left out nothing. There was the episode of the kitten he had killed, the torture of his love for Stella and his pathological jealousy of Ward. There were the plans of his final revenge, the minute details of the planned suicide that would look like murder. He hadn't even overlooked the effect on a jury of Ward's supposed attempt at escape for the telephone call from Dublin, from the man who had been proven non-existent, had been instigated by Philip himself.

Then on the last page his letter to her: "Dear Stella. I was too weak to hold you, too weak to bear losing you. This book will come to you on the anniversary of our wedding day. By the time you get it I shall have been dead a long time and Ward will have been hanged for my murder. Forgive me. I love you."

Forgive him—she could forgive him anything now that Ward would be saved. Almost as if she were moving in a trance she put in the long distance call to the prison and when she was connected with the warden's office at last her voice came urgent, yet calm too as she told of the discovery she had made. She waited while they consulted there at the other end of the wire, waited while time stopped, while the world stopped. Then the dry, official voice speaking on the other end of the wire: "We have decided to delay the execution until we can examine the documents."

Stella found she could cry then, as she felt herself slowly beginning to live again and the tears that had refused to come before, came now in the incredulous ecstasy of her happiness.

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Dura-Gloss Zombie

Are your fingernails the most beautiful?



Alluring, boldly lovely, the twinkling brilliance of your fingernails conveys a message, a message to a man's intuition, of the loveliness of all of you! Let Dura-Gloss bring its gift of gem-flashing beauty to your fingernails! Do what millions of thrilled women are doing, switch your affections to Dura-Gloss, the easy-onflow, durable, longer-lasting polish that has swept America like a prairie fire! A tiny dime—ten cents—is all you pay for Dura-Gloss—but compare Dura-Gloss to polishes costing up to ten times as much! Buy Dura-Gloss today!

The Better Nail Polish by LORR 10¢

DURA-GLOSS

**THE DIFFERENCE
between NAIL POLISHES**

- (1) Some 10¢ nail polishes "fray" off at the edge of nail within one day. Dura-Gloss doesn't.
- (2) Some 10¢ nail polishes dry so fast that you can't apply them properly. Dura-Gloss goes on evenly and smoothly.
- (3) Some 10¢ nail polishes never dry underneath and are easily "dented." Dura-Gloss never "dents."
- (4) Some 10¢ nail polishes chip off so easily that you have "bald spots" on your nails. Dura-Gloss lasts.



OCT - 1941

"THIS LIGHTER LEAF IS Milder, MISS..."

"... it costs more, too — but Luckies pay the price!" says Joe Cuthrell, tobacco auctioneer

THERE'S no two ways about it—the lighter, milder tobacco comes high, and Luckies pay the price to get it. That's why most auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—fellows like me, who actually see the sales—smoke Luckies as a matter of course!"

In buying tobacco, you get what you pay for. And independent tobacco experts tell you that Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder leaf. So why not decide to smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke? Next time, ask for Lucky Strike.

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With men who know tobacco best — it's LUCKIES 2 to 1